

THE DRAMATIC
W O R K S
OF
COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.
In FIVE VOLUMES.
VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The REFUSAL.

The PROVOKED HUSBAND.

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

PEROLLA and IZADORA.

RIVAL QUEENS.

L O N D O N:

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THE D. J. WATTS

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O R, T H E
L A D I E S P H I L O S O P H Y.

A
C O M E D Y.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the Author.

G Allants ! behold before your Eyes the Wight,
Whose Actions stand accountable to-night,
For all your Dividends of Profit or Delight.
New Plays resemble Bubbles, we must own,
But their intrinsic Value soon is known,
There's no imposing Pleasure on a Town.
And when they fail, count o'er his Pains and Trouble,
His Doubts, his Fears, the Poet is a Bubble.

As Heroes by the Tragic Muse are sung ;
So to the Comic, Knaves and Fools belong :
Follies to-night, of various kinds we paint,
One, in a Female Philosophic Saint,
That wou'd by Learning Nature's Laws repeal,
Warm all her Sex's Bosoms to rebel,
And only with Platonic Raptures swell.
Long she resists the proper Use of Beauty,
But Flesh and Blood reduce the Dame to Duty.
A Coxcomb too of modern Stamp we show,
A Wit——but impudent——a South-Sea Beau.
Nay more——our Muses Fire (but pray protect her)
Roasts, to your Taste, a whole South-Sea Director.
But let none think we bring him here in spite,
For all their Actions, sure, will bear the Light ;
Besides, he's painted here in Height of Power,
Long ere we laid such Ruin at his Door :
When he was Levee'd, like a Statesman, by the Town,
And thought his heap'd up Millions all his own.
No, no ; Stock's always at a Thousand here,
He'll almost honest on the Stage appear.

Such is our Fare, to feed the Mind our Aim,
But Poets stand, like Warriors, in their Fame ;
One ill Day's Work brings all their past to Shame.
Thus having tasted of your former Favour,
The Chance seems now for deeper Stakes than ever.

PROLOGUE.

*As after Runs of Luck, we're most accurst,
To lose our Winnings, than have lost at first;
A first Stake lost has often sav'd from Ruin,
But on one Cast to lose the Tout—is hard Undoing.
But be it as it may—the Dye is thrown,
Fear now were Folly—Pass the Rubicon.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

*Sir Gilbert Wrangle,
Granger,
Frankly,
Witling,*

*Mr. Penkethman.
Mr. Booth.
Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Cibber.*

W O M E N.

*Lady Wrangle,
Sophronia,
Charlotte,*

*Mrs. Bicknell.
Mrs. Oldfield.
Mrs. Booth.*

Servants, &c.

THE
REFUSAL:
OR, THE
LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

ACT I.

The SCENE, Westminster-Hall.

Frankly and Granger meeting.

Fran. **I**S it possible!

Gran. *Frankly!*

Fran. Dear *Granger*! I did not expect you these ten Days: how came you to be so much better than your Word?

Gran. Why, to tell you the truth, because I began to think *London* better than *Paris*.

Fran. That's strange: But you never think like other People.

Gran. I am more apt to speak what I think, than other People: Though, I confess, *Paris* has its Charms; but to me they are like those of a Coquette, gay and gaudy; they serve to amuse with, but a Man would not choose to be marry'd to them. In short, I am to pass my Days in *Old England*, and am therefore resolved not to have an ill Opinion of it.

Fran. These settled Thoughts, *Ned*, make me hope, that if ever you should marry, you will be as partial to the *Woman* you intend to pass your Days with.

Gran. Faith! I think every Man's a Fool that is not: But it's very odd; you see, the grossest Fools have generally Sense enough to be fond of a fine House, or a fine Horse, when they have bought them: They can see the Value of them, at least; and why a poor Wife should not have as fair play for one's Inclination, I can see no Reason, but downright Ill-nature or Stupidity.

Fran. What do you think of Avarice? when People purchase Wives, as they do other Goods, only because they are a Pennyworth: Then too, a Woman has a fine Time on't!

Gran. Ay, but that will never be the Case of my Wife: When I marry, I'll do it with the same convenient Views as a Man would set up his Coach, because his Estate will bear it, it's easy, and keeps him out of dirty Company.

Fran. But what! would you have a Wife have no more Charms than a Chariot?

Gran. Ah! Friend, if I can but pass as many easy Hours at home with one, as abroad in t'other, I will take my chance for her Works of Supererogation; and I believe at worst, should be upon a *Par* with the Happiness of most Husbands about Town.

Fran. But at this rate, you would marry before you are in love.

Gran. Why not? Do you think Happiness is entail'd upon marrying the Woman you love? No more than Reward is upon public Merit: It may give you a Title to it indeed; but you must depend upon other People's Virtue to find your account in either. For my part, I am not for building Castles in the Air; when I marry, I expect no great Matters; none of your Angels, a mortal Woman will do my Business, as you'll find, when I tell you my Choice. All I desire of a Wife, is, that she will do as she is bid, and keep herself clean.

Fran. Would you not have her a Companion tho' as well as a Bedfellow?

Gran. You mean, I suppose, a Woman of Sense.

Fran. I should not think it amiss for a Man of Sense.

Gran. Nor I; but S'death! where shall I get her? In short, I am tired with the Search, and will ev'n take

up, with one, as Nature has made her, handsome, and only a Fool of her own making.

Fran. Was ever so desperate an Indifference? I am impatient till I know her.

Gran. Even the sage and haughty Prude, *Sophronia*.

Fran. *Sophronia*! I hope you don't take her for a Fool, Sir; why, she thinks she has more Sense than all her Sex together.

Gran. You don't tell me that as a Proof of her Wit, I presume, Sir.

Fran. No: But I think your Humour's a little extraordinary, that can resolve to marry the Woman you laugh at.

Gran. It's at least, a sign I am in no great danger of her laughing at me, *Tom*; the Case of many a prettier Fellow. But I take *Sophronia* to be only a Fool of Parts, that however capable of thinking right; and a Man must be nice indeed, that turns up his Nose at a Woman who has no worse Imperfection, than setting too great a Value upon her Understanding. I grant it she is half mad with her Learning and Philosophy: What then? so are most of our great Men, when they get a little too much on't. Nay, she is so wrapt in the Pride of her imaginary Knowledge, that she almost forgets she is a Woman, and thinks all Offers of Love to her Person a Dishonour to the Dignity of her Soul; but all this does not discourage me: She may fancy herself as wise as she pleases; but unless I fail in my measures, I shall think I have hard luck, if I don't make that fine Flesh and Blood of hers, as troublesome as my own in a Fortnight.

Fran. You must have better luck than I had then; I was her Fool for above five Months together, and did not come ill-recommended to the Family; but could make no more Impression than upon a Vestal Virgin: And how a Man of your cool Reflection, can think of attempting her, I have no Notion.

Gran. Phash! I laugh at all her Airs; a Woman of a general Insensibility, is only one that has never been rightly attack'd.

Fran. Are you then really resolved to pursue her?

Gran. Why not? Is not she a fine Creature? Has not she Parts? Would not half her Knowledge, equally divided, make fifty Coquettes all Women of Sense? Is not her Beauty natural, her Person lovely, her Mein majestic?—Then such a Constitution—

Fran. Nay, she has a wholsom Look, I grant you: But then her Prudery, and *Platonic* Principles, are insupportable.

Gran. Now to me they are more diverting, than all the Levity of a Coquette: O! the noble Conflicts between Nature and a proud Understanding, make our Triumphs so infinitely above those petty Conquests—Besides, are not you Philosopher enough to know, my Friend, that a Body continent holds most of the thing contain'd? 'Tis not your wasting Current, but Reservoirs, that make the Fountain play; not the Prodigal's, but the Miser's Chest that holds the Treasure: No, no, take my Word, your Prude has thrice the latent Fire of a Coquette. Your Prude's Flask hermetically seal'd, all's right within, depend upon't; but your Coquette's a mere Bottle of Plague-water, that's open to every body.

Fran. Well, Sir, since you seem so heartily in earnest, and, I see, are not to be disgusted at a little Female Frailty: I think I ought in Honour to let you into a little more of her: You must know then, this marble-hearted Lady; who could not bear my Addresses to herself, has notwithstanding Flesh and Blood enough to be ten times more uneasy, that I now pay them to her Sister.

Gran. I am glad to hear it: Pr'ythee! let me know all; for 'tis upon these sort of Weaknesses that I am to strengthen my Hopes.

Fran. You know, I writ you word, that I thought the safest way to cover my real Passion for her Sister *Charlotte*, would be to drop my cold Pretensions to *Sophronia* insensibly: upon which account I rather heighten'd my Respect to her: But as, you know, 'tis harder to disguise a real Inclination than to dissemble one we have not; *Sophronia*, it seems, has so far suspected the Cheat, that, since your Absence, she has broke into a thousand little Impatiences at my new Happiness with *Charlotte*.

Gran. Good.

Fran. But the Jest is, she can't yet bring down her Vanity to believe I am in earnest with *Charlotte* neither; but really fancies my Addressee there are all Grimace, the mere Malice of a rejected Lover, to give her Scorn a Jealousy.

Gran. Admirable! but I hope you are sure of this.

Fran. 'Twas but yesterday she gave me a Proof of it.

Gran. Pray, let's hear.

Fran. Why, as *Charlotte* and I were whispering at one end of a Room, while we thought her wrapt up in one of *Horace's* Odes at the other, of a sudden I observ'd her come sailing up to me, with an insulting Smile, as who should say—I laugh at all these shallow Arts—then turn'd short, and looking over her Shoulder, cry'd aloud, —*Ah! Miser!*

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!

Gran. *Digne Puer meliore Flammâ*—Ah! methinks I see the imperious Hussy in Profile, waving her snowy Neck into a thousand lovely Attitudes of Scorn and Triumph! Oh the dear Vanity! Well, when all's said, the Coxcomb's vastly handsome!

Fran. I-gad! thou art the oddest Fellow in the World! to be thus capable of diverting yourself with your Mistress's Jealousy of another Man.

Gran. Pshaw! Thou'rt too refin'd a Lover; I am glad of any Occasion that proves her more a Woman, than she imagines.

Fran. But pray, Sir, upon what foot did you stand with her before you went to *raFnce*?

Gran. O! I never pretended to more than a *Platonic* Passion; I saw, at first View, she was inaccessible by Love.

Fran. Yet, since you were resolv'd to pursue her, how came you to think of rambling to *Paris*?

Gran. Why, the last time I saw her, she grew so fantastically jealous of my regarding her more as a Woman, than an intellectual Being, that my Patience was half tired; and having at that time an Appointment with some idle Company to make a trip to *Paris*, I sily took that Occasion, and told her, if I threw myself into a

voluntary Banishment from her Person, I hoped she would then be convinc'd, I had no other Views of Happiness, than what her Letters might, ev'n in Absence, as well gratify, from the Charms of her Understanding.

Fran. Most solemnly impudent!

Gran. In short her Vanity was so blind to the Banter, that she insisted upon my Going, and made me a conditional Promise of answering all my Letters; in which I have flatter'd her romantic Folly to that degree, that in her last, she confesses an intire Satisfaction in the *Innocent Dignity* of my Inclinations (as she styles it) and therefore thinks herself bound in Gratitude to recall me from Exile: which gracious Boon (being heartily tired at *Paris*) I am now arriv'd to accept of.

Fran. The merriest Amour that ever was! Well! and why don't you visit her?

Gran. O! I do all things by Rule——not till she has din'd; for our Great *English* Philosopher, my Lord *Bacon* tells you, that then the Mind is generally most ductile.

Fran. Wisely consider'd.

Gran. Besides, I want to have a little Talk first with the old Gentleman her Father.

Fran. Sir *Gilbert*! If I don't mistake, yonder he comes——

Gran. Where pr'ythee?

Fran. There by the Bookfellers; don't you see him, with an odd Croud after him?

Gran. O! now I have him——he's loaded with Papers like a Solicitor.

Fran. Sir, he is at this time a Man of the first Consequence, and receives more Petitions every Hour, than the Court of *Chancery* in a whole Term.

Gran. What! Is he Lord Treasurer?

Fran. A much more considerable Person, I can assure you, he is a *South-Sea* Director, Sir.

Gran. O! I cry you mercy! and those about him, I presume, are bowing for Subscriptions.

Fran. That's their Business, you may be sure; but see at last he has broke from them.

Gran. No! there's one has got him by the Sleeve again.

Fran. What! if we should stand off and observe a little.

Gran. With all my Heart.

Sir Gilb. [*To a Man at the Door.*] Pr'ythee, be quiet, Fellow! I tell you I'll send the Duke an Answer to-morrow morning.

[*Within.*] It's very well, Sir——

Sir Gilbert speaks, entering with a great Parcel of open Letters in his Hand, and others stuffing his Pockets.

Sir Gilb. Very well! ay, so it is, if he gets it then—Why? what! these People of Quality, sure, think they do you a Favour, when they ask one——Huh! let him come for it himself! I am sure I was forced to do so, at his House, when I came for my own, and could not get it neither——and he expects I should give him 2000*l.* only for sending a Footman to me. Why? what! Does his Grace think I don't know which side my Bread's butter'd on? Let's see! who are these from?——
[*Reads to himself.*]

Gran. The old Gentleman's no blind Admirer of a Man of Quality, I see.

Fran. O! Sir, he has lately taken up a mortal Aversion to any Man that has a better Title than himself.

Gran. How so, pray?

Fran. As he grows rich, he grows proud; and, among Friends, had lately a mind to be made a Lord himself; but applying to the wrong Person, it seems he was disappointed; and ever since piques himself upon despising any Nobleman who is not as rich as himself.

Gran. Hah! the right *Plebeian* Spirit of *Old England*? But I think he's counted an honest Man.

Fran. Umh! yes! well enough——a good sort of a mercantile Conscience; he is punctual in Bargains, and expects the same from others; he will neither steal, nor cheat, unless he thinks he has the Protection of the Law: then indeed, as most thriving Men do, he thinks Honour and Equity are chimerical Notions.

Gran. That is, he bluntly professes what other People practise with more Breeding.——But let's accost him.

Fran. Stay a little.

Sir Gilb. To me, Friend!

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

What will they never have done?

Foot. Sir, my Lady *Double Chin* presents her Service, and says she'll call for your Honour's Answer to-morrow morning.

Sir Gilb. Very well; tell my Lady I'll take care to—

[*Exit Footman.*

be exactly out of the way when she comes.

Fran. Hah! he'll keep that part of his word, I warrant him.

Sir Gilb. Let's see! the old Story, I suppose [*Reads*] Um—Um—yes, yes—only Two Thousand—Huh! Does the Woman take me for a Fool? Does she think I don't know that a Two Thousand Subscription is worth Two Thousand Guineas? and because she is not worth above Fourscore Thousand already, she would have me give them to her for nothing—To a poor Relation, she pretends indeed, as if she loved any body better than herself! A Drum! and a Fiddle! I'll grease none of your fat Sows, not I——no, no, get you into the negative Pocket——Bless my Eyes! *Mr. Granger.*

Gran. Sir Gilbert, I am your most humble Servant.

Sir Gilb. In troth, I am glad to see you in *England* again——*Mr. Frankly*, your humble Servant.

Fran. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Gilb. Well, how goes *Mississippi*, Man? What, do they bring their Money by Waggon-Loads to Market still? Hay! Hah! hah! hah!

Fran. O! all gone, good for nothing, Sir, your *South-Sea* has brought it to waste Paper.

Sir Gilb. Why, ay, han't we done glorious things here? ha! we have found Work for the Coach-makers as well as they, Boy.

Gran. Ay, Sir, in a little time we shall reduce those, who keep them there, to their Original of riding behind them here.

Sir *Gilb.* Huh! huh! you will have your Joke still, I see—Well! you have not sold out, I hope.

Gran. Not I faith, Sir: the old Five thousand lies snug as it was: I don't see where one can move it, and mend it; so even let it lie, and breed by itself.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right—you're right—hark you—keep it—the thing will do more still, Boy.

Gran. Sir, I am sure it's in Hands, that can make it do any thing.

Sir *Gilb.* Have you got any new Subscription?

Gran. You know, Sir, I have been absent, and it's really now grown so valuable a Favour, I have not the Confidence to ask it.

Sir *Gilb.* Pshaw! pr'ythee never talk of that, Man—

Gran. If I thought you were not full, Sir—

Sir *Gilb.* Why, if I were as full as a Bumper, Sir, I'll put my Friends in, let who will run over for't.

Fran. Sir *Gilbert* always doubles his Favours, by his manner of doing them.

Sir *Gilb.* Frankly, you are down for 5000*l.* already, and you may depend upon every Shilling of it—let me see, what have I done with my List? *Granger* has a good Estate, and had an eye upon my eldest Daughter before he went to *France*; I must have him in, it may chance to bring the matter to bear. [*Afide.*]

Gran. Where did you get all these Letters, Sir *Gilbert*?

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, this is the Trade every Morning, all for Subscriptions: nay, they are special Stuff—here pr'ythee read that.

Fran. Who is it from, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* O! a *North-Briton*, a bloody squabbling Fellow, who owes me a Thousand Pound for Difference, and that's his way of paying me: read it.

Gran. [*Reading.*] *Wuns, Sir, dee ye no tack me for a Man of Honor? ye need no send to my Ludging so often for year pimping Thousand Pound: An ye'll be but ci-vil a bit, Ifc order the Bearer, my Broker, to mack up year Ballance: an if ye wull but gea yourself the Trouble to put his name intull your own List for a Thousand Subscription,*

Fran. Stay a little.

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he' see pay ye aw down upo' the Nail: But an ye wo'noe doe this smaw Jub, the Deel Dommee, and ye e'er see a Grote from me, as long as my Name is

George Blunderbuss.

Fran. What can you do with such a Fellow, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Do with him! why, I'll let him have it, and get my Money: I had better do that, than be obliged to fight for't, or give it the Lawyers.

Fran. Nay, that's true too.

Sir Gilb. Here's another now, from one of my Wife's hopeful Relations, an extravagant Puppy, that has rattled a gilt Chariot to pieces before it was paid for——but he'll die in Jail.

Fran. [Reading.] *Dear Knight.*
I see he's familiar.

Sir Gilb. Nay, it's all of a-piece.

Fran. Not to mince the matter; yesterday, at Marybone, they had me all Bob as a Robin: In short, being out of my Money, I was forced to come to the Caster, and tumbled for Five Hundred dead: Besides which, I owe Crop the Lender a Brace, and if I have a single Simon to pay him, rot me: But the queer Coll promises to advance me t'other three, and bring me home, provided you will let him sneak into your List for a cool Thousand. You know it's a Debt of Honour in me, and will cost you nothing.
Yours in haste.

Robert Rattle.

Fran. The Stile is extraordinary.

Gran. And his Motives irresistible.

Sir Gilb. Nay, I have them from all Nations; here's one now from an *Irish* Relation of my own.

Fran. O! pray let's see.

Sir Gilb. There.

[*Frankly reads.*]

Loving Cousin, and my dear Life,

There is only my Brother Patrick, and tat is two of us: and because we would have a graate Respect for our Relations, we are come post from Tipperary, with a low-

ing Design to put both our Families upon one anoder. And though we have no Acquaintance with your brave Daughters, we saw them Yesterday at the Cathedral Church, and find they will shew us well enough. And to shew our sincere Affections, we wil taake dem vidout never a Penny of Money, only as a smaal Token of Shivility upon your Side, we defer the Faavour of both of us each Ten Thousand in dis saame new Subscription: And because in our haste some of our Cloaths and Bills of Exchange were forgot, pridee be so graateful as to send us two Score Pounds, to put us into some Worship for the mean time. So dis was all from, my dear Life,

Your humble Sarvant,

And loving Relation,

Owen Mac-Ogle.

Fran. A very modest Epistle, truly!

Sir Gilb. O! here's my List——now Mr. Granger, we'll see what we can do for you——hold! here are some People that have no Bufiness here, I am sure——ay, here! here's Dr. *Bullandbear*——One Thousand——why, ay——I was forced to put him down to get rid of him: The Man has no Conscience: Don't I know he's in every Court-List under a sham Name? indeed, Domine Doctor, you can't be here.

[Scratches him out.

Then here's another Favourite of my Wife's too——Signior *Caponi da Cape*——Two Thousand——What! because he can get as much for a Song, does he think to have it for Whistling too——Huh! huh! huh! not I troth! I am not for sending our Money into Popish Countries.

[Blots him out.

Fran. Rightly consider'd, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Let's see, who's next——Sir James Baker, Knt. One Thousand.

Gran. Who's he, Sir?

Sir Gilb. O! a very ingenious Person, he's well known at Court, he must stand: besides, I believe we shall employ him in our *Spanisb* Trade——O! here we can

spare you one, I believe——Sir *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Knt. One Thousand.

Fran. What! the fam'd Censor of Great Britain?

Sir Gilb. No, no; he was a very honest pleasant Fellow, this is only a Relation——a mere Whimsical; that will draw Nobody's way but his own, and is always wiser than his Betters. I don't understand that sort of Wisdom, that's for doing good to every body but himself; let those list him that like him, he shall ride in no Troop of mine, Oddheart-likins! [*Blots him.*]

Gran. How he damns them with a Dash, like a proscribing Triumvir!

Sir Gilb. Let's see, I would fain have another for you——O! here! *William Penkethman* One Thousand. Hah! a very pretty Fellow truly; what! give a Thousand Pound to a Player——why it's enough to turn his Brain; we shall have him grow proud, and quit the Stage upon it: No, no, keep him poor, and let him mind his Business; if the Puppy leaves off playing the Fool, he's undone. No, no, I won't hurt the Stage, my Wife loves Plays; and whenever she's there, I am sure of three Hours Quiet at home.——[*Blots, &c.*] Let's see; one, three, four, five; ay, just *Frankly's* Sum——here's five Thousand for you, Mr. *Granger*, with a wet Finger.

Gran. Sir, I shall ever be in your Debt.

Sir Gilb. Pooh! you owe me nothing.

Fran. You have the Happiness of this Life, Sir *Gilbert*, the Power of obliging all about you.

Sir Gilb. O! Mr. *Frankly*! Money won't do every thing, I am uneasy at home for all this.

Fran. Is that possible, Sir? while you have so fine a Lady?

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay, you are her Favourite, and have Learning enough to understand her; but——she is too wise and too wilful for me.

Fran. O! Sir, Learning's a fine Accomplishment in a fine Lady.

Sir Gilb. Ay, it's no matter for that, she's a great Plague to me: Not but my Lord Bishop her Uncle was a mighty good Man; she lived all along with him; I took her upon his word: 'twas he made her a Scholar;

I thought her a Miracle—before I had her, I us'd to go and hear her talk *Latin* with him an Hour together, and there I—I—I played the Fool—I was wrong, I was wrong—I should not have married again—and yet I was so fond of her Parts, I begg'd him to give my eldest Daughter the same fine Education, and so he did—but to tell you the truth, I believe both their Heads are turn'd.

Gran. A good Husband, Sir, would set your Daughter right, I warrant you.

Sir Gilb. He must come out of the Clouds then, for she thinks no mortal Man can deserve her: what think you, Mr. *Frankly*, you had soon enough of her?

Fran. I think still, she may deserve any mortal Man, Sir.

Gran. I can't boast of my Merit, Sir *Gilbert*; but I wish you would give me leave to take my chance with her.

Sir Gilb. Will you dine with me?

Gran. Sir, you shall not ask me twice.

Sir Gilb. And you, Mr. *Frankly*?

Fran. Thank you, Sir, I have had the Honour of my Lady's Invitation before I came out.

Sir Gilb. O! then pray don't fail; for when you are there, she's always in Humour.

Fran. I hope, Sir, we shall have the Happiness of the young Lady's Company too.

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay; after Dinner I'll talk with you.

Fran. Not forgetting your favourite *Charlotte*, Sir!

Sir Gilb. Look you, Mr. *Frankly*, I understand you; you have a mind to my Daughter *Charlotte*, and I have often told you, I have no Exceptions to you; and therefore you may well wonder why I yet scruple my Consent.

Fran. You have a Right to refuse it, no doubt, Sir; but, I hope, you can't blame me for asking it.

Sir Gilb. In troth, I don't; and I wish you had it with all my Heart: But so it is—there's no Comfort sure in this Life: for though by this glorious State of our Stocks, I have rais'd my poor single Plumb to a Pomgranet; yet if they had not risen quite so high, you

and I, Mr. *Frankly*, might possibly have been both happier Men than we are.

Fran. How so, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Why at the Price it now is, I am under Contract to give one of the greatest Coxcombs upon Earth the Refusal of marrying which of my Daughters he pleases.

Gran. Hey-day! What, is Marriage a Bubble too?

[*Afide.*

Sir Gilb. Nay, and am bound in Honour even to speak a good Word for him: You know young *Witling*.

Fran. I could have guess'd your Coxcomb, Sir; but I hope, he has not yet named the Lady.

Sir Gilb. Not directly, but I guess his Inclinations; and expect every Hour, to have him make his Call upon my Consent according to Form.

Fran. Is this possible?

Gran. Sir, if he should happen to name *Sophronia*, will you give me leave to drub him out of his Contract?

Sir Gilb. By no means, Credit's a nice Point; and People won't suppose that would be done without my Connivance: beside, I believe *Sophronia's* in no danger. But because one can be sure of nothing, Gentlemen, I demand both your Words of Honour, that for my sake you will neither of you use any Acts of Hostility.

Fran. Sir, in this Case you have a right to command us.

Sir Gilb. Your Hands upon't.

Both. And our Words of Honour.

Sir Gilb. I am satisfied—If we can find a way to out-wit him—so—if not——Odso! here he comes: I beg your pardon, Gentlemen; but I won't be in his way till I cannot help it, Hum! hum! [*Exit Sir Gilb.*

Gran. A very odd Circumstance.

Fran. I am afraid there is something in it; and begin to think now, my Friend *Witling* (in his Rallery yesterday with *Charlotte*) knew what he said himself, tho' he did not care whether any body else did.

Gran. Sure! it cannot be real; I always took *Witling* for a Beggar.

Fran. So he was, or very near it, some Months ago;

but since Fortune has been playing her Tricks here, she has rewarded his Merit, it seems, with about an Hundred Thousand Pound out of *Change-Alley*.

Gran. Nay, then he may be dangerous indeed.

Fran. I long to know the bottom of it.

Gran. That you can't fail of, for you know he's vain and familiar; and here he comes.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Hah! my little *Granger*! how dost thou do Child? Where the Devil hast thou been this Age! What's the reason you never come among us? *Frankly*! give me thy little Finger, my Dear.

Gran. Thou art a very impudent Fellow, *Witling*.

Wit. Ay, it's no matter for that; thou art a pleasant one, I am sure: for thou always mak'st us laugh.

Fran. Us! what the Devil dost thou mean by Us, now?

Wit. Why your Pretty Fellows, my Dear, your *Bons Vivants*, your Men of Wit and Taste, Child.

Gran. I know very few of those; but I come from a Country, Sir, where half the Nation are just such pretty Fellows as thou art.

Wit. Hah! that must be a pleasant Place indeed! What, dost thou come from Paradise, Child? Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Don't you know he's just come from *France*, Sir?

Wit. You jest!

Gran. Why ay——Now you see *Witling*, your Vanity has brought you into a Fool's Paradise.

Wit. O! you pleasant Cur! what *Paris*, *quasi par Diis*, or Paradise. Ha! I wish I had been with you; I am sure you would have thought it Paradise then.

Gran. Nay, now he's fairly in.

Wit. 'Tis impossible to be out on't, Sir, in your Company; wherever you are it's always paradise to me, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Fran. Faith, *Granger*, there I think he came up with you.

Gran. Nay, since the Rogue has Money, we must of course allow him Wit: but I think he's one of your

good-natur'd ones ; he does not only find the Jest, but the Laugh too.

Wit. Ay ! and to hear the talk, Child, how is it possible to want either ? Ha ! ha !

Fran. Good again ! Well said *Witling* ! Why thou art as sharp to-day——

Wit. As a Glover's Needle, my Dear, I always dart it into your Leather Heads with three Edges : Ha ! ha !

Gran. Pr'ythee, *Witling*, does not thy Assurance sometimes meet with a Repartee, that only lights upon the Outside of thy Head ?

Wit. O ! your Servant, Sir, What ! now your Fire's gone, you would knock me down with the Butt-end, would you ? Ha ! it's very well, Sir ; I ha'done, Sir, I ha'done ; I see it's a Folly to draw Bills upon a Man that has no Assets.

Gran. And to do it upon a Man, that has no Cash of thine in his hands, is the Impudence of a Bankrupt.

Wit. Pshah ! a mere Flash in the Pan—Well ! well it's all over—Come, come a Truce, a Truce ! I he'done : I beg pardon.

Gran. Why, thou vain Rogue ! thy Good-nature has more Impudence than thy Wit : Dost thou suppose I can ever take any thing ill of thee ?

Wit. Pshah ! fy ! What dost thou talk, Man ? Why I know thou can'st not live without me : Dost think I don't know how to make allowances ? Tho', if I have too much Wit, and thou hast too little, how the Devil can either of us help it, you know ! Ha ! ha !

Fran. Ha ! ha ! honest *Witling* is not to be put out of Humour, I see.

Gran. No, faith, nor out of Countenance——

Wit. Not I, faith, my Friend ; and a Man of Turn may say any thing to me——Not but I see by his Humour, something has gone wrong—I hold six to four now, thou hast been crabb'd at *Paris* in the *Mississippi*.

Gran. Not I, faith, Sir ; I would no more put my Money into the Stocks there, than my Legs into the Stocks here : There's no getting home again when you have a mind to it.

Wit. Hah ! very good ! but pr'ythee tell us : What ! is the *Quinquipois* as pleasant as our Change-Alley here ?

Fran. Much the same Comedy, Sir, where poor wise Men are only Spectators, and laugh to see Fools make their Fortune.

Wit. Ay, but there we differ, Sir ; for there are Men of Wit too, that have made their Fortunes among us, to my Knowledge.

Gran. Very likely, Sir ; when Fools are flush of Money, Men of Wit won't be long without it : I hear you have been fortunate, Sir.

Wit. Humh ! I-gad, I don't know whether he calls me a Wit or a Fool.

Gran. O fy ! every body knows you have a great deal of Money.

Fran. And I don't know any Man pretends to more Wit.

Wit. Nay, that's true too : but——I-gad I believe he has me.

Gran. But pr'ythee, *Witling*, how came a Man of thy Parts ever to think of raising thy Fortune in Change-Alley ? How didst thou make all this Money thou art Master of ?

Wit. Why, as other Men of Wit and Parts often do ; by having little or nothing to lose : I rais'd my Fortune, Sir, as *Milo* lifted the Bull, by sticking to it every day, when it was but a Calf. I sous'd them with Premiums, Child, and laid them on thick when the Stock was low, and did it all from a Brass Nail, Boy. In short, by being dirty once a Day for a few Months, taking a Lodging at my Broker's, and rising at the same Hour I used to go to Bed at this end of the Town ; I have at last made up my Accounts : and now wake every Morning Master of Five and Twenty Hundred a Year, *Terra Firma*, and Pelf in my Pocket : I have Fun in my Fob beside, Child.

Gran. And all this out of Change-Alley ?

Wit. Every Shilling, Sir ; all out of Stocks, Puts, Bulls, Rams, Bears, and Bubbles.

Gran. These Frolicks of Fortune do some Justice at

least, they sufficiently mortify the Proud and Envious, that have not been the better for them.

Fran. O! I know some are ready to burst even at the Good Fortune of their own Relations.

Wit. I-gad and so do I: there's that furly Put, my Uncle the Counsellor, won't pull of his Hat to me now——A poor flaving Cur, that is not worth above a Thousand a Year, and minds nothing but his Business——

Fran. And so is out of humour with you, because you have done that in a Twelvemonth, that he has been drudging for these twenty Years?

Wit. But I intend to send him Word, if he does not mend his Manners, now I shall disinheret him.

Gran. What are we to think of this, *Frankly*? Is Fortune really in her Wits, or is the World out of them?

Fran. Much as it used to be; she has only found a new Channel for her Tides of Favour.

Wit. Pr'ythee why dost not come into the Alley and see us scramble for them? If you have a mind to philosophize there, there's Work for your Speculations! I-gad! I never go there, but it puts me in mind of the Poetical Regions of Death, where all Mankind are upon a level; there you'll see a Duke dangling after a Director; here a Peer and a Prentice haggling for an Eighth; there a Jew and a Parson making up Differences; here a young Woman of Quality buying Bears of a Quaker; and there an old one selling Refusals to a Lieutenant of Grenadiers.

Fran. What a Medley of Mortals has he jumbled together?

Wit. O there's no such fun in the Universe! I-gad! there's no getting away! Perish me! If I have had time to see my Mistress but of a Sunday, these three Months.

Gran. Thy Mistress! What dost thou mean! Thou speak'st as if thou had'st but one.

Wit. Why no more I have not, that I care a Farthing for: I may, Perhaps, have a Stable of Scrubs, to mount my Footmen when I rattle into Town, or so; but this is a choice Pad, Child, that I design for my own Riding.

Fran. Pr'ythee, who is she?

Wit. I'll shew you, my Dear—I think I have her here in my Pocket.

Gran. What dost thou mean?

Wit. Look you, I know you are my Friends; and therefore, since I am sure it's in nobody's Power to hurt me, I'll venture to trust you—There! that's Whoo, Child.

[*Shews a Paper.*]

Fran. What's here?

[*Reads.*]

To Sir Gilbert Wrangle.

Sir, according to your Contract of the 11th of February last, I now make my Election of your younger Daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Wrangle; and do hereby demand your Consent, to be forthwith join'd to the said Charlotte in the sober State of Matrimony. Witness my Hand, &c.

William Witling.

Fran. What a merry World do we live in?

Gran. This indeed is extraordinary.

Wit. I think so: I'll assure you, Gentlemen, I take this to be the *Coup de Maître* of the whole Alley: This is a Call now, that none of your thick-scall'd Calculators could ever have thought on.

Gran. Well, Sir; and does this Contract secure the Lady's Fortune to you, too?

Wit. O! Pox! I knew that was all Rug before: He had settled Three Thousand a-piece upon them in the *South-Sea*, when it was only about *Par*, provided they married with his Consent, which by this contract you know I have a Right to—So there's another Thirty Thousand dead, my Dear.

Fran. But pray Sir, has not the Lady herself a Right of Refusal, as well as you, all this while?

Wit. A Right! ay, who doubts it? Every Woman has a Right to be a Fool, if she has a mind to it, that's certain: But *Charlotte* happens to be a Girl of Taste, my Dear; she is none of those Fools that will stand in her own light, I can tell you.

Fran. Well, but do you expect she should blindly consent to your Bargain?

Wit. Blindly! No, Child: but dost thou imagine any Citizen's Daughter can refuse a Man of my Figure and Fortune with her Eyes open?

Gran. Impudent Rogue! [*Aside.*]

Fran. Nay, I grant your Security's good, Sir: But I mean, you have still left her Consent at large in the Writing.

Wit. Her Consent! didst thou think I minded that, Man! I knew, if the Stock did but whip up, I should make no more of her than a poach'd Egg—But to let you into the Secret, my Dear, I am secure of that already; for the Slut's in love with me, and does not know it: Ha, ha, ha!

Fran. How came you to know it then?

Wit. By her ridiculous pretending to hate, Child: for we never meet, but 'tis a mortal War, and never part, till one of us is rallied to death; Ha, ha!

Fran. Nay, then it must be a Match? for I see you are resolved to take no Answer.

Wit. Not I, Faith! I know her Play too well for that! In short, I am this Evening to attack her in form; and to shew you I am a Man of Skill, I intend to make my first Breach from a Battery of *Italian* Music, in which I design to sing my own *Io Pæan*, and enter the Town in Triumph.

Fran. You are not going to her now?

Wit. No, no, I must first go and give the Governor my Summons here: I must find out Sir *Gilbert*; he's hereabouts: I long to make him growl a little; for I know he'll fire when he reads it, as if it were a *Scire Facias* against the Company's Charter. Ha, ha! [*Exit Wit.*]

Fran. When all's said, this Fellow seems to feel his Fortune more than most of the Fools that have been lately taken into her Favour.

Gran. Pox on him! I had rather have his Constitution than his Money: Pr'ythee let's follow, and see how the old Gentleman receives him.

Fran. No—excuse me; I can't rest till I see *Charlotte*—You know my Affairs now require Attendance.

Gran. That's true; I beg you take no notice to *Sophronia* of my being in Town: I have my Reasons for it.

Fran. Very well; we shall meet at Dinner—Adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

The SCENE, *Sir Gilbert's House.*

Sophronia and Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE.

HA! ha! ha!

Soph. Dear Sister, don't be so boisterous in your Mirth: You really over-power me! So much Vociferation is insupportable.

Char. Well, well! I beg your Pardon——But you know laughing is the wholesomest thing in the World: and when one has a hearty Occasion——

Soph. To be vulgar—you are resolv'd to appear so.

Char. O! I cannot help it, I love you dearly; and pray where's the harm of it?

Soph. Look you, Sister, I grant you, that Risibility is only given to the *Animal Rationale*; but you really indulge it, as if you could give no other Proof of your Species.

Char. And if I were to come into your Sentiments, dear Sister, I am afraid the World would think I were of no Species at all.

Soph. The World, Sister, is a Generation of Ignorants: And for my part, I am resolv'd to do what in me lies to put an end to posterity.

Char. Why, you don't despair of a Man, I hope.

Soph. No; but I will have all Mankind despair of me.

Char. You'll positively die a Maid?

Soph. You, perhaps, may think that dying a Martyr; but I shall not die a Brute, depend upon't.

Char. Nay, I don't think you'll die either, if you can help it.

Soph. What do you mean, Madam?

Char. Only, Madam, that you are a Woman, and may happen to change your Mind; that's all.

Soph. A Woman! that's so like your ordinary way of thinking; as if Souls had any Sexes—No—when I die, Madam, I shall endeavour to leave such Sentiments behind me, that—(*non omnis moriar*) the World will be convinc'd my purer part had no Sex at all.

Char. Why truly, it will be hard to imagine, that any one of our Sex could make such a Resolution; tho' I hope we are not bound to keep all we make neither.

Soph. You'll find, Madam, that an elevated Soul may be always Master of its perishable Part.

Char. But, dear Madam, do you suppose our Souls are cramm'd into our Bodies merely to spoil sport, that a virtuous Woman is only sent hither of a Fool's Errand? What's the Use of our Coming into the World, if we are to go out of it, and leave nobody behind us?

Soph. If our Species can only be supported by those gross Mixtures, of which Cookmaids and Footmen are capable, People of Rank and Erudition ought certainly to detest them. O! what pity 'tis the Divine Secret should be lost! I have somewhere read of an ancient Naturalist, whose laborious Studies have discover'd a more innocent way of Propagation: but, it seems, his Tablets unfortunately falling into his Wife's hands, the gross Creature threw them into the Fire.

Char. Indeed, my dear Sister, if you talk thus in Company, People will take you for a Mad-woman.

Soph. I shall be even with them, and think those mad that differ from my Opinion.

Char. But I rather hope the World will be so charitable as to think this is not your real Opinion.

Soph. I shall wonder at nothing that's said or thought by People of your sullied Imagination.

Char. Sullied! I would have you to know, Madam, I think of nothing but what's decent and natural.

Soph. Don't be too positive, Nature has its Indecencies,

Char. That may be, but I don't think of them.

Soph. No! Did not you own to me just now, you were determin'd to marry?

Char. Well! and where's the Crime, pray?

Soph. What! you want to have me explain? But I shall not defile my Imagination with such gross Ideas.

Char. But, dear Madam, if Marriage were such an abominable Business, how comes it that all the World allows it to be honourable? And I hope you won't expect me to be wiser than any of my Ancestors, by thinking the contrary?

Soph. No; but if you will read History, Sister, you will find that the Subjects of the greatest Empire upon Earth were only propagated from violated Chastity: The *Sabine* Ladies were Wives, 'tis true, but glorious ravish'd Wives. Vanquish'd they were indeed, but they surrender'd not: They scream'd, and cry'd, and tore, and as far as their weak Limbs would give them leave, resisted and abhorr'd the odious Joy——

Char. And yet, for all that Niceness, they brought a chopping Race of Rakes, that bullied the whole World about them.

Soph. The greater still their Glory, that though they were naturally prolific, their Resistance proved they were not Slaves to Appetite.

Char. Ah! Sister, if the *Romans* had not been so sharp set, the glorious Resistance of these fine Ladies might have been all turn'd into Coquetry.

Soph. There's the Secret, Sister: Had our modern Dames but the true *Sabine* Spirit of Disdain, Mankind might be again reduced to those old *Roman* Extremities; and our shameless Brides would not then be led, but dragg'd to the Altar; their *Sponsalia* not call'd a Marriage, but a Sacrifice; and the conquer'd Beauty, not the Bridal Virgin, but the Victim.

Char. O ridiculous! and so you would have no Woman marry'd, that was not first ravish'd, according to Law?

Soph. I would have Mankind owe their Conquest of us rather to the Weakness of our Limbs, than of our

Souls. And if defenceless Women must be Mothers, the Brutality at least should lie all at their door.

Char. Have a care of this Over-nice-ness, dear Sister, lest some agreeable young Fellow should seduce you to the confusion of parting with it. You'd make a most rueful Figure in Love!

Soph. Sister, you make me shudder at your Freedom! I in love! I admit a Man! What! become the voluntary, the lawful Object of a corporeal Sensuality! Like you! to choose myself a Tyrant! a Despoiler! a Husband! Ugh!

Char. I am afraid, by this Disorder of your Thoughts, dear Sister, you have got one in your Head, that you don't know how to get rid of.

Soph. I have, indeed; but 'tis only the Male Creature that you have a mind to.

Char. Why that's possible too; for I have often observ'd you uneasy at Mr. Frankly's being particular to me.

Soph. If I am, 'tis upon your account, because I know he imposes upon you.

Char. You know it?

Soph. I know his Heart, and that another is Mistress of it.

Char. Another?

Soph. Another, but one that to my Knowledge will never hear of him; so don't be uneasy, dear Sister, all in my power you may be assur'd of.

Char. Surprizingly kind indeed!

Soph. And you know too I have a great deal in my Inclination——

Char. For me or him, dear Sister?

Soph. Nay, now you won't suffer me to oblige you. I tell you I hate the Animal, and for half a good Word would give him away.

Char. What! before you have him?

Soph. This affected Ignorance is so vain, dear Sister, that I now think it high time to explain to you.

Char. Then we shall understand one another.

Soph. You don't know, perhaps, that Mr. Frankly is passionately in love with me?

Char. I know, upon his treating with my Father, his Lawyer once made you some Offers.

Soph. Why then you may know too, that upon my slighting those Offers, he fell immediately into a violent Despair.

Char. I did not hear of its Violence.

Soph. So violent, that he has never since dar'd to open his Lips to me about it; but to revenge the secret Pains I gave him, has made his public Addresses to you.

Char. Indeed, Sister, you surprise me; and 'tis hard to say, that Men impose more upon us, than we upon ourselves.

Soph. Therefore by what I have told you, you may now be convinc'd he is false to you.

Char. But is there a necessity, my dear *Sophronia*, that I must rather believe you than him? Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. How, Madam! Have you the Confidence to question my Veracity, by supposing me capable of an Endeavour to deceive you.

Char. No hard Words, dear Sister; I only suppose you as capable of deceiving yourself, as I am.

Soph. Oh! mighty probable indeed! You are a Person of infinite Penetration! Your Studies have open'd to you the utmost Recesses of human Nature: but let me tell you, Sister, that Vanity is the only Fruit of Toilet Lubrications. I deceive myself: Ha! ha! ha!

Char. One of us certainly does! Ha! ha!

Soph. There I agree with you. Ha! ha!

Char. Till I am better convinced then on which side the Vanity lies, give me leave to laugh in my turn, dear Sister.

Soph. O! by all means, sweet Madam! Ha! ha!

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. O! here's Mamma, she perhaps may decide the Questions. Ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle.

Lady Wrang. So Mrs. *Charlotte*! what wonderful Nothing, pray, may be the Subject of this mighty Merriment?

Soph. Nothing indeed, Madam, or what's next to nothing; a Man, it seems. Ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. *Charlotte*, wilt thou never have any thing else in thy Head?

Char. I was in hopes, nothing, that was in my Sister's Head, would be a Crime in mine, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Your Sister's? What; How? Who is it you are laughing at?

Char. Only one another, Madam; but perhaps your Ladyship may laugh at us both: for, it seems, my Sister and I both insist, that *Mr. Frankly* is positively in love but with one of us.

Lady Wrang. Who, Child?

Soph. *Mr. Frankly*, Madam.

Lady Wrang. *Mr. Frankly* in love with one of you!

Soph. Ay, Madam; but it seems we both take him to ourselves.

Lady Wrang. Then *Charlotte* was in the right in one Point.

Soph. In what, dear Madam?

Lady Wrang. Why that for the same reason you have been laughing at one another, I must humbly beg leave to laugh at you both—Ha! ha!

Char. So! this is rare Sport. [*Aside.*

Lady Wrang. But pray, Ladies, how long has the Chimera of this Gentleman's Passion for you been in either of your Heads?

Soph. Nay, Madam, not that I value the Conquest, but your Ladyship knows he once treated with my Father upon my Account.

Lady Wrang. I know he made that his Pretence to get acquainted in the Family.

Soph. Perhaps, Madam, I have more coercive Reasons, but am not concern'd enough at present to insist upon their Validity.

Lady Wrang. *Sophronia*, you have prudence. [*Soph. walks by and reads.*] But what have you to urge, sweet Lady? How came this Gentleman into your Head, pray?

Char. Really, Madam, I can't well say how he got in, but there he is, that's certain: What will be able to get him out again, Heaven knows.

Lady Wrang. Oh ! I'll inform you then ; think no more of him than he thinks of you, and I'll answer for your Cure. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Char. I shall follow your Prescription, Madam, when I am once sure how little he thinks on me.

Lady Wrang. Then judge of that, when I assure you, that his Heart is utterly and solely given up to me.

Soph. Well ! I did not think my Lady had been capable of so much Weakness. [*Aside.*

Char. How ! to you, Madam ? How is that possible, unless he makes you dishonourable Offers ?

Lady Wrang. There's no occasion to suppose that neither ; there are Passions you have no Notion of : He knows my Virtue is impregnable : but that——preserves him mine.

Char. Nay, this does puzzle me indeed, Madam.

Soph. If you had ever read *Plato*, Sister, you might have known, that Passions of the greatest Dignity have not their Source from Veins and Arteries.

Lady Wrang. *Sophronia*, give me leave to judge of that ; perhaps I don't insist that he is utterly *Platonic* neither : The Mansion of the Soul may have its Attractions too ; he is as yet but *Udum & Molle Lutum*——and may take what Form I please to give him.

Char. Well, Madam, since I see he is so utterly at your Ladyship's Disposal, and that 'tis impossible your Virtue can make any use of him in my vulgar way ; shall I beg your good Word to my Father, only to make me Mistress of his mortal Part ?

Lady Wrang. Heav'ns ! what will this World come to ? This Creature has scarce been two Years from School, and yet is impatient for a Husband ! No, Madam, you are too young as yet ; but——*Cruda Marito*, Your Education is not yet finished ; first cultivate your Mind, correct and mortify these Sallies of your Blood ! learn of your Sister here, to live a bright Example of your Sex ; refine your Soul, give your happier Hours up to Science, Arts, and Letters ; enjoy the Raptures of Philosophy, subdue your Passions, and renounce the sensual Commerce of Mankind.

Char. O ! dear Madam, I should make a piteous Philosopher ; indeed your Ladyship had much better put me out to the Business, I am fit for : Here's my Sister has learning enough o'Conscience for any one Family ; and, of the two, I had much rather follow your Ladyship's Example, and use my humble Endeavours to increase it.

Lady Wrang. My Example ! Do you suppose then, if I had been capable of gross Desires, I would have chosen your Father for the Gratificator of them !

Char. Why not, Madam ; my Papa's a hale Man, and though he has twice your Ladyship's Age, he walks as strait, and leads up a Country Dance as brisk, as a beau at a Ball.

Lady Wrang. Come, none of your sensual Inferences from thence ; I was govern'd by my Parents, I had other Views in marrying Mr. *Wrangle*.

Char. Yes, a swinging Jointure. [*Aside.*

Lady Wrang. When you have gone through my Studies, Madam, Philosophy will tell you, 'tis possible a well-natur'd Mind, tho' fated to a Husband, may be at once a Wife and Virgin.

Char. Prodigious ! [*Aside.*

Lady Wrang. What is't you smile at, Madam ?

Char. Nothing, Madam, only I don't understand these Philosophical Mysteries ; but if your Ladyship will indulge me, in marrying Mr. *Frankly*, as for dying a Maid afterwards, I'll take my Chance for it.

Lady Wrang. What a giddy Confidence ! But thou art strangely vain, *Charlotte*, to be so importunate for a Man that, as I have told thee, has the Misfortune to be passionately in love with me.

Char. Indeed, indeed, Madam, if your Ladyship would but give him leave to open his Mind freely, he would certainly tell you another Story.

Lady Wrang. I will send for him this minute, and convince you of your Error.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Frankly*.

Lady Wrang. He never came more opportunely : Desire him to walk in.

Enter Mr. Frankly.

Lady Wrang. O! Mr. *Frankly*, the welcomest Man alive.

Fran. Then I am the happiest, I am sure, Madam.

Lady Wrang. O fy! is there any one of this Company could make you so?

Fran. There's one in the Company, Madam, has a great deal more in her Power, than I'm afraid she'll part with to me.

Soph. Are you this hard-hearted Lady, Sister? Does this Description reach you, pray? [*Afide.*]

Char. The Power does not describe you, I'll answer for it. [*Afide.*]

Lady Wrang. Nay, now you grow particular—— You have something to say to one of these Ladies, I'm sure. [*To Frankly.*]

Fran. I have something, Madam, to say to both of them.

Soph. Shall we let him speak, Sister?

Char. Freely.

Lady Wrang. Which of these two now, if you were free to choose, could you really give up your Heart to?

Fran. O! Madam, as to that I dare only say, as Sir *John Suckling* did upon the same Occasion.

Soph. Pray, what was that?

Fran. *He sure is happiest that has Hopes of either;*

Next him, is He, that sees you both together.

Lady Wrang. Perfectly fine: Nor is there more Wit in the Verses themselves, than in your polite Application of them——Mr. *Frankly*, I must beg your Pardon——I know it's rude to whisper, but you have Good-nature: and to oblige a Woman——

Fran. Is the Business of my Life, Madam——What the Devil can all this mean? I have been oddly catechiz'd here——Sure they have not all agreed to bring me to a Declaration for one of them——it looks a little like it——But then, how comes *Charlotte* into so vain a Project? nay so hazardous? She can't but know, my holding the other two in play has been the only

means of my getting Admittance to her——perhaps they may have piqued her into this Experiment——not unlikely——but I must be cautious. [*Aside.*]

Lady *Wrang.* Nay, Ladies, you can't but say I laid you fairly in his way: [*Apart to Soph. and Char.*] and yet you see from how palpable a Regard to me, he has ingenuously avoided a Declaration for either of you, at least.

Soph. Your Ladyship won't be offended, if, for a moment, we should suspend your Conclusion.

Lady *Wrang.* Not in the least; if Suspence can make you happy, live always in it.

Char. But, pray, Madam, let him go on a little.

Lady *Wrang.* Oh! you shall have enough of him. Well, you are a horrid Tyrant, Mr. *Frankly*: Don't you plainly see, here are two Ladies in this Company, that have a mind you should declare in favour of one of them?

Fran. Yes, Madam, but I plainly see, there are three Ladies in the Company.

Lady *Wrang.* What then?

Fran. Why then, Madam, I am more afraid of offending that third Person, than either of the other two.

Lady *Wrang.* [*To Soph. and Char.*] Observe his Diffidence, his Awe, he knows I love Respect.

Soph. With Submission, Madam, I never was familiar with him.

Lady *Wrang.* Come, now do you both ask the Question, as I have done, each exclusive of herself.

Char. Your Ladyship's in the right——[*Aside.*]
Sir, without any Apology then, I am oblig'd to ask you, whether it be my Lady or my Sister, you really are in love with?

Fran. So now it's plain [*Aside*] When either of them ask me, you'll be out of the Question, I can assure you, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Ha! ha!

Soph. Who's in the Question now, Sister?

Char. If I had put myself in, you would not have been there I'll answer for him. [*Aside.*]

Soph. Then I'll do you that Favour, Madam.

Fran. So! now the t'other——but I am ready for her too.

Soph. You see, Sir, the Humour we are in: Though don't suppose, if I ask you the same Question, 'tis from the same Motive; but since these Ladies have oblig'd me to it——Which of them is it you sincerely are a Slave to?

Fran. Since I find your Motive is only Complaisance to them, Madam, I hope you will not think it needs an Answer.

Soph. I am satisfy'd——
Your Ladyship was pleas'd to mention Respect——I think there's Respect and Demonstration too, Madam.

[*Aside to Lady Wrang.*

Lady Wrang. I grant it——but both to me, Child——But I will speak once more for all of us——Sir, that you may not be reduc'd to farther Ambiguities——suppose we are all agreed, you should have leave to declare which of us then your Heart is utterly in the Disposal of?

Fran. Then I must suppose, Madam, that one of you have a mind I should make the other two my Enemies.

Lady Wrang. All your Friends, depend upon us.

Fran. So were all the three Goddesses to *Paris*, Madam, till he presum'd to be particular, and rashly gave the Apple to *Venus*: You know, Madam, *Juno* was his immortal Enemy ever after.

—— *Manet altâ mente repôssum*

Judicium Paridis, spretæque Injuria Formæ.

Lady Wrang. Sir, you are excus'd; the Modesty and Elegance of your Reply has charm'd me.

Soph. Now, Sister, was this Delicacy of his Taste and Learning shewn to recommend himself to me, or you, think you?

Char. O! I don't dispute its recommending him to you.

Soph. He thinks it does, depend upon't.

Char. Though I can hardly think that of him, yet I can't say indeed he has taken much Pains to recommend himself to me all this while: I see no reason,

because they are to be respected forsooth, that I may not be pleas'd in my turn too. [To herself.]

Fran. And now, Ladies, give me leave to ask you a Question.

Lady Wrang. You may command us, Sir.

Fran. Then whose cruel Proposal was it to urge me to a Declaration of my Heart, when you all knew there was not one of you, from the Disposition of whose Mind or Circumstances, I could hope the least Favour or Mercy.

Lady Wrang. Explain yourself.

Fran. Why first, Madam, as to your Ladyship, you are honourably dispos'd of—from you my utmost Vanity could no more form a hope, than could your Virtue give it—And here [To Soph.] if possible, my Fate were harder still—here I must have to encounter Rivals numberless and invincible.

Soph. Rivals!

Fran. Ay, Madam, is not every Volume in your Library a Rival? Do you not pass whole Days, nay sometimes happier Nights, with them alone! The Living and the Dead promiscuous in your Favour? Old venerable Sages, even in their Graves, can give you Raptures, from whose Divine Enjoyment no mortal Lover can persuade you.

Soph. [To Char.] Is this to please you, Sister?

Char. Truly I think not—he has mistaken the way at least.

Fran. [Turning to Char.] And here, Madam—

Lady Wrang. Hold, Sir,—a Truce with your Negatives, lest they grow too vehement in their Affirmation—you have hitherto my Esteem—preserve it by your Discretion, and force me not to revoke the Freedom I have this Day given you—*Sophronia*, I have carried this Matter to the very utmost Limits of Discretion—I hope you, and your Sister, are now deliver'd from your Error; if not, I'll instantly withdraw, and leave you to a full Conviction. [Exit Lady Wrangle.]

Fran. I am afraid my Lady takes something ill of me.

Soph. Sir, what you have done was from her own

Desire ; and since I partly am the Occasion, it is but just I stand engag'd for your Reconciliation.

Fran. Then give me leave to hope, Madam——

Soph. From what Pretension, Sir ? From any Weakness of my Behaviour ? Hope ! do you consider the licentious and extensive Consequences of that odious Word ? Hope ! you make me tremble at the Thought.

Fran. Madam, I only mean——

Soph. I know your Meaning, Sir ; and therefore must not hear it.

Fran. This is new with a Vengeance. [*Aside.*

Soph. Sister, I am sorry our Argument has reduc'd me to stand so outrageous an Instance of your Conviction ; but you may profit from the Insult : You may learn to moderate your Vanity, and to know yourself. O ! 'tis a Heavenly Lesson—— *E Cælo descendit Gnothe seauton.*

[*Exit.*

Fran. What a solid Happiness is now crept into her Mind through the Crack of her Brain ?——I hope you are not going too, Madam ?

Char. I don't know any Business I have here.

Fran. So——I-gad ! I have disobligh'd them all, I believe : [*Aside.*] You are not out of Humour ?

Char. I do not know whether I am or no.

Fran. So cold, *Charlotte*, after I have had my Wits upon the stretch this half Hour, to oblige you ?

Char. What, in blowing up other People's Vanity at my Expence ?

Fran. Would you have had me blown up their Jealousy, at the Expence of my being well with you ?

Char. You that are so dextrous in imposing upon others, may impose upon me too, for ought I know.

Fran. Come, come, don't impose upon yourself *Charlotte*, by this groundless, this childish Resentment.

Char. She that has no Resentment at all, may be under-treated as long as she lives, I find.

Fran. Pray think a little ; is my having made them ridiculous by your own Consent, exposing you to them, or them to you ?

Char. I do not know how the Matter's contriv'd ; but

I certainly find myself uneasy, and you can't persuade me I am not so.

Fran. Well, well; since you can't justify your being in an ill humour, it's a fair step at least to your coming into a good one.

Char. Come, I will not be wheedled now.

Fran. Nay, but hear me.

Sophronia enters unseen, while Frankly seems to entertain Charlotte apart.

Soph. What can these Creatures be doing alone together? I thought I left my Sister in too ill a Humour to retire with him; but I see these Carnage Lovers have such a Meanness in their Souls, they'll overlook the grossest Usage to accommodate their sensual Concorporation——'Tis so——her Eyes have lost all Resentment already: But I must not be seen, lest they mistake my innocent Curiosity for Jealousy.

Char. Well, but you might have thrown in a civil thing to me in my turn too.

Fran. Alas! poor Lady! Pray, what one civil thing did I mean to any Body but yourself? Besides, was not you one of the three Goddesses, Miss Charlotte? Which of the Company do you suppose I meant by *Venus*, pray?

Char. How silly you make me?

Fran. Nay, I was going to say a great deal more to you, if my Lady had not stop't my Mouth.

Soph. Is it possible?

[*Aside.*

Char. Why then I beg your pardon; for in short, I find I have only been Fool enough to be uneasy, because they had not Sense enough to be mortified.

Fran. A pretty innocent Confession truly.

Soph. Have I my Senses?

Char. Well! but tell me what was it you had a mind to say to me?

Fran. Nothing to what I now could say——O!
Charlotte, my Heart grows full of you; the least Look of Kindness softens me to Folly! Indeed I love you.

Soph. Soh!

Char. And for what after all?

[*Smiling.*

Fran. For that, and for a thousand Charms beside:

[*Pressing her Hand.*] There's something in your Looks so soft, so gentle, so resign'd, and plaintive; I loved before I knew it, and only thought I gave the Pity that I wanted.

Char. What Transport's in the Passion, when the Tendernefs is mutual!

Soph. O! the enormous Creature! But I'll be gone, lest her Intoxication should know no Bounds!—No,—on second Thoughts I'll stay———this odious Object may be useful; Vipers, if rightly taken, are Preservatives; And as the *Spartans* taught their Children to abhor Intemperance, by shewing them their Slaves expos'd, and senseless in their Wine; so I, in Contemplation of this Folly, may be fortified against it.——

[*During this Frankly and Charlotte seem in an amorous Dispute, till he kisses her.*

O! the abandon'd Wantons.—What a riotous Disorder now must run through every Vein of her whole System? How can they thus deface the Dignity of human Being? A Kiss, nay then 'tis insupportable. [*She goes to them.*] Sister, I am amaz'd you can stand trifling here, when my Father's come home, and you know he wants you.

Char. She has certainly seen us. [*Aside to Fran.*

Fran. No matter, seem easy, and take no notice.

[*Apart to Char.*

Soph. Shall I tell him you will not come, Madam?

Char. Well, do not be in a Passion, dear Sister.

Fran. O! fy! why should you think so? But is Sir Gilbert come in, Madam? I have a little Business with him. If you please Madam, I'll wait upon you to him.

Char. With all my Heart.

Fran. *Amante Sposo, &c.* [*Exit singing with Char.*

Soph. What means this Turbulence of Thought? Why am I thus disorder'd? It cannot—nay, I will not have it Jealousy———No! if I were capable of Folly, *Granger* might mislead me; yet still I am disturb'd——Yes, 'tis plain, I am incens'd, provok'd at him; but can I not assign the Cause? O! I have found it——having first offer'd up his Heart to me, his giving it to another, without my Leave, is an insult on my Merit, and worthy my Resentment——that's all——How

then shall I punish him? By securing her to his Rival. — *Willing* shall have her; I'll work it by my Lady, she seems his Friend — Yes, yes, that will intirely ease my Heart: how I rejoice to find 'tis only decent Pride that has disturb'd me. — Yes, I'll certainly resent it — to their mutual Disappointment.

Thus both shall suffer, doom'd to different Fates:

His be despair; be hers, the Man she hates.

[Exit.

A C T III.

Lady Wrangle and Sophronia.

Lady Wrang. **I**Mpossible! You amaze me! Kiss her, say you? What! as a Lover, amorously? voluptuously?

Soph. Infamously! with all the glowing Ferver of a Libertine.

Lady Wrang. Then I am deceiv'd indeed! I thought that Virtue, Letters, and Philosophy, had only Charms for him: I have known his Soul all Rapture in their Praises; nay, and believ'd myself the secret Object of them all. But is he vulgar, brutal then at last? — No *Punic* Faith so false — 'Tis well! he has deceiv'd me, and I hate him. O that forward Creature!

Soph. She warms as I could wish.

[*Aside.*

Lady Wrang. But tell me dear, *Sophronia*, how did that nauseous Girl behave to him? Was the Shame chiefly his? did she resist, or — how was this odious Kiss obtain'd! Were his Persuasions melting, or her Allurements artful? Was he insnared, or did his Wiles seduce her? O! tell me all his Baseness! I burn to know, yet wish to be deceiv'd.

Soph. — *Speratque Miserrima falli* — Directly jealous of him; but I'll make my Uses of it. [*Aside.* Nay, Madam, I must own the guilty Part was chiefly hers: Had you but seen the warm Advances that she made him, the Looks, the Smiles, the toying Glances,

O! such wanton Blandishments to allure him; you would think his Crime, compar'd to hers, but Frailty.

Lady *Wrang.* O! the little Sorcerers! but I shall stop her in her loose Career: I'll have her know, forward as she is, her Inclinations shall wait upon my Choice; and since she will run riot, I'll have her clogg'd immediately: I'll marry her, *Sophronia*; but—where I think fit; No! Mr. *Willing* is her Man, or she's a Maid for ever.

Soph. That, Madam, I doubt, she will never be brought to; she mortally hates him.

Lady *Wrang.* So much the better; I do not design him therefore as her happiness, but her Punishment.

Soph. This is fortunate; she even prevents my Purpose. [Aside.

Lady *Wrang.* O! that a Man of his sublime Faculties could fall from such a Height—was ever any thing so mean, *Sophronia*?

Soph. I am surpriz'd indeed; my Sister too is so illiterate, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* To contaminate his Intellects with such a Chit of an Animal! O *Tempora*!

Soph. O *Mores*! 'Tis a degenerate Age indeed, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Nothing but Noise and Ignorance; Girls and Vanity have their Attractions now.

Soph. O! there's no living, Madam, while *Coquettes* are so openly tolerated among a civiliz'd People!

Lady *Wrang.* I protest they are so insolently insidious, they are become mere Nufances to all innocent Society.

Soph. I am amaz'd the Government should not set the idle Creatures to Work.

Lady *Wrang.* The Wisdom of our Ancestors restrain'd such horrid Licences; and, you see the Laws they made, describ'd them all by the modest Term of Spinsters only. But! I'll take care of her, at least; and since she is become a public Mischief, to humble her will be a public Good: I'll send to Mr. *Willing* this moment, and invite him to dine here. I desire you will be in the Way, Child, and assist me in bringing this Matter to a speedy Conclusion. [Exit.

Soph. Yes, I shall assist you, Madam; tho' not to gratify your Resentments, but my own: Poor Lady! is

this then all the Fruit of your Philosophy? Is this her Conduct of the Passions, not to endure another should possess what she pretends to scorn? Are these her Self-denials; Where, where was her Self-examination all this while? The least Inquiry there had shewn these Passions as they are: Then had she seen, that all this Anger at my Sister was but Envy; those Reproaches on her Lover, Jealousy; even that Jealousy, the Child of Vanity, and her avow'd Resentment, Malice! Good Heaven! Can she be this Creature, and know it not?— And yet 'tis so—so partial's Nature to herself:

*That Charity begins, where Knowledge shou'd,
And all our Wisdom's counsell'd by the Blood:
The Faults of others we with Ease discern,
But our own Frailties are the last we learn.*

[Going off she meets Frankly and Charlotte.
Ha! perpetually together?

Char. In Contemplation, Sister? I am afraid we disturb you; Come, Mr. Frankly, we'll go into the next Room.

Soph. No, Madam, if you have any Secrets, I'll retire,

Char. Nay, we have none now, Sister, but what I dare swear you are certainly let into: Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. So she must have a gentle Insult, I find; but it will be prudent in me to keep the Peace. [Aside.

Soph. These Taunts are insupportable! but to confess the Smart, were adding to her Triumph. [Aside.

Char. Why so grave, *Sophronia*?

Soph. Why that Question, Madam? Do you often see me otherwise?

Char. No; but I thought, upon your supposing we had Secrets, you drew up a little:

Soph. 'Tis possible, I might not be in a laughing Humour, without thinking any of your Secrets important.

Fran. People, Madam, that think much, always wear a serious Aspect. [To Char.

Soph. As the contrary, Sister, may be a Reason for your continual Mirth.

Char. Well! well! so I am but happy, Sister, I am content you should be wise as long as you live.

Soph. You have one Sign of Wisdom, I see: a little thing contents you—There's no bearing her. [*Ex. Soph.*]

Char. She's in a high Miff.

Fran. I am afraid there is no Good towards us: I observ'd my Lady, as she pass'd too, had much the same Cloud upon her Brow.

Char. Then she has certainly told her how she caught us fooling together.

Fran. No doubt on't; therefore we must expect all the Mischief that either of them can do us.

Char. My Sister can't do us much, at least.

Fran. She can blow up my Lady; and, you know, my Lady governs your Father.

Char. She does a little overbear him indeed; not but he will make his Party Good with her upon Occasion: I have known it come to a drawn Battle between them, especially when he has any Body to stand by him. A sad Life tho', Mr. Frankly, when conjugal Engagements are only Battles; does not their Example frighten you?

Fran. I can see no Hazard, in taking my Chance with you, Madam.

Sophonria returns and stops short, seeing Frankly taking Charlotte's Hand.

Soph. So! closing again the minute they are alone! but I shall make bold with them. [*Goes forward*] Pray, Sister, what did you do with that Book of mine you took up this Morning?

Char. What Book?

Soph. The *Confutius*, you know, in my Chamber.

Char. O! I did not mind it, I left it upon the green Table.

Soph. Very well—that's all—I beg your Pardon: What a melancholy Sight she is!

[*Exit, and drops her Handkerchief.*]

Fran. This Book was only a Pretence to break in upon us.

Char. Plainly——she haunts us like the Ghost in *Hamlet*. But pray, what talk had you with my Father just now?

Fran. A great deal ; we are upon very good Terms there, I can tell you ; But his Conscience, it seems, is under the most ridiculous Dilemma, sure, that ever was.

Char. What do you mean ?

Fran. If you will have Patience to hear it, I'll tell you.

Char. I shall have no Patience till I do hear it.

Fran. You must know then, some time ago, Sir *Gilbert* happen'd in a mix'd Company in *Change Alley*, to join in a laugh at Mr. *Witling*, for his folly (as it was then thought) in giving out Premiums for the Refusal of *South-Sea* Stock at an extravagant Price : The Beau being piqued to an intemperance, to see his Bargains a Jest, offer'd in Heat of Blood, to back his Judgment with more Money, for a harder Bargain, and ten times as chimerical,

Char. Ay, now let's hear.

Fran. Thus it was : He told an hundred Guineas into your Father's hand ; in consideration of which, (if *Witling* could prove himself worth Fifty Thousand Pound within the Year, and the *South-Sea* Stock should in that time mount to a thousand *per Cent.* why then, and on those Conditions only) your Father was to give him the Refusal of you, or your Sister in Marriage. This whimsical offer turn'd the Laugh of the Company to the Beau's side, at which Sir *Gilbert*, impatient of his Triumph, and not being in the least apprehensive either of the Stocks rising to that Price, or that this Rattle-headed Fellow could possibly make such a Fortune in that time, fairly took the Money, and sign'd the Contract. Now the Stock, it seems, is come up to his Price, and the Spark has actually prov'd himself worth near double the Sum he condition'd for.

Char. For Heaven's Sake ! am I to take all this seriously ?

Fran. Upon my Life 'tis true : But don't mistake the Matter ; Sir *Gilbert* has left his Daughter's Inclinations free : there is no Force to be put upon them in the Bargain.

Char. Oh ! then I can take my Breath again.

Fran. No, no ; you are safe as to that point : You may do as you please ; he has only tied up his own Consent.

But *Witling* having this call upon it, *Sir Gilbert* is incapable, as he says, of giving it at present to me.

Char. Well ! but in the mean time, suppose he should give it to you ; what's the Penalty ?

Fran. That's true ; I had like to have forgot it : The Penalty is this ; if *Sir Gilbert* refuses his Consent, then he is to give *Witling* an Alternative of the three thousand Pound Stock only, at two hundred. So low it seems was the Price when this Bargain was made.

Char. A pinching Article : I am afraid my good Father has not distaste enough for a Coxcomb, to part with his Stock, and not toss him a Daughter into the Bargain.

Fran. Ay, but consider ; *Sir Gilbert* is not to part with his Stock neither, if you refuse to marry the Gentleman.

Char. Why then the Fool has given his Money for nothing ; at least I am sure he has, if he makes his Call upon me.

Fran. Ay, but here's the Misfortune : the Fool has been wise enough to do that already : *Sir Gilbert* tells me, he has insisted upon you ; and you may be sure my Lady, and your Sister, will do all in their power to hold your Father to his Bargain ; So that, while the Contract's valid, it will not be even in your Power, *Charlotte*, to complete my Happiness this half Year.

Char. It gives me at least occasion to shew you a new Proof of my Inclination ; for I confess, I shall be as uneasy as you, 'till, one way or other, this ridiculous Bargain is out of that Coxcomb's hands again.

Fran. O ! *Charlotte* ! lay your Hand upon my Heart, and feel how sensibly it thanks you.

Char. Foolish !

Sophronia enters, as looking for her Handkerchief, and observes them.

Soph. Monstrous ! actually embracing him ! What have her Transports made her blind too ? Sure she might see me.

Char. Be but rul'd and I'll engage to manage it.

Fran. I have a lucky Thought, that certainly——

Char. Peace ! break thee off ! Lo ! where it comes again.

Fran. Speak to it, *Horatio*——— [*Seeing Soph.*

Char. Do you want any thing, Sister?

Soph. Ay! did not I drop an Handkerchief here?

Char. I did not see any——O! here——I believe this is it. [*Gives it her.*

[*They all stand gravely mute for some time, at last Charlotte, as uneasy at her Company, speaks.*

Char. Do you want any thing else, Sister?

Soph. [*Turning short upon her.*]—Yes, Madam——
Patience———to support me under your injurious Assurance.

Char. Keep your Temper, Sister, lest I should suspect your Philosophy to be only an Affectation of Knowledge you never could arrive at.

Soph. There are some Surprises, Madam, too strong for all the Guards of human Constancy.

Char. Yet I have heard you say, Madam, 'tis a Narrowness of Mind to be surpriz'd at any thing.

Soph. To be amaz'd at the Actions of the Unjust, and the Abandon'd, is a Weakness that often arises from Innocence and Virtue: You must therefore pardon me, if I am astonish'd at your Behaviour.

Fran. So! I suppose I shall have my share presentlv. [*Aside.*

Char. My Behaviour, Madam, is not to be aspers'd by Outrage; and if I am not astonish'd at yours, 'tis because the Folly of it ought to move no Passion but Laughter.

Soph. This to me! to me! Mrs. Charlotte?

Char. Ay, ay! to you Mrs. Sophronia.

Fran. I beg your Pardon, Ladies, I see you have private Business. [*Going*

Soph. No, Sir,——hold——you are at least an Accomplice, if not the Principal in the Injury I complain of.

Fran. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam, in supposing any thing in my Power cou'd disturb you; but pray, Madam, wherein have I been so unhappy as to injure you?

Soph. In the tenderest Part; my Fame, my Sense, my Merit, and (as the World esteems it) in my Sex's Glory.

Fran. Accumulated Wrongs indeed ! But rea'ly, Madam, I am yet in the dark ; I must beg you to explain a little farther.

Soph. Then plainly thus, Sir : You have robb'd me of my Right ; the Vows of Love you once preferr'd to me, are by the Laws of Honour, without my Consent, irrevocable : but, like a vile Apostate, you have since presum'd to throw your scornful Malice on my Attractions, by basely kneeling to another.

Char. O ! the painful Conflicts of Prudery. [*Aside.*

Fran. This is hard indeed, Madam, that the Loss of what you never thought worth your Acceptance, should be worth your Resentment : If a Beggar should ask you Charity, would you call it an Injury, if, upon refusing it, the Wretch should beg of the next Passenger ?

Char. Well ! is not that prettily said now, Sister ?

Soph. The Case is different——You owe me Tribute as your rightful Conqueror ; and tho' I have declin'd the tasteless Triumph of your Homage, that's no Remittance of the Duty : Nor can you pay it to the Usurper of my Right, without rebellious Perjury to me.

Fran. Hoyty ! toyty ! I-gad there will be no end of this——I must e'en talk downright to her. [*Aside.*

Soph. Oblations vow'd to a peculiar Power, are to its peculiar Altars only due ; and tho' the Offering might be ill receiv'd, yet should the murmuring Suppliant dare to invoke another's Aid, his Vows are then become profane and impious to the Deity.

Char. So ! since he would not make her a Goddess, I find she's resolv'd to make one of herself. [*Aside.*

Fran. Now really, Madam, if I were to put all this into plain *English*, the Translation would amount to no more than this, That your offended Deity is a mere Dog in a Manger : What the Deuce, because you don't love Oats, must nobody else eat them ! Ha ! ha !

Char. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Soph. Amazement ! Horror ! I am shock'd and shiver'd to a thousand Atoms ! O ! my violated Ears !

Fran. Ay, ay ! Madam, you may give yourself as

many Romantic Airs as you please; but in short, I can play the civil Hypocrite no longer.

Soph. Ye Powers! he triumphs in Brutality!

Fran. That is, Madam, because you will always take Civility for Adoration. But however to clear up this whole Matter; if, for once, you can reduce yourself from a Deity to what Nature has made you, a Woman of Sense, I'll beg pardon for my Brutality, and speak to you like a Gentleman.

Soph. You may suppose me then to have the Sense you speak of.

Fran. Why then I own, Madam, when first I came from Travel, my good Father, on whom I then depended, recommended me to an Alliance in this Family; I thought myself honour'd in his Commands; and being equally a Stranger to you and your Sister, I judg'd as being the elder, you had a natural Right to the Preference of my Addresses: I saw you, saw your Person lovely, adorn'd with all those Charms that usually inspire the Lover's Tongue to bend the Ear of Beauty——

Char. How she drops her Eyes at it!

[*Aside.*

Fran. But on a nearer Converse, I found you scarce a Mortal in your Sentiments; so utter a Disdain of Love had you imbib'd from your Romantic Education: no wonder I succeeded not; I shall not reproach you with my peculiar Treatment: you pleas'd yourself, and I retreated. On this I thought my Heart at liberty to try its better Fortune here. Here I am fix'd, and justify my Love; where then's the Injury to you, in laying at your Sister's Feet a Heart, which your Disdain rejected!

Soph. 'Tis true, while offer'd with impure Desires; while sensuality, and as a Woman only, you pursu'd me: But had you greatly sought the Marriage of the Mind, the social Raptures of the Soul; I might perhaps have cherish'd an intellectual Union.

Fran. Ah! but dear, dear Madam, those Raptures in the Air would not do my Business; I want an Heir to my Family, and in plain Terms my Case requires one that will give a little bodily Help to it.

Soph. Nay then again, I must disclaim you; a Heart

So tainted would but fully the Receiver: The Shrine's
dishonour'd by a polluted Sacrifice.

Char. So! she's at her old Flights again. [Aside.

Soph. Thus then I fly forever from your Hopes——

*Thus Daphne triumph'd o'er Apollo's Flame,
And to his Heav'n prefer'd a Virgin's Name:
The vanquish'd God pursu'd, but to despair,
While deathless Laurels crown'd the flying Fair.*

[Exit.

Fran. So! there's one Plague over; I have discharg'd
my Conscience upon her at least.

Char. Ha! ha! what a pretty way, though, my good
Sister has of turning a Slight into a Triumph? But she
has a great Heart.

Fran. O! 'twould be hard to deny her that Satisfac-
tion; beside, the greatest Heart in the World did just
the same: We have known the late Grand Monarch lose
many a Battle; but it was bloody hard to beat him out
of a *Te Deum*.

Char. Well, but now, how shall we manage my
Father?

Fran. Here he comes.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir Gilb. So, Mr. Frankly! you see I give you fair
Play——and troth! I have a great Respect for you——
But——a——a Bargain's a Bargain; if another Man
has really paid for my Consent, you must not take it ill,
if I don't refuse him.

Fran. I can't pretend to ask it, Sir; I think it Fa-
vour enough, if you don't oblige your Daughter to re-
fuse me.

Sir Gilb. Not I, not I, Man; that's out of the Ques-
tion: She may please herself, and if *Willing* should
not please her; troth! I can't say it would not please me
too: In short, if you two have Wit enough to make
up the Difference, and bring me off——why there's no
more to be said——If not——Accounts must be made up
——I have taken the Premium, and must stand to my

Contract: For let me tell you, Sir, we Citizens are as tender of our Credit in *Change-Alley*, as you fine Gentlemen are of your Honour at Court.

Fran. Sir, depend upon it, your Credit shall not suffer by me, whatever it may by your Comparifon.

Sir Gilb. Why, what ails the Comparifon? Sir, I think the Credit of the City may be compar'd to that of any Body of Men in *Europe*.

Fran. Yes, Sir; but you mistake me: I question if any Bodies may be compar'd to that of the City.

Sir Gilb. O! your humble Servant, Sir; I did not take you—Ay, ay, you're right! you're right! Ay, ay, ay, live and learn, Mr. *Frankly*: You'll find 'tis not your Court, but City Politicians must do the Nation's Business at last. Why, what did your Courtiers do all the two last Reigns, but borrow Money to make War, and make War to make Peace, and make Peace to make War! And then to be Bullies in one and Bubbles in t'other? A very pretty Account truly; but we have made Money, Man: Money! Money! there's the Health and Life Blood of a Government: And therefore I insist upon't, that we are the wisest Citizens in *Europe*: For we have coin'd more Cash in an Hour, than the Tower of *London* in twenty Years.

Fran. Nay, you govern the World now, it's plain, Sir, and truly that makes us hope it's upon the mending hand: For since our Men of Quality are got so thick into *Change-Alley*, who knows but in time a great Man's Word may go as far as a Tradesman's?

Sir Gilb. Ah! a Wag! a Wag! In troth, Mr. *Frankly*, the more I know you, the more I like you: I see you know the World, you judge of Men by their intrinsic Value; and you're right! you're right! Titles are empty things. A wise Man will always be a wise Man, whether he has any Title or no.

Fran. Ay, ay, Sir, and when a Fool gets one, he's only known to be a greater Fool.

Sir Gilb. You're right again: besides, Sir, shall any Man value himself upon a thing, that another may buy for his Money as well as he? Ridiculous—a very pretty Business truly, to give ten or twenty thousand

Pound, only to be called out of one's Name: Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Nay, Sir, and perhaps too, losing the Privilege of a private Subject, that of being believ'd upon your Honour, or trusted upon your Word.

Sir Gilb. Honour's a Joke! Is not every honest Man a Man of Honour!

Fran. Ay, but the best Joke is, that every Man of Honour is not an honest Man, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Odsbodikins, Mr. Frankly, you are an ingenious Gentleman, and I must have you into my Family, though it cost me twenty thousand Pound to keep that pragmatistical Fellow out on't.

Fran. If I have any pretence to your Favour, Sir, I will take care your Family shall not suffer by my coming into it; for if the worst must happen, 'tis but waiting till the other half Year of *Witling's* Contract is expired, I dare answer your Daughter won't run away with him in the mean time.

Sir Gilb. Ay, but there's the Question: Is the Girl staunch? Are you sure now, that like a young Hound, she may not gallop away with the rank Scent of a Coxcomb, and so spoil your Sport?

Fran. I dare say she'll take this Fear for a Favour—best examine her yourself, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Come hither *Charlotte*.

Char. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Are you sure you are as wise as other fine Ladies of your Age, that know more of Mankind than their Fathers, and consequently have a natural Aversion to all Husbands of their choosing? In short have you learnt enough of the World, to be heartily disobedient upon Occasion!

Char. When you please to give me the Occasion, Sir, I will try what I can do.

Sir Gilb. Humh! she promises fair. [*To Frankly Aside.*] The Girl has Wit—But now, Child, the Question is whether you have common Sense or no (for they don't always go together) are you smoky? Have you all

your Eye-teeth yet? Are you peery, as the Cant is? In short, do you know what I would be at now?

Char. Will you give me leave to guess, Sir?

Sir Gib. Out with it.

Char. Why then (I hope at least, Sir) you have a mind to make *Witling* believe, you are doing all in your power to bring his Bargain to bear; and at the same time wish I would do all in my power to bring it to nothing.

Sir Gib. [*Aside.*] It will do! it will do! Mr. *Frankly*, tell her she's right; you know it is not honest for me to say so; a hum!

Char. In short, Sir, if you'll leave the matter to my Discretion, I'll engage to bring you off.

Sir Gib. Bring me off, Hussy! why; have you the Confidence to suppose I won't do the fair thing by the Gentleman?

Char. I have not the Confidence to suppose you would do a hard thing by this Gentleman, indeed Papa!

[*Takes Frankly's Hand.*]

Sir Gib. D'ye hear! d'ye hear! what a sensible Assurance the Slut has! Ah! it's a wheedling Toad! [*Aside.*] Adod! I'll have a little more of her—— But do you know, Lady, that Mr. *Witling* has demanded my Consent, and that it would cost me above twenty thousand Pounds to refuse it?

Char. Yes, Sir, I do know it; and if I were to give him my Consent, I know that I should have much the worst Bargain of the two.

Sir Gib. Your Consent! Why sure, Madam, when I say, do so, do you pretend to have a Will of your own?

Char. Umh! a little! a small Pulse, you know, Papa.

[*Fawning on Sir Gib.*]

Sir Gib. Ah! the coaxing Gipsy! why you Confident, abominable——Odsheart! I could kiss her——

Fran. Faith! do, Sir, that's no Breach of your Contract.

Sir Gib. No! no! that's not fair neither, I am to be angry with her——beside I don't keep my word, if I don't speak a good one for him.

Char. That's not in your Power, Sir; 'tis impossible any body can give him a good Word, at least to me.

Sir *Gilb.* How! how! will not a handsome young Fellow, with an hundred thousand Pound in his Pocket, go down with you? Will not a full Plumb melt in your Mouth, Mistress *Dainty*?

Char. Thank you, Sir, but I don't love Trash!

Sir *Gilb.* Trash! Mr. *Witling* Trash!

Char. A Coxcomb.

Sir *Gilb.* I say he is——

Char. My aversion.

Sir *Gilb.* Bear witness, Mr. *Frankly*, she refuses him; you see all I say signifies nothing: But I say again and again, that I am resolv'd, Madam, you shall marry him, and that Articles shall be drawn this very Morning.

Char. But do you think you can't persuade him to stay a little, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Stay! yes; yes; a reasonable time, that is.

Char. You'll think it a reasonable one, I am sure, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! how long?

Char. Only till I have done hating him, that's all.

Sir *Gilb.* Pshaw! fiddle faddle! marry him first, and you will have time enough to hate him afterwards.

Char. Well, Sir, then I have but one Favour to beg of you——

Sir *Gilb.* Come, what is't? what is't?

Char. Only, Sir, that in the draught of the Articles, you will be pleas'd to make a Blank for the Gentleman's Name; and if I don't fill it up to your Mind, say I know nothing of my own.

Sir *Gilb.* Fy! fy! you wicked thing you——
Mr. *Frankly*, it will do! it will do! the Girl has all her Goings? keep her right, keep her right, and tight; and I'll warrant thee all safe, Boy.

Fran. Never fear, Sir—now there's but one Difficulty behind; were it but possible to make my Lady our Friend in this matter——

Sir *Gilb.* Pshaw! waw! never mind her; Am not I Master of my own Family? Does not she know that my Will's a Law? and if I once say the Word——

Fran. That's true, Sir; but, you know, one would not make her a needless Enemy: she'll think herself

affronted, take it as an Insult to her Understanding, not to be let into the Secret at all.

Char. Indeed, Sir, I am afraid we shall have a foul House, if she is not consulted in this Business.

Sir Gilb. Nay, nay, with all my Heart, but the foolish Woman always loves to dispute about nothing, and such a Spirit of Contradiction runs away with her, I had as lief sit in the Stocks as talk to her: however, for your private Satisfaction——

Fran. Indeed, Sir, I think it will be better so.

Sir Gilb. Well! well! then I'll tell her my Resolution instantly.

Char. Ah! poor Papa! what a wicked Distress have we brought him to? Now will he rather run upon the Mouth of a Cannon, than let us see he is afraid of Gunpowder.

Fran. How my Lady will bounce when he mentions it!

[*Aside.*

Sir Gilb. O! here's my Lady, I'll speak to her now.

Fran. If you please, we'll retire, that you may have no Interruption.

Sir Gilb. Do so, you're right.

[*Exeunt Fran. and Char.*

Enter Lady Wrangle, driving a Maid-servant in before her.

Lady Wrang. Out of my Doors, you Dunce! you illiterate Monster! What! could not you read? could not you spell? where were your Eyes, you brainless Idiot?

Sir Gilb. Hey-day! hey-day! what's the matter now?

Lady Wrang. Go! you Eleventh Plague of Egypt.

Maid. Indeed, Madam, I did not know it was of any use, it was so blotted and blurred, I took it for waste Paper.

Lady Wrang. Blurred! you Driveler! was ever any Piece perfect, that had not Corrections, Rasures, Interlineations, and Improvements? Does not the very Original shew, that when the Mind is warmest, it's never satisfied with its Words?

*Incipit & dubitat; scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet; mutat, culpatque probatque.*

Sir *Gilb.* O Lord! now the Learned Fit's upon her, the Devil won't be able to deal with her. [*Aside.*]

Lady *Wrang.* What have you done with it, you Dolt-head? where is it? fetch it, let me see it, I say.

Sir *Gilb.* Pray, my Lady *Wrangle*, what is all this about about?

Lady *Wrang.* O! nothing to be sure! I am always unreasonable.

Sir *Gilb.* Why look you now, did I say any such thing?

Lady *Wrang.* I don't care if you did.

Sir *Gilb.* It's very hard a man may not ask a civil Question in his own House.

Lady *Wrang.* Ay, do, side with her, take her part; do, do, uphold her in her Impudence.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, my Lady, did I say a Word to her?

Lady *Wrang.* Pray, Mr. *Wrangle*, give me leave to govern my own Servants—Don't you know, when I am out of Temper, I won't be talk'd to?—Have not I Plague enough here, do you think?

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, that's true too—why you confident Jade! how dare you put my Lady into such a violent Passion?

Maid. Indeed, Sir, I don't know, not I. [*Whimpering.*]

Lady *Wrang.* Pray, Mr. *Wrangle*, meddle with your own Business—the Fault's to me, and, sure, I am old enough to correct her myself.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what a dickens, may'nt I be of your Mind neither? 'Sheart! I can't be in the wrong on both sides.

Lady *Wrang.* I don't know any Business you have on either side.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, if a Man must not speak at all, it's another Case.

Lady *Wrang.* Lord! you are strangely teiz'ing—well, come speak,—what! what! what is't you would say now?

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, nothing, not I; I only ask what's the Matter?

Lady *Wrang.* I can't tell you, the Provocation's too great for Words.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! well!

Lady *Wrang.* What here still? Am I to have no account of it then? What have you done with it, you Monster?

Maid. Madam, the Cook took it out of my Hand, as I was coming down Stairs with it; he said he wanted it.

Lady *Wrang.* The Cook! run! fly, and bid the Villain send it me this moment. [Exit Maid.]

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what the dickins! the senseless Jade has not given him a *Flanders* Lace-Head to boil his Cabbage in, has she?

Lady *Wrang.* Shah? do you ever see me concern'd for such Trifles?

Sir *Gilb.* Or has she let the Rascal singe his Fowls with a Bank Bill?

Lady *Wrang.* If she had, do you think I would give myself such Pain about either?

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! this must be some abominable thing indeed then.

Lady *Wrang.* The Loss for ought I know, may be irreparable.

Sir *Gilb.* Oh! then she has lost your Diamond Neck-lace, I suppose.

Lady *Wrang.* Pray don't plague me, 'tis impossible to express the Wickedness of it.

Sir *Gilb.* What! the Devil! the Cook has not got the Slut with Child, has he?

Lady *Wrang.* Worse! worse a thousand times!

Sir *Gilb.* Worse! what than playing the Whore, or Thief? Then the Jade has certainly committed Murder.

Lady *Wrang.* The most barbarous that ever was——

Sir *Gilb.* Hoh! then she has broke Pug's Neck, to be sure. [Aside.]

Lady *Wrang.* The Changeling Innocent has given that savage Beast, the Cook, my whole new Translation of the Passion of *Byblis*, for waste Paper, to be torn or toss'd to a thousand sordid Uses.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay then——

Lady *Wrang.* And I have not another Copy in the World, if it were to save Mankind from Extirpation.

Sir *Gilb.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart ; now could I laugh (if I durst) most immoderately. [*Aside.*

Lady *Wrang.* Now, Mistress! have you brought it?

Re-enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, the Cook says, he has skewer'd it on to the Roast-Beef, and he can't take it off—he won't burn his Meat for no body, not he, he says.

Lady *Wrang.* Here! call the Footman: He won't! bid them drag the Rascal hither by the Ears, or I'll have them nailed down to the Dresser for his Impudence—I'll turn the Villain out of my House this moment.

[*Exit Maid.*

Sir *Gilb.* Come, come, my Lady, don't be in a Heat about a Trifle; I am glad to find it's no worse.

Lady *Wrang.* Worse! had he robb'd the House, and after fir'd it, I could sooner have forgiven him.

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! thank you for that, Madam, but I should not.

Lady *Wrang.* You! you should not! What would be your Injury compared to mine? What I'm concern'd for, the whole learned World, even to Posterity, may feel the Loss of.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! have a little Patience; may be she may get it again. And now you talk of Posterity my Lady *Wrangle*, I have some Thoughts of marrying my Daughter *Charlotte*; as for *Sophronia* you know——

Lady *Wrang.* I know, that one won't and t'other shan't marry; she is a pert forward thing, and has oblig'd me, therefore I'll punish her as I think fit—I desire you won't name her to me, you see I have other things in my Head; all greas'd, and burnt to Ashes, I suppose.

Sir *Gilb.* I had better talk to her another time, I believe.

Enter several Servants with the Cook.

Lady *Wrang.* O! are you come at last, Sir? Pray, how durst you send me such an impudent Answer?

Cook. I did not send an impudent Answer, Madam; I only said the Meat would be spoil'd: But here she comes, and makes a Noise, and a Rout, and a Clatter about nothing at all——and so every impertinent Jade here takes upon her——Oons! a Man can't do his Business in quiet for them.

Lady Wrang. Hold your nonsensical Tongue, Sir, and give me the Paper I sent for.

Cook. Paper! This is what she gave me.

[Holds it on a Skewer, all greasy.]

Lady Wrang. O my Heavens! What a Spectacle! not one Line legible, though an Empire was to purchase it. Look! look! look! y-u Monster. [Holding it.]

Sir Gilb. So! here will be rare Doings.

Cook. Oons! what a Life's here about a Piece of foul Paper?

Lady Wrang. A Life, you Villain! your whole Life can't make me amends for what you have done——I'll have you beat out of this House 'till every Bone in your Body's broke for this, Sirrah.

Cook. Beat, Madam! Blood! I won't be beat——I did not come here for that—I'll be out of your House presently—I'll see who will break my Bones then—and so there's one of your Napkin's, Madam; as for your Sheet of Paper, there's a Half-penny for't; and now take your Course—I know how to get my Wages, I'll warrant you——There's Law for Servants as well as other People. [Exit Cook.]

Sir Gilb. Go! go! mind your Business, you silly Tom Ladle you.

Lady Wrang. Ay! this is always the Effect of your Indulgence; no wonder I have no power over them: If you had the least Grain of Spirit, you would have broke the Rascal's Head for me.

Sir Gilb. Pshah! there's no occasion for it—let's see! let's see!——[Takes up the Paper.] Come, come, this matter may be made up without Bloodshed still—ay, here! umh! umh!—by the way I believe this Beef's enough, it smells bravely of the Gravy.

Lady Wrang. What! then I am your Jest, it seems.

Sir *Gilb.* Pooh! pr'ythee be quiet, I tell you, I am serious——ay! it's plain to be read still. [*Reads.*

*All a poor Maid could do (the God's I'm sure,
Can tell) I've suffer'd to compleat my Cure—Cure!*

Hah! poor Soul—got the foul Disease, I suppose.

Lady *Wrang.* Your obscene Comment, Mr. *Wrangle*, is more provoking than the Insolence of your Servants: But I must tell you, Sir, I will never eat or sleep in your House more, if that Rascal is not turn'd out of it this moment.

Maid. I hope your Ladyship is not in earnest, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* What do you prate, Mrs. *Minx.*

Maid. Indeed, Madam, if *John's* to be turn'd away, I shan't stay in the Family; for tho' he is sometimes a little hasty to a body, yet I have reason to know he is an honest-hearted Man in the main; and I have too much kindness for him to stay in any Service, where he is to be abused.

Lady *Wrang.* What you are in love with him, Mrs. *Trollop* are you? [*Cuffs her.*

Maid. Ods my life! Madam, I won't be struck by no body; and if I do love him, what's that to any body? and I don't know why poor Folks mayn't be in love as well as their Betters.

Sir *Gilb.* Come! come! hold your Tongue, Hussy.

Maid. Sir, I can't hold my Tongue, though I can't say but your Worship's a very kind Master: But as for my Lady, the Devil would not live with her; and so, Madam, I desire you would provide yourself. [*Flings off.*

Sir *Gilb.* Odzines, Madam, at this rate I shall have neither Dinner to eat, nor Bed to lie on: What Servants will bear this Life, do you think? You have no more Temper than a——Why how should a silly Wench know what your impertinent Poetry was good for?

Lady *Wrang.* Impertinent! I'd have you know, Mr. *Ignorant*, there's not a line in the whole, that has not the true *Attic* Salt in it.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! and now there's *English* Salt in it; and, I think, the Relish of one's as good as t'other.

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Wrangle*, if you have no Sense of the Soul's diviner Faculties, know I have, and can resent

these vulgar Insults. You shall find, Sir, that a superior Understanding has a proportion'd Spirit to support its Dignity. Let me have instant Reparation, or, by my injur'd Genius, I'll set your House and Family in a Blaze. [Exit L. Wr.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, then, blaze and burn by yourself; for I'll go out of the House.

[Going off he is met by Frankly and Charlotte.

Fran. Have you seen my Lady, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Yes, yes, I have seen her—but—I don't know——she——she——

Fran. Don't come into it, I suppose.

Sir *Gilb.* Umh! no, not readily——in short, the House is all untiled.

Char. Lord, Sir! what filthy thing's this?

[Seeing the Paper.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, there's the Business—a Brat of my Lady's Brain, that has got a Mischance; that's all.

Fran. Some roasted Poetry, I presume.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay; the, the, the Passion of *Bibble Babble*; I don't know what she calls it; But she has been in such a Fume here, that half the Servants are going to leave the House about it.—*Charlotte*, you can wheedle upon Occasion, pr'ythee step into the Hall, and see if you can make up this matter among them.

Char. I'll do my best, Sir.

[Exit *Char.*

Fran. Poor Lady! she is a little apt to be over-concern'd for her Poetry.

Sir *Gilb.* Concern'd! Odsblews! if a Line on't happens to be mislaid, she's as mad as a blind Mare that has lost her Foal; she'll run her Head against a Stone-wall to recover it: All the use I find of her Learning, is, that it furnishes her with more words to scold with.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Granger's come, and Mr. *Witling*.

Sir *Gilb.* O! that's well! come, Mr. *Frankly*, let's all go into the Dining-Room together; may-hap, she may be asham'd to be in a Passion before Company.

Fran. At least we may keep her within Bounds, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right! you're right! Ah! it's a very

hard Case! there's no Condition of Life without Plague and Trouble——Why, most People think now I have Fortune enough to make ten Men of Quality happy——

And yet you see how oddly Things are carried;

'Tis true, I'm worth a Million, but—I'm married.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

Granger and Frankly.

Fran. **I**N one word, *Granger*, thou art a very dangerous Fellow; I did not believe it possible thy blunt Humour could have concealed so exquisite a Flatterer: Why thou art more in my Lady's Favour in half an Hour, than all my Art could make me in half a Year.

Gran. Have I not always told you, *Frankly*, that one civil thing from a downright Dealer, goes farther than a thousand from a Man of general Complaisance? How do you think I first gain'd Credit with *Sophronia*? not (as you expected to do it) by an implicit Admiration; but the contrary, insolently laughing at her pretending Principles, which I would not allow her capable to comprehend or practise. Now this naturally piqued her into an Impatience to mend my opinion of her; so the more difficult I seem'd to be convinc'd of her Virtues, the more easy I made it to mend her Opinion of me.

Fran. And if thou hast not done it effectually, I know nothing of the Sex: Why, she blush'd, Man, like a damask Rose, when you first came into the Room.

Gran. Did I not tell you too, her Quarrel and Spleen to you would be of Service to me?

Fran. O! palpably! I was ready to burst to see her bridle, and smile at me, upon your growing particular to her.

Gran. And what pains she took, to make you observe, that she overlook'd you? ha! ha!

Fran. Yes, I did observe, indeed, that the whole Dinner-time she was never two Minutes without stealing a Glance at you.

Gran. O blefs me ! I can't bear the Insolence of my own Imagination ! What a dear Confusion will she feel ? What a Vermillion Shame will spread through all that lovely Form—if ever her Flesh and Blood should happen to mutiny ?

Fran. Which, to tell you the Truth, I think it does already.

Gran. But the Misfortune is, I have flatter'd my Lady into so good a Humour, by engaging to make out a fair Copy of her basted Verses there, that I doubt, she won't be able to leave me alone with *Sophronia*.

Fran. Never fear ; her Malice is too busy, in setting *Witling* against me, to interrupt you.

Gran. There indeed I have some hopes.

Fran. I believe I shall be able to assist them, and in part to return the Favour you have done me with Sir *Gilbert*.

Gran. Any thing in my power you may be sure of—but see, he's here.

Sir Gilb. O ! your Servant, Gentlemen ; I thought we had lost you.

Gran. Your Pardon, Sir, we had only a Word or two in private.

Fran. We were just coming into the Company.

Sir Gilb. In troth, and I can tell you, the sooner the better ; for there's my Lady and *Charlotte* are going to play all the Game upon us.

Fran. Never fear, Sir ; as long as you have given me Leave to go *Charlotte's* halves, she'll make the most of her Cards, I'll warrant you.

Sir Gilb. I don't know that, but I am sure *Witling* yonder is making the most of his time : his Wit, or his Impudence have got him into such high Favour with my Lady, that she is railing at you like a Fury, and crying him up for an Angel : In short, *Charlotte* has discover'd all your Affair with her, and has plainly told him you are his Rival. But it seems, Sir, your Pretensions are

so ridiculous, that they are all three cracking their Sides in a full Chorus of laughing at you.

Fran. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for your Concern; but in all this, *Charlotte* is acting no wrong part, I can assure you.

Sir Gilb. No wrong part! Odsheart! I tell you she's coquetting to him, with every wicked Limb about her—and is as full of her *Airs* there, as a handsome Widow to a young Lord in the *Lobby*, when she has a Suit depending in the House of Peers.

Fran. Better still, the more likely to carry her Cause, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Carry her Cause! carry her Coxcomb, Sir! for, you'll see, that will be the end on't: she'll be carry'd off herself, Sir. Why, Man, he is going to beleaguer her with a whole Army of Fiddlers yonder; there are six Coach loads of them now at the Door, all stow'd fore and aft, with nothing but Cases of Instruments: Such a Concourse of Cat-guts, you'd swear one of their squalling Eunuchs were roasting alive here.

Fran. Believe me, Sir, there is no Terror in all this Preparation; for since you are pleas'd to think Mr. *Granger's* Security and mine sufficient against any Damage you can suffer from your Contract with *Witling*, do you but stand it out stoutly with my Lady, and I'll engage to dismount his Musical Battery with a Child's Whistle.

Sir Gilb. My Lady! Pshaw! waw! What dost talk of her Man? Why, I tell you, I'll put her into a Monsehole, provided you engage to bring me off with *Witling*.

Fran. Your Security shall be sign'd the Minute it can be drawn, Sir.

Sir Gilb. That's enough; I have order'd my Lawyer to send his Clerk with it, before he brings the Deed of Consent that I am to sign to *Witling*: But give me leave to tell you again, Gentlemen, I really don't understand the Girl's way of proceeding all this while.

Fran. Why, Sir—don't you know that *Witling* is the vainest Rogue upon Earth?

Sir Gilb. I grant it.

Fran. And consequently, that the Pride of outwitting you in your Daughter, gives him more Pleasure than either her Person or her Portion?

Sir Gibb. Not unlikely.

Fran. And can you think, that from the same natural Insolence, he would not rather seem to owe his Triumph over a Rival too, rather to his own Merit, than any Accident of Fortune?

Sir Gibb. I grant you that too.

Fran. Why then, Sir, if *Charlotte* was to despise him, we are sure he would then insist upon his Bargain; but while she flatters him, and you and I only laugh at him, he may be vain enough to trust his Triumph to her Choice and Inclination only.

Sir Gibb. O! now I begin to take you: So that, if he is rightly handled among us, you propose that *Charlotte* will be able to coquette him out of his Contract.

Fran. Nay, it's her own Project, Sir: and I can't really think we have an ill Chance for it at worst: But we must leave it all to her now. In Love-Affairs, you know, Sir, Women have generally wiser Heads than we.

Sir Gibb. Troth! I don't wholly dislike it; and if I don't handle him roundly on my part——

Gran. Hush! my Lady——

Fran. Anon I'll tell you more, Sir.

Enter Lady Wrangle and Sophronia.

Lady Wrang. Well, *Sophronia*, since I see this giddy Girl is neither to be form'd by Precept or Example; it's at least some Consolation, to find her natural Inconstancy so effectually mortifies that vile apostate, *Frankly*.

Soph. Yet I am amaz'd he should not be more mov'd at her Infidelity.

Lady Wrang. You know he's vain, and thinks his Merit may sleep in full Security. But now! to rouse him from his Dream——O! Mr. *Granger*! I am sorry you left us; I am perfectly kill'd with Laughing! There's Mr. *Willing* has had such infinite Humour! He has entertain'd us more than ten Comedies.

Gran. O! Pray, Madam, let us go in and participate.

Lady Wrang. By no means; he's now alone with his Mistress, and 'twould be barbarous to interrupt them.

Gran. His Mistress, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Ay! with *Charlotte*; and, you know, Lovers so near their Happiness are apt to like no Company so well as their own.

Fran. D'ye hear, Sir.

[To Sir Gilb. apart.

Sir Gilb. I told you how it was.

[To Fran. apart.

Lady Wrang. Beside, he is to give us a little Music; and I think this Room will be more convenient.

Gran. He is a fortunate Man indeed, Madam, to be so well with the young Lady already.

Lady Wrang. There's no accounting for that idle Passion in uncultivated Minds: I am not surpriz'd at her Forwardness, considering the vulgar Education Mr. Wrangle has given her.

Sir Gilb. Odsheart, Madam! don't disparage my Girl: She has had a more useful Education than your Ladyship.

Lady Wrang. O! no doubt! she has shewn most hopeful Effects on't, Indeed! by hanging upon every young Fellow's Neck, that does but ask her the Question.

Fran. Whatever Faults *Charlotte* may have, Madam, never knew her take pleasure in exposing those of other People.

Lady Wrang. O! cry you Mercy, Sir; you have great reason to defend her, I don't question: She is a Saint in your Eye, to be sure.

Fran. Were she weak enough to imagine a superficial Learning cou'd make her one, 'tis possible, her Failings then, like other People's, might have been more conspicuous.

Lady Wrang. What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. I mean, Madam, that as she does not read *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, she is neither romantic or vain of her Pedantry; and as her Learning never went higher than *Bickerstaff's* *Tasters*, her Manners are consequently natural, modest, and agreeable.

Sir Gilb. Ah! well said, Frankly.

[Aside.

Lady Wrang. Since I am told you were once in love with her, I shall say no more, but leave her own imma-

diate Behaviour to confirm your good Opinion of her Virtues. Ha! ha!

Gran. While the Lovers of this Age, Madam, have so deprav'd a Taste, we must not wonder, if our modern fine Ladies are apt to run into Coquetry: They are now forced to it in their own Defence; if they don't make Advances, they stand as lonely and useless as untenanted Houses: So that Coquetry, it seems, is no more than setting a Bill upon their Door, that Lovers in Distress may read as they pass——*Here are Night Lodgings to be lett.*

Lady Wrang. O! they are most hospitable Dames indeed: After this, methinks, the more proper Appellation for Coquettes should be that of Landladies.

[*A Servant whispers Lady Wrang.*
I'll come and give Orders myself. [Exit.

Soph. I don't know any Man alive, that looks upon the Degeneracy of Mankind with so discerning an Eye as Mr. Granger; but I am afraid it will therefore draw him into my Misfortune, of being as odious to the Illiterate of his Sex, as I am to those of mine.

Gran. If that were as just a Reason, Madam, for your having a favourable Opinion of me, as it is for my perfect Admiration of you, we should each of us have still as many Friends as any wise Man or Woman ought to desire.

Fran. Do you mind that, Sir? [Apart.

Sir Gilb. A sly Rogue! he knows how to tickle her up, I see, [Apart.

Soph. And yet the rude World will say, perhaps, that our mutual Enmity to them has reduc'd us to a Friendship for one another.

Gran. That's a Reproach can never reach you, Madam; so much Beauty cannot but have its Choice of Friends and Admirers: a form so bright and perfect, like a Comet in the Hemisphere, where'er it comes, must set Mankind a gazing.

Soph. Fy! Mr. Granger!

Sir Gilb. What a dickens! will she swallow that blazing Star now? [Apart.

Fran. Ay, as he hath dress'd it, and drink after it too, Sir. [Apart.

Soph. I mind not Multitudes.

Gran. Pardon me, I know you have a Soul above them; and I really think it the Misfortune of your Person, to have been so exquisitely fair, that where your Virtue would preserve, your Eyes destroy; they give involuntary Love; where'er you pass, in spite of all your innocence, they wound———*Juvenumque prodis. Publica Cura.*

Soph. Alas! my Eyes are turn'd upon myself; and so little do I mind the Follies of other People, that I sometimes find myself alone, in the midst of a Public Circle.

Gran. I cannot wonder at that, Madam, since our best Assemblies are generally made up of illiterate Beings, that when they are alone, find themselves in the worst Company; and so are reduc'd to come abroad, though merely to meet, and hate one another.

Soph. What Charms then can you suppose I could have for a World, that has so few for me? Beside, at most, the Men of modern Gallantry gaze upon a Woman of real Virtue, only as Atheists look into a fine Church; from Curiosity, not Devotion: They may admire its Ornaments and Architecture, but have neither Grace nor Faith for farther Adoration.

Gran. All Men are not Infidels; of me, at least, you have a Convert: And tho' the sensual Practice of the World had made me long despair of such Perfection in a mortal Mold; yet when the Rays of Truth Celestial broke in upon my Sense, my conscious Heart at once confess'd the Deity: I prostrate fell a proselyte to Virtue; and now its chaste Desires enlarge my Soul and raise me to Seraphic Joy.

Soph. Harmonious Sounds, Celestial Transports! [*Aside.*

Sir Gilb. O dear! O dear! was ever such a wicked Thief! Odsheart! he'll make her go to Prayers with him presently. [*Aside.*

Soph. No more—we are observ'd: These Heaven-born Emanations of the Soul desire not vulgar Ears—Some fitter Time may offer—till when—

Gran. Till then—be hush'd our Joys. [*Gran. leaves her, and joins the Men, while Soph. walks apart musing.*

Soph. Our Joys indeed! such was, in Paradise, our first

Parents Joy, before they fell from Innocence to Shame
Gran. [To *Gran.*] Why did you not go on with her
 We thought you were in a fine Way: Sir Gilbert and
 were just a going to steal off.

Gran. Soft and fair, Sir: A lady of her Delicacy
 must be carried like a Taper new-lighted, gently forward;
 if you hurry her—out she goes.

Sir Gilb. You're right, you're right——Now you
 shall see me manage her a little; I'll speak a good Word
 for you—a hum——

Gran. Hush!——not for the World, Sir——Death
 you'll spoil all—don't you see she is in Contemplation!

Sir Gilb. What if she be, Man? we must not humour
 her, till she is stark mad neither. *Sophronia!* how dost
 thou do, Child.

Soph. [Repeating]———The Earth
 Gave sign of Gratulation, and each Hill:
 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Airs
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and, from their Wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours, from the juicy Shrub
 Disporting——

Sir Gilb. Very pretty, I protest; very pretty—These
 amorous Scraps of Fancy in thy Head make me hope
 that Love is not far from thy Heart, *Sophy.*

Soph. Love, Sir, was ever in my Heart; but such
 Love, as the blind *Homer* of this *British* Isle, in rhyme and
 Harmony sublimely sings——

Sir Gilb. Well, and pr'ythee what does he say of it?

Soph. ———Love refines
 The Thought, and Heart enlarges; has his Seat
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the Scale,
 By which to heavenly Love thou may'st ascend.

Sir Gilb. Very good again; and troth, I'm glad to
 hear thou art so heartily reconciled to it.

Soph. Easier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
 Desiring——

Sir Gilb. Ah! there I doubt we are a little crazy. [*Aside*]

Soph. *This Iron Age, so fraudulent and bold,
Touch'd with this Love, would be an Age of Gold.*

Sir Gilb. O-lud! O-lud! this will never do. [*Aside.*

Gran. So! she has given the old Gentleman his Belly
Fall, I see: Well, Sir! how do you find her?

Sir Gilb. Ah! poor Soul! piteous bad! All upon the
Wantivy again! You must e'en undertake her yourself;
for I can do no good upon her—But here comes Love
of another kind.

Enter Charlotte, Witling, and Lady Wrangle.

Char. O Sister! here's Mr. *Witling* has writ the
prettiest *Cantata* fure, that ever made Music en-
chanting.

Soph. I am glad, Sister, you are reconcil'd to any of
his Performances.

Wit. O fy! Madam, she only rallies—A mere Trifle.

Fran. That I dare swear it is.

Wit. Ha! ha! no doubt on't; if you could like it,
it must be an extraordinary Piece indeed, *Tom*. You
see, my little Rogue, we have crabb'd him already.

[*Aside to Char.*

Lady *Wran*. Mr. *Frankly* is a mere modern Critic,
that makes personal Inclination the Rule of his Judge-
ment; but to condemn what one never saw, is making
short Work indeed.

Fran. With Submission, Madam, I can see no great
Cassness in presuming that a Magpye can't sing like a
Nightingale.

Wit. No, nor an Owl look like a Peacock neither:
Ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* and *Char.* Ha! ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* Perfectly pleasant.

Char. O! Wit to an Infinity!

Fran. Much good may do you with your Canary-
Bird, Madam. [*To Char.*

Char. O! Sir, I am sorry you are exhausted; but
when Wit's upon the Lee, no Wonder it runs into
Rudeness.

Fran. I don't wonder at my not hitting your Taste,
Madam, when such Stuff as this can go down with you.

Wit. My Stuff, dear *Tom*, was compos'd purely for

the Entertainment of this Lady; and since she likes it I will allow, that you of all Mankind, have most reason to find fault with it. Ha! ha!

Char. Nay, if he should like it, even I will then give it up to the World as good for nothing.

Fran. Then it's in danger, I can tell you, Madam: for I shall certainly like it, because, I am sure, it will be good for nothing.

Char. A pleasant Paradox.

Fran. None at all, Madam; for since I find your Heart is like Stock, to be transferr'd upon a Bargain, it will be some pleasure, at least, to see the Grossness of your Choice revenge me on your Infidelity.

Wit. Poor Tom! What, are the Grapes sour, my Dear! Ha! ha! ha!

Char. Pshaw! never mind him: The *Cantata*, dear Mr. *Witling*, the *Cantata*.

Lady Wrang. O! by all means; pray oblige us, Sir.

Wit. Immediately, Madam: but all things in order: first give me leave to regale the good Company with a small Crash of Instrumental.

Lady Wrang. As you please, Sir.

Wit. Hey! Signior Carbonelli! *Vi Piace d'intrare?*

[*The Music enters*]

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Granger*, won't you please to sit?

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay, come, Gentlemen; but in earnest does this Puppy really pretend to sing?

Fran. Much as he pretends to Wit, Sir; He can make a Noise at least.

Sir Gilb. But the Whelp has no Voice.

Fran. O! Sir, that's out of fashion: Your best Masters seldom have any.

Sir Gilb. Then I would not give a Fig for their Music, Sir; I would as lief see a Cripple dance: But let's hear what the Fiddles can do. [*They play a Sonata.*] Well! and what! we are to suppose this is very fine now, ha!

Fran. No doubt on't, Sir! at least it will not be false to say the contrary.

Sir Gilb. Well! well! for a quiet Life then, very fine

Let it be: but I wish I could hear a *Lancashire Horn-pipe* for all that.

Lady Wrang. Come, dear Sir, no more Apologies.

[*To Witling.*

Gran. See, Sir, Mr. *Witling* is going to entertain us.

Sir Gilb. Ay! that must be rare Stuff indeed.

Wit. Upon my Life, Madam, I have no more Voice than a Kettle-drum; beside, this is for a Treble, and out of my Compass.

Char. O! no matter; feign it, dear Mr. *Witling*!

Wit. I would fain oblige you, Madam; but yet, methinks, nothing done, to please you, should be feign'd either, Madam.

Fran. Hah! he would fain be witty, I see; but don't trouble yourself, Madam, he has as much mind to sing as you have to hear him: Tho', Heaven knows, his Voice is like his Modesty, utterly forced; Nature has nothing to do with either of them.

Wit. Whatever my Modesty is, dear *Tom*, thy Uneasiness I am sure is natural; that comes from thy Heart, I dare answer for it. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. O thou happy Rogue!

Wit. But, Madam, if I sing, you shall promise me a dance then.

Char. O! any Composition; I'll do it with all my heart.

Lady Wrang. But the Words first; dear Sir, read them out.

Wit. Well, Ladies, since you must have it——

Sir Gilb. He is a curst while about it, methinks——

Wit. You must know then, this *Cantata* is of a different Species from the Passion generally express'd in our Modern Operas; for there you see your Lover usually approaches the Fair Lady with Sighs, Tears, Torments and Dying: Now here, I shew you the way of making Love like a Pretty Fellow; that is, like a Man of Sense, all Life and Gaiety——As for example.

Char. Pray mind.

Wit. [*Reading.*]

*Thus to a pensivè Swain,
Who long had lov'd in vain,
Thyrsis the secret Arts
Of gaining Hearts
From cold Disdain,
To his despairing Friend imparts.*

Wit. So far Recitative——Now for the Air——A hum! hum!

Soph. Don't you think, Mr. Granger, that the double Dative Cases of—— to a pensivè Swain, to his despairing Friend, almost reduce this to Nonsense?

Gran. Justly observ'd, Madam; but you know, Nonsense and Harmony are reconcil'd of late.

Wit. *Would you woo her
With Success?
Up to her,
Pursue her,
With Life and Address.
If Gay,
Shew her Play;
If colder,
Be bolder:*

*Now seize her,
And teize her,
And kiss her,
And please her,
Till ripe for the Joy.*

*You warm her,
Alarm her,
Disarm her,
You charm her,
I warrant thee, Boy.*

Part II.

*But to pine and languish,
Or sigh your Anguish*

*To the Air,
Is fruitless Pain,
Endur'd in vain:*

*Silent Woes and Looks of Care,
Will never, never win the Fair.*

End with the first Strain.

Wit. Ah you little Rogue. [To Charlotte.

Lady Wrang. Infinitely pretty! Nothing sure was
ever so musical.

Char. Sing it, sing it, dear Mr. Witting; I am on
Tiptoe to hear it.

Wit. Well, Madam, if you can bear it in a Falsetto.

[He sings.

Char. O Caro! Caro!

Wit. *Anima mia*——

Soph. [To Gran.] How happy are the Self-conceited!
and yet, if he had not sung now, this Wretch's Folly
and Ignorance had been less conspicuous.

Gran. Right, Madam, but you know a Man must
have Variety of Parts to make an accomplish'd Coxcomb.

Soph. I scarce think Poetry is more abus'd than Mu-
sic, by its vain Pretenders.

Gran. And yet it is hard to say, Madam, whether
those Pretenders, or the false taste of our modern
Admirers, have more contributed to the Abuse of either.

Wit. But come, Madam, now your Promise; your
Mirs only [To Char.] can give a *Bonne Bouche* to our
Entertainment.

Char. Well; since I gave my Word, I'll use no
Ceremony.

Soph. What! more Folly? I grow tir'd: Shall we
walk into my Library! there we may raise our Thoughts.

Gran. You charm me, Madam; I thirst methinks,
for a clear Draught of *Helicon*.

Soph. Take no leave but follow me.

[Exeunt Soph. and Gran.

Wit. *E ben Sonate*. [Charlotte dances.] *Eh! Viva!*
Viva! All Enchantment, Madam; no ten thousand
Angels ever came up to it.

Lady Wrang. It cannot be deny'd but Charlotte has

an external Genius, she wants no personal Acquisitions, but 'tis great pity the Application they have cost her, was not laid out upon the Improvement of her Understanding.

Wit. O! pardon me, Madam; as long as there is a good Understanding between her and me, what's matter which of us has it, you know.

Sir Gilb. Ay, but there's the Question, which of you 'tis that has it: for if one of you has it, I am sure two will never come together.

Fran. Well said! at him, Sir.

[*Aside.*]

Wit. Look you, *Sir Gilbert*; you may fancy your fair Daughter and I are a Couple of Fools, if you please; but if one of us had not been wiser than her Father, we could never have had a Right to come together, in spite of his teeth; that's certain: Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. Pardon me, Mr. *Witling*; you under-rate your Merit: for you had been sure of my Consent without your Contract.

Wit. Ay, Madam, that was only a foolish Modesty, that I could not shake off; therefore I hope you will excuse me, if I durst not think Merit alone was a sufficient Bait to bob *Sir Gilbert* out of his Consent! Ha! ha!

Sir Gilb. You are a very merry Grig, Sir; but have a care you are not bobb'd yourself; Stay till you win, before you laugh; for you are not yet married, I presume.

Wit. Why no, nor you have not supp'd yet; yet I hold Gold to Silver, we both eat before we sleep.

Sir Gilb. Why! dost thou think the Girl is in haste to marry thee to-night?

Wit. I don't say that neither. But, Sir, as long as I have a sufficient Deposit of the Lady's Inclinations, to answer for the rest of her Premises, you will give me leave not to be afraid of her looking out for a new Chap in the mean time, Sir.

Sir Gilb. A Deposit! why wouldst thou persuade me the Girl can be Fool enough to like thee?

Wit. I-gad, I don't know how 'tis, but she has Wit enough, it seems, to make me think so——but if

you won't take my Word, let her answer for herself.

Sir Gilb. Ay that I should be glad to hear.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad this is a pleasant Question indeed—Madam, are not you willing, (as soon as the Church-Books can be open) to make a Transfer of your whole Stock of Beauty, for the conjugal Uses of your humble Servant?

Char. Indeed, Papa, I won't suppose that can be a Question.

Wit. A Hum! your humble Servant, Sir.

Char. Beside, are not you oblig'd to sign a further Deed of Consent to Mr. *Witling*?

Sir Gilb. Yes, Child; but the same Deed reserves to you a right of Refusal, as well as to him.

Char. That I understand, Sir; and there's one can witness for whom I have reserv'd that Right of Refusal.

[*Pointing to Fran.*]

Wit. Your humble Servant, again, Sir; ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. I am amaz'd, Mr. *Wrangle*, you could think she could be under the least Difficulty in the Choice.

Fran. And yet, Madam, there are very innocent Ladies, that have made a Difficulty of changing their Inclinations in half an Hour.

Lady Wrang. A Woman of strict Virtue, Sir, ought to have no Inclinations at all: or if any, those only of being obedient to the Will of her Parents.

Wit. O! let him alone, Madam; the more he rails the more I shall laugh, depend upon't: the Pain of a Rival is the pleasantest Game in the World: his wishing me at the Devil, is just the same thing as if he wish'd me Joy! ha! ha!

Sir Gilb. Well, Sir, all I shall say is, that if the Girl has Common Sense, thy Contract must still be good for nothing.

Wit. Right! and if you had had Common Sense, I am sure you would never have made it; not but to do you Justice, Sir *Gilbert*, I must own you have Wit in your way too, though it's of a very odd Turn, I grant you.

Sir Gilb. Sir, I disown my Pretensions to any, if ever you had Sense enough to find it out.

Wit. Sure you forget, my dear *Sir Gil.* Don't you remember once I did find it out? Did not I slyly catch you in St. *What-de-callum's* Church-yard, with your Table book, taking dead People's Names from the Tombstones, to fill up your List of your third Subscription that you might be sure of those that would never come to claim it? and then pretended to all your Friends you were full? There, at least, you had more Wit to keep People out, than any Man living had to get in: for I grant you, your List was dead sure! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Gilb. Why, ay, this nonsensical Story now passes for Wit, I warrant among your Cockade and Velvet Sparks at *Garraway's*; but much good may do you with your Jest, as long as we have your Money among us: I believe it will be no hard Matter to bite most of your soft Heads off before it be long; and if you drive on as you seem to do, we shall make bold to set some of you down where we took you up, oddsheartlikins.

Wit. Nay, I grant you, to do your own Business, you must do other Peoples too; but if all the young Fellows of Dress and Pleasure would follow me, I would undertake to lead you a dance for all that.

Sir Gilb. And, pray, what would you have them do?

Wit. Why? do, as you do, nothing that you pretend to do: or do as I did, every thing as you whisper'd me not to do. I minded what your Broker *did*, not what you *said*, my Dear! and if every Gentleman would but buy, when you advise him to sell; or sell when you advise him to buy, 'twould be impossible to go out of the way: Why! 'tis as plain a Road, Man, as from *Hide-Park* Corner to *Kensington*.

Sir Gilb. Sir, you take a great deal of Liberty with my Character; insomuch, that I must tell you, I am not sure I won't pay the Forfeit of my Contract, rather than part with my Daughter to a Coxcomb—and so take it as you will.

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Wrangle*! what do you mean by this Brutality?

Fran. Mr. *Witling*, Madam, will take nothing ill, that I think fit to justify I am sure.

Wit. No, faith! you need not fear it; I'll marry before I'll fight, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Witling*, I beg you come away this Moment—I'll undertake to do your Merit Justice. I'll see who dares pretend to govern in this Family beside myself, *Charlotte*, give him your Hand—Come, Sir—

[*Exit Lady Wrang.*]

Wit. I am all Obedience, Madam—your humble Servant, Mr. *Frankly*—Would you woo her—

[*Exit singing with Charlotte.*]

Fran. Admirably well done, Sir! you have work'd his Insolence to rare Order. Now, if you can but stand it out as stoutly with my Lady, our Business is done.

Sir Gibb. If!—Will you stand by me?

Fran. Will you give me your Authority, Sir, to handle her roundly, and make her know who ought to be her Master.

Sir Gibb. My Authority! ay, and Thanks into the Bargain——come, along, I'll send for the Lawyer now——Mr. *Frankly*, my Blood rises at her, she shall find I'll vindicate the Honour of the City, and, from this Moment, demolish her Petticoat Government.

Fran. Well said; I'll warrant you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

Sir Gilbert and Frankly.

Sir Gibb. **M**Y dear *Frankly*, I could not rest till I had thee alone again; thou hast gain'd upon me for ever: your vindicating the Husband's Authority, and taking my Wife a Peg lower before my Face, has tickled my Fancy to that Degree, that, odzooks! I could wish in my Heart thou hadst been married to her.

Fran. O! I should be loth to have robb'd you, Sir, of that Happiness.

Sir *Gilb.* A hum! you are right, you are right; I did not think of that indeed: Well! it's a very odd thing now, that a Wife will sooner be kept under by any Man than her Husband: Why the Duce can't I govern her so!

Fran. There's no great Secret in the matter, Sir; for take any Couple in *Christendom*, you will certainly find, that the more troublesome of the two is always Head of the Family.

Sir *Gilb.* By my troth, I believe you are right; and since the War is begun, I'll make a fair Push for't. I am resolv'd now to thwart her in every thing; and *Granger* has but Wit enough to talk *Sophronia* into her Sentes; that is, if he can but convince her that she is Flesh and Blood, and born to breed, like other Women; odzocks! he shall marry her immediately; I'll plague her Ladyship that way too.

Fran. That way! O! ay, it's true: for I think I have heard you say, Sir, that if either of your Daughters die unmarried, my Lady is to inherit their Fortunes.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay, there the Shoe pinches, Man; she would be as much an Enemy to *Granger*, as she is to you, if she could in the least suspect he would ever make any thing of it with *Sophronia*.

Fran. And, if I don't mistake, Sir, *Granger* is in a fair Way there too; for, to my Knowledge, he has been lock'd up with her this half Hour, here in her Library.

Sir *Gilb.* The Dickens?

Fran. Did not you observe them to steal off together just after the Music?

Sir *Gilb.* I wonder'd, indeed, what was become of them; by the Lord *Harry* I am glad of it—I must have a Peep at them [*Goes to the Key-hole.*] Odso! they are just a coming forth.

Fran. We had best be out of the Way then, that we may not disturb them.

Sir *Gilb.* No, no, I'll warrant you: Pr'ythee let us stand behind this Skreen and observe what passes.

Fran. Quick! quickly then; here they come.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Granger with Sophronia.

Soph. O Granger ! still preserve this Purity,
And my whole Soul will open to receive thee :
Forget, like me, thy Sex, how sweetly may
We pass our Days in rational Desire !
Thou seest, I own, without a Blush, my Love,
For Blushes only rise from guilty Flames ;
When Conscience driven, reluctant to the Crime,
Leaps to the Face, and marks the Cheek with Shame :
But the chaste Heart sublimb'd by purer Fires,
Knowing no conscious Fear, Reserve, or Guile,
Gives, with unbounded Frankness, all its Store,
And only blushes—that it gives no more.

Gran. Hear this ye bright immortal Choirs above,
And own that human Souls, like you, can love.

Sir Gib. Heyday ! this is downright Love in a Trage-
dy ! Well ! he's a comical Thief.

Fran. Hush ! let him go on, Sir.

Soph. Can you forgive the tedious Banishment,
Which my Distrust and Dread impos'd on you ?

Gran. Can I reproach you for so just, so kind
A fear ? While thro' the general Race of Man,
A sensual and infectious Passion Rages,
Giving, from Sex to Sex, the mortal Tainture ;
Can I complain, if, to preserve yourself
From the Contagion, you've perhaps enjoin'd
The Healthy to perform his Quarantine ?
But landing thus, upon my native Soil,
I leave my Sufferings past behind, and think
The present now is all that's left of Time,
Or worth my Care.

Soph. Blush ! blush ! ye base degenerate World,
That boast the Blifs of gross connubial Love :
Can you wear human Forms, yet see the prone,
The Brute Creation, equal your Desires ?
Had you or Souls or Sense refin'd, you'd form
Your wishes worthy your superior Being ;
Curb, with Imperial Reason, lawless Nature,
And reach like us, the Joys of Love Seraphic.

Gran. O Harmony of Heart ! O spotless Passion !

Here, on this Hand, the Altar of my Vows,
I offer up my purer Part, my Soul
To thine, and swear inviolable——

Soph. ————— Hold !

Passions, like ours, no formal Vows require ;
For Vows suppose Distrust, or faithless Love,
The frail Security of sensual Flames ;
But where the Pure, with the Pure Soul unites,
The simple Hand, thus given, and receiv'd, suffices.

Gran. Let then this Hand my spotless Heart resign.

Soph. Thus in Exchange I blend my Soul with thine.

Sir Gilb. So ! they are got to Hand and Heart already,
but now, now for a Touch at the rest of her Premises.

Fran. Nay, dear Sir, be easy.

Sir Gilb. Well ! well ! I will.

Soph. And now, no more *Sophronia*, but thy Friend
Be both my Name and Sex from hence forgotten.

Gran No :

Let me remember still that thou art fair ;
For were there no Temptation in thy Beauty,
Where were the Merit of such hard Resistance ?
Indeed, my Friend, 'tis hard ! 'tis hard Resistance !
The Organs of my Sight, my Ear, my Feeling,
As I am made of human Mold, in spite
Of me, exert their Functions, and are pleas'd ;
I view thee with Delight, I hear with Transport,
And thy Touch——is Rapture——

Soph. How fares my Friend ?

Gran. Like the poor Wretch that parches in a Fever,
With fatal Thirst, yet begs for present Ease
To drink, and die——

Soph. From whence this new Disorder ?

Gran. Tell me, *Sophronia*, is my Virtue blameful,
Because my Senses act as Nature bids them ?
Am I in Fault, if the sharp Winter's Frost
Can chill my Limbs, or Summer's Sun will scorch them ;
What Matter can resist the Elements ?
Rivers will freeze, and solid Mountains burn ;
What Bodies will not change ?——Thus the tall Oak——
‘ Though from our meaner Flames secure,
‘ Must that, which falls from Heaven endure.

Soph. Where has he learn'd this Art of unoffending
flattery? [Aside.

Gran. Canst thou reproach me then, if while thy
Beauties

With such a Blaze of Charms invade my Sense,
My human Heart's not Proof against their Pow'r?

Soph. Reproach thee! No; Bodies are but the Shells,
Or Huts that cover in the Soul, and are,
Like other Fabrics, subject to Mischance:
The Cells of Hermits may be fir'd; but none
Reproach the Wretch that suffers by the Flame.

Gran. O *Sophronia*! canst thou forgive me then,
That my material Dross thus burns before thee?
That my whole Frame thus kindles at thy Beauty?
And even warms my Soul with fond Desire?
Like an impatient Child it languishes,
And pines for Wants unknown, it sighs, it pants,
To be indulg'd upon thy friendly Bosom,
To fold thee in my tender Arms, to talk,
And gaze, with mutual soft Benevolence
Of Eyes, as Giving were our only Pleasure.

Sir Gilb. Adod! I believe he's in Earnest, he makes
me half in love to hear him.

Soph. Is it possible? Can then
Such Softness mingle with corporeal Passion? [Apart.

Gran. But while the Soul alone is suffer'd to
Possess, and bars my mortal Part from Joy;
My poor repining Senses murmur at
Their Fate, and call thy Purity unjust,
To starve the Body, while the Mind knows Plenty,
Yet, like a Churl, engrosses whole the Feast.
My Senses claim a Share from Nature's Law;
They think, with a more melting Softness, they
Could love, and e'en inform the Soul with rapture.

Sir Gilb. Ay; now! we begin to work her.

Gran. Consider then, as part of me, thy Friend,
Thy Friend may sure be trusted with your Pity!
O! relieve them! give me some Sign at least,
One kind Embrace, or a chaste Sister's Kiss,
In certain Proof that thou art still my Friend,
That yet thou hat'st me not—I ask no more.

Soph. *Pignora certa petis? do Pignora certa—Timenda*

Gran. Does then thy Fear alone refuse me? O *Sophronia*!

Why, why must Virtue be this Foe to Nature?

Why set our Senses with our Souls at Variance,

As Heav'n had form'd thee Fair—to kill thy Friend.

Soph. What means my throbbing Heart? O Virtue! now
Now save me from unequal Nature's Power!

Now guard me from myself—And hide my Shame!

Gran. Must I then perish? will my Friend forsake me?

Soph. O *Granger*! I am lost!—thou hast undone me.
I am fallen, and thou wilt hate me now.

Gran. O *Sophronia*!

Soph. ———Lend me thy Arm, support me!
Thy melting Complaints have stole upon my Heart,
And soften me to Wishes never known before.

Gran. O the tumultuous Joy! [*She sinks into his Arms*]

Sir Gilb. Ah! dead! dead! We have her Boy! we
have her.

Gran. See how she pants!

How, like a wounded Dove, she beats her Wings,
And trembling hovers to her Mate for Succour.

O the dear Confusion! Awake, *Sophronia*!

Now wake to new and unconceiv'd Delights,

Which faint Philosophy could never reach,

Which Nature gave thee Charms to taste and give.

Soph. O! I cou'd wish, methinks, for ev'ry Power,
That might have Charms for thee: Thy Words,
Like *Hybla* Drops, distil upon my Sense,
And I could hear thee talk for ever.

Gran. O be but thus for ever kind, thy Eyes
Will find new Subjects for eternal Talk,
And everlasting Love: Blush not, my Fair,
That thou art kind: thy Heart has only paid
To Love, the Tribute due from Nature's whole Creation
For Wisdom to his Power oppos'd, is Folly:
Hear how the *British Virgil* sings his Sway;

- Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,
- The secret Joys of mutual Passion find;
- Not only Man's Imperial Race, but they
- That wing the liquid Air, or swim the Sea,

- Or haunt the Desert, rush into the Flame :
- For Love is Lord of all, and is in All the same,

[*Exeunt Gran. and Soph.*

Sir *Gilb.* O rare Philosophy ! O fine Philosophy !
dainty Philosophy ! ho ! [Singing.

Fran. Ha ! ha ! ha ! that must be a pleasant sort of
Philosophy indeed, Sir, that pretends to be wiser than
Nature, *Platonic Love* is a mere Philosopher's Stone ;
when different Sexes once come to lay their Heads toge-
ther about it, the Projection's sure to fly in *Fumo*.

Sir *Gilb.* *Fumo* ! ay, I warrant you. A handsome
Wench, that shuts herself up two or three Hours with a
young Fellow, only out of Friendship, is making a
hopeful Experiment in Natural Philosophy indeed——
Why it's just like spreading a Bag of Gunpowder before
a great Fire, only to dry it ; Ha ! ha ! ha !

Fran. Right, Sir,——It puts me in mind of the *Irish*
Soldier, who, to steal Powder out of a full Barrel, cun-
ningly bored a Hole in it with a red hot Poker.

Sir *Gilb.* Ah ! very good ! ha ! ha ! ha ! As you say,
it's hard Luck indeed, that her first Touch of his Hand
should blow up all the rest of her Body.

Fran. But to do her Justice, Sir, she was not won
without a good deal of Art neither : A plain Battery of
Love would have done nothing upon her ; you see, he
was forced to sap her up with his Self-Reproaches, and put
it all upon the Point of her Compassion to his Senses.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, the Toad did worm her nicely, that I
must needs say.

Fran. Ha ! ha ! ha ! what a rare Welcome too this
News will have with my Lady ? How she will fume at
the Disappointment ?

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, I have nothing to do with that, you
know ; this was none of my doing ; let every Tub stand
upon its own Bottom ; I shall e'en leave her Ladyship to
his Management : All I can promise him, is, not to
hinder the Matter.

Fran. That's all he will desire, I dare say, Sir : be
you but as passive in his Affair as mine, I'll warrant we
will find Courage enough between us to maintain our
Pretensions.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay! there you are right again; stick to your stuff, Boys: and if I don't stand by you, may I be Cock of the hen-peck'd Corporation as long as I live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mr. *Delay* the Lawyer.

Sir *Gilb.* Odso! that's well! Now, Mr. *Frankly*—

Fran. I believe, Sir, you had best keep him out of my Lady's Sight, till Matters are ripe for Execution.

Sir *Gilb.* You are right, you are right—say no more, I'll do it. [Exit Sir *Gilb.*

Fran. So! thus far we stand fair; we have nothing now to combat but my Lady; and *Granger's* Success with *Sophronia*, at this time, will naturally strengthen our Alliance against her: As for my friend *Witling*, his own Assurance and Vanity will partly do his Business—But however, in the mean while, it will not be amiss to keep him warm and ripe for our Design—*A proposal* here he comes.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Ha! ha! ha! Dear *Tom!* I am glad I have found thee, faith! I have a favour to beg of thee.

Fran. Why then, I am glad you have found me too—because, I believe, I shall grant it.

Wit. Ha! ha! what crabb'd still, my dear! but I come to thee from a fair Lady, Child; and 'tis for her sake I am going to be obliged to thee.

Fran. I am glad of that too: A Woman of Sense I warrant her, by her sending thee on a Fool's Errand.

Wit. Ay, but my Dear! the Errand happens to be her's now; and so thou hast civilly put the Fool upon the Woman of Sense: Good again! one of thy old Blunders, *Tom!* for, I think thou hast but curst Luck in making thy way to the Women.

Fran. When you tell me the Lady you come from, I shall be better able to guess, whether she takes me or you for a Fool.

Wit. Suppose then it were from a Lady, *Tom*, that designs to take either you or me for a Husband! What dost thou think of my little *Charlotte*, my dear *Tommy*?

Fran. Why, if she takes thee for a Husband, I shall think her a Fool; and if I should take thee for a Wit, she would think me a Fool: But by her sending thee to ask a Favour of me, it's a sign she thinks thee a Fool.

Wit. Ha! ha! a very pretty parcel of cross Purposes, Fool and Wit, and Wit and Fool; and she, and thee, and me! What! art thou playing at the Huffle-cap with thy Words, Child! Thou dost not expect I should take all thy Jingle Jumble for Wit, dost thou?

Fran. No faith! if it be Wit, I expect thou shouldst not take it.

Wit. With all my Heart: Come, come it shall be Wit then; I will mistake it for once——But to Business—the fair Lady, my dear *Tom*.

Fran. Ay, what of her?

Wit. Why, poor Soul, she desir'd me to come to you, and—

Fran. And leave her to better Company, ha!

Wit. Look you, *Tom*, I know Losers ought to have leave to speak, and therefore, at present, you shall have all the Wit to yourself, my Dear: but don't be uneasy at my Happiness, dear *Tom*; for to tell you the truth, the Creature is so cursed fond of me, that she begins to grow troublesome already. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Why don't you make yourself easy then, and give her up to me?

Wit. No, no; I must not break the poor Fool's Heart neither; for you must know, she is in a terrible Taking about me.

Fran. How so, Sir?

Wit. Why she said, just now, she was afraid to marry me so soon as to-night upon thy account.

Fran. Good! then there may be hopes she will not marry thee upon any account.

Wit. No, don't flatter thyself neither, my dear *Tom*; for her Concern at the Bottom was all upon my account.

Fran. How does that appear?

Wit. Why you know, says she, after all, poor *Frankly* has some sort of Pretensions to me: I don't know how it was, says she; but some way or other he got in with

my Father; so I durst not wholly discourage his Addresses. Now *Frankly's* of a surly Temper, say she; and, if I should marry you in the Heat of his Disappointment, he may say or do some rash-Thing upon't: And I know, says she, Mr. *Witling*, you are violent in your Nature too; and if Matters should rise to a Quarrel, no body knows where the Mischief may end; the World will certainly lay it all at my Door—I should be the miserablest Creature alive—therefore I beg you, says she, go to him from me, and try to make an amicable End of the Business; and the Moment poor *Frankly's* made easy, says she, I'll marry you the next Hour, without any Reserve in the whole World.

Fran. Why then, without any Reserve in the whole World, pray tell the Lady, that she may depend upon it I am certainly easy—because I am sure she imposes upon you.

Wit. Impose upon me, Child! ha! ha! that's pleasant enough, ha! ha!

Fran. That is, she lets you impose upon yourself, which is the same thing.

Wit. That may be, *Tom*; but the Devil take me if I can find it out: But however, I am mighty glad you do, because then I am sure, as long as you are easy, you can't take it ill, if I should burst my Ribs with laughing at your Fancy.

Fran. O! not in the least! and to increase your Mirth, Sir, I will be farther bold to tell you, she has as hearty a Contempt for you, if possible, as I have.

Wit. Good again! Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Thou art a Thing so below all human Consideration, thou hast not wherewithal to give a *Spaniard* Jealousy.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*, if thou didst but know all now—Ha! ha!

Fran. But to think thyself agreeable to her, thou must have the Impudence of a *French Harlequin*.

Wit. Ah! dear *Tom*, thou charm'st me! for since I find thou art not, in the least, uneasy at her Engagement with me, to tell thee the Truth, I have nothing else at present that can possibly retard my Happiness.

Fran. Why then, Sir, be as happy as you deserve; and pray let the Lady know, as to any Favour she designs you, I am in perfect Peace of Mind and Tranquillity.

Wit. And you really give me leave to tell her so?

Fran. Tell her, I am more easy than she herself will be, when she has married you.

Wit. Why then, perish me, if thou art not one of the best-bred Rivals in the whole World! Ha! ha! And ere she comes, faith, to thank thee for her Part of the Consolation. Ha! ha!

Fran. Ha! ha!

Enter Charlotte.

Char. So, Gentlemen, I am glad to find you in such good Humour.

Wit. O! Madam, the dearest Friends in the World: have obey'd your Commands, and here's honest *Tom* is so far from being uneasy at our Marriage, that I-gad I can't get him to believe it will ever come to any thing.

Char. O! as to that, Mr. *Frankly* may think as he pleases; but if he is not uneasy upon your account, that's all I pretend to desire of him.

Wit. No, no, honest *Tom* will give us no trouble, depend upon't.

Fran. Not I, upon my Honour, Madam; for though I might be provok'd to cut any other Man's Throat, that should pretend to you, yet the Value I have for Mr. *Witling*, secures him from my least Resentment.

Wit. Look you there, Madam! you see your Fears are all over; I don't find we have any thing to do now, but to send for the Parson.

Char. Ay, but I don't well understand him; for he seems to be neither jealous of your Merit, nor my Inclination; and that I can scarce think possible.

Fran. You may, upon my Soul, Madam; for I have so just a Sense of both, that if it had not been in regard to your Father's Contract, I am convinced you would never have endured the Sight of him.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*! he has much ado to smother it.

[*Apart.*

Char. Very pretty! so you think that my admitting his Addressee is mere Grimace, and that I am all this while taking Pains only to deceive Mr. *Witling*.

Fran. Alas! you need not do that, Madam; he takes so much to deceive himself, he really gives you no trouble about it.

Wit. You see, Child, we may put any thing upon him.

Char. Right! you take it as I could wish! Let me alone with him. And so, Sir, you really expect I should be pleased with your having this free Opinion of my Conduct?

Fran. I must be pleased with every thing you undertake in my Favour, Madam.

Wit. How vain the Rogue is too! [Aside.]

Char. I am amaz'd! but how naturally a Coxcomb shews himself. [Aside.]

Wit. Ay, that's when he's in your Hands, Madam; Ha! ha! I-gad she plays him nicely off. [Aside.]

Char. After this, one should wonder at nothing! Nay, there are some Fools, I see, whose Vanity is so far from being offensive, that they become diverting even to a Rival.

Fran. Mr. *Witling* is always entertaining, Madam.

Wit. Hah! Prodigious! I-gad he thinks you mean me all this while. Ha! ha! ha! [Apart.]

Char. Well, sure there never was so bright a Coxcomb! [Apart.]

Wit. I-gad I'll humour him: Ha! ha! [Apart.]

Char. By all means, you will make him shine to a Miracle. [Apart.]

Wit. Why then, perish me, *Tom*, if ever I was so well diverted at a *French* Comedy. [Shakes his Hand.]

Fran. That may very well be, Sir; for Fools are apt to be fond of their own Parts. [Shakes *Witling's* Hand.]

Char. Ha! ha!

Wit. Ay, so they are, the Devil take me; for, I see, there's no beating thee out of thine.

Fran. How should I be out, when you play all the Scene yourself!

Wit. No, no, *Tom*, I only laugh all; but 'tis your Part that makes me, Child!

Fran. Right! If you did not laugh, where the Devil should the Jest be?

Wit. Why then, you see, I do the Fool Justice, *Tom*, Ha! ha!

Fran. Ay, the Devil take me, dost thou; I never saw him better acted.

Wit. Ay! but you don't know, my Dear, that to make a Coxcomb shine, require a little more Wit than thou art aware of.

Fran. I know that he, who has least Wit of us two, has enough to do that, my Dear.

Wit. Ay! that is when a Coxcomb shews himself, *Tom*.

Fran. Nay, in that I grant no Mortal can come up to thee.

Wit. Hah! hah! hah! O! dear Rogue, I must kiss thee.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle.

Lady Wrang. Your Servant, your Servant, good People: Whence all this mighty Mirth, pray?

Wit. O! Madam, here has been such a Scene! such Hit and Dash upon one another: in short, such Brightness o' both sides, the Full-Moon, in a frosty Night, never came up to it.

Char. I must needs say, I never saw Mr. *Witling* shine so before.

Fran. No, Madam? why, he always talks like a Lunatic, as you may judge by his *Similies*.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*! thy Wit indeed, is like the Light of the Moon, none of thy own: If I don't mistake, my Dear, I was forced to shine upon thee, before thou wert able to make one Reflection.

Fran. There you are once in the right; for I certainly could not have laugh'd, if you had not given me a hearty Occasion.

Wit. Ah! but the Cream of the Jest is, *Tom*, that at the same Time I really gave thee no Occasion at all.

Fran. Right again, my Dear; for your not knowing that, is the only Jest that's worth laughing at.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. This must be some extraordinary Mistake indeed; for I have no Notion that Mr. *Frankly* and you can have Reason to laugh upon the same Occasion.

Wit. Why, Faith! the Occasion is a little extraordinary; for you must know, Madam, that honest *Tom* and I here, are both going to be married to this Lady.

Lady Wrang. Both!

Wit. Ay, both Madam, for, it seems, she has not been able to convince us, that either of us must go with-
out her.

Lady Wrang. That's so like Mr. *Frankly's* Vanity, that can't think his Mistress lost, tho' he sees her just falling into the Arms of his Rival.

Fran. My Vanity and yours, Madam, are much upon a foot; tho' I think you happened to be first cured of it.

Lady Wrang. What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. That by this time you are convinced I was never in love with your Ladyship.

Lady Wrang. I am convinced that a very little Trouble would have made you so.

Fran. It must have been a good deal more than it cost me, to make you believe so.

Lady Wrang. If you have still Hopes of marrying *Charlotte*, Sir, I don't wonder at your believing any thing. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Laugh when you see me despair, Madam.

Lady Wrang. I need not stay for that, your Hope is ridiculous enough; and I laugh because you can't see.

Fran. Yes, yes, I can see, Madam; I have seen all this Day what 'tis you drive at; In short, Madam, you have no mind that either of Sir *Gilbert's* Daughters should marry; because if they die Maids, you have secured the Chance of succeeding to their Fortunes.

Lady Wrang. Ay, do make the World believe that, if you can: Persuade Mr. *Witling* that I have no mind *Charlotte* should marry him.

Fran. What Mr. *Witling* thinks, is out of the Question, Madam; but you are sure that she never designs to marry him; so that your setting up his Pretensions is not with the least View of doing him good, but of doing me harm; or rather, that while you manage the Dispute well on both sides, neither of us may have her.

Lady Wrang. He has guess'd the Secret; but that shall not hinder my Proceeding. You are in the right

to hope as long as you can, Sir; but I presume you don't do it from my Friendship, nor Mr. *Wrangle's* Consent, or *Charlotte's* Inclination.

Fran. Be what it will, Madam, it has a better Foundation, than your Hope of succeeding either to her's or *Sophronia's* Fortune: For, shall I tell you another Secret, Madam? *Sophronia* is going to be married to *Granger*; so that you are equally like to be disappointed there too.

Lady Wrang. *Sophronia* married!

Fran. Ay, ay, married, married, Madam; wedded, bedded, made a mere Wife of: 'tis not half an Hour ago since I saw her sink, and melt into his Bosom, with all the yielding Fondness of a Milk-maid.

Lady Wrang. *Sophronia* do this?

Fran. *Sophronia*, Madam; nay, Sir *Gilbert* was at the same time, a secret Witness of all; and was glad, glad of it, Madam: and to my certain Knowledge, resolves, that *Granger* shall marry her instantly: And so, Madam, all that fantastic Fort Philosophy, that you have been building in her Brains for seven Years together, is (with one honest attack of mere Flesh and Blood) fairly demolished and brought to nothing.

Lady Wrang. I'll not believe it; I know your Ears deceiv'd you; he might perhaps transport her, but never to a sensual Thought.

Fran. Oons! Madam, I tell you, I heard and saw it all; myself saw her sighing, blushing, panting in his Arms, with mortal, sensual, amorous Desire: All her romantic Pride reduced, and humbled to the Obedience of that universal Monarch of Mankind, Love, Madam; plain, naked, natural Love, Love, Madam.

Lady Wrang. I am confounded! If this be true, his Triumph is insupportable. [*Aside*] Ha! what do I see!

Enter Granger leading Sophronia.

Fran. Dear *Granger*, I congratulate thy Happiness!

Gran. My Happiness indeed! for till I was victorious, I knew not half the Value of my Conquest.

Fran. [*To Soph.*] Give me then leave to hope, Madam, that our former Difference is forgot; since the more elevated Passion of my Friend has now convinc'd me of my own Unworthiness.

Soph. I cannot disavow my tenderest Sense of Granger's Merit, give it what Name you please; I own 'tis something—*Quod nequeo dicere, & sentio tantum:* But am proud that Love alone, unassisted by Philosophy, could never have subdu'd me.

Lady Wrang. Is it possible!

By your Leave, Madam.

[*She breaks through the Company and takes Soph. apart.*]

Fran. Heyday! what's to do now?

Gran. O Frankly! I have such a melting Scene to tell thee!

Fran. You may spare yourself the Trouble, Sir Gilbert and I overheard every Word of it—*Aside.*
But I allow you an Artist.

Gran. Was it not very whimsical?

Fran. Hush!

Lady Wrang. [*To Soph.*] Look in my Face — full upon me.

Soph. Why that severe Look, Madam?

Lady Wrang. To make you blush at your Apostasy.

Soph. Converts to Truth are no Apostates, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Is this your Self-denial! This your Distaste of odious Man?

Soph. Madam, I have considered well my Female State, and am now a Profelyte to that Philosophy, which says,

Nature makes nought in vain.

Lady Wrang. What's then become of your Platonic System.

Soph. Dissolved, evaporated, impracticable, and fallacious all: You'll own I have laboured in the Experiment, but found at last, that to try Gold in a Crucible of Virgin-Wax, was a mere Female Folly.

Lady Wrang. But how durst you, Madam, entertain a Thought of Marriage without acquainting me?

Soph. Madam, I am now under this Gentleman's Protection; and from henceforth, think my Actions only cognizable to him.

Lady Wrang. Very fine!

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, 'tis but fretting your Spleen to no purpose; you have no Right to dispose of either of

those Ladies: Sir *Gilbert's* Consent is what we depend upon; and as far as that can go, we shall make bold to insist upon them both, Madam; and so you may as well put your Passion in your Pocket, Madam.

Lady Wrang. Insupportable! [*Walks in Anger.*]

Wit. Ha! ha! well said *Tommy*! What, art thou crack'd-brain'd still, my Dear? How the Devil didst thou come by Sir *Gill's* Consent! What! he has not mortgag'd it twice over, has he? but if he has, with all my Heart; I fancy we shall find a way to make his first Deed stand good however; and that, I am sure, I have here safe in my Pocket, Child.

Fran. O that shall be try'd presently, Sir; and here he comes with the Lawyer for the Purpose.

Enter Sir Gilbert, with a Lawyer.

Lady Wrang. Mr. *Wrangle*, what do you mean by this Usage? How dare you affront me thus?

Sir Gilb. I affront you, my Lady.

Lady Wrang. Ay, Sir, by bringing these Roysters here, to insult me in my own Family.

Sir Gilb. Frankly—stand by me.

Gran. Roysters! Madam.

Lady Wrang. Sir, I am not speaking to you—I say Mr. *Wrangle*, how dare you do this?

Sir Gilb. Do, Madam! I don't do any thing, not I; if the Gentlemen have done any Harm, you had best talk to them; I believe they have both Tongues in their Heads, and will be able to answer you.

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, if you have received any Injury from either of us, we are the proper Persons to talk with you.

Lady Wrang. What! will you stand by, and tamely see me abus'd in my own House?

Sir Gilb. Odzines, Madam, don't abuse yourself; the Gentlemen are civil Gentlemen, and Men of Honour; but if you don't know how to behave yourself to them, that's none of their Fault.

Lady Wrang. Prodigious! behave myself! do you pretend to teach me, you rude illiterate Monster?

Sir Gilb. Hold her fast, pray, Gentlemen.

Gran. [*Interposing*] Come, come, be composed, Madam, consider how these violent Emotions dishonour your Philosophy.

Sir Gilb. Ay, Madam, if you are a Philosopher now let me see a Sample of it.

Lady Wran. Yes, Sir, I'll give you one Instance of it immediately; before you stir out of this Room, I'll make you do Justice to this Gentleman, I'll make you keep your Contract, Sir.

Sir Gilb. Why, Madam, you need not be in a Passion about that; I don't design any other, I'll do him Justice immediately.

Lady Wrang. O! will you so?—come then, where's the Deed, sir?

Wit. A hum! your humble Servant! how dost thou do now, my little Tommy?

Fran. I'll tell you presently, Sir.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad thou art resolved to die hard, I find.

Law. Here, Madam, this is the Deed; there is nothing wanting but the Blanks to be filled up with the Bridegroom's Name: Pray which is the Gentleman?

Lady Wrang. Here, Sir, this is he——put in *William Witting*, Esq.

Sir Gilb. Hold, Madam, two Words to that Bargain, that is not the Gentleman I have resolved upon.

Lady Wrang. Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*, don't be a Fool I say.

Sir Gilb. And pray, Madam, don't you pretend to be wiser than I am.

Lady Wrang. What stupid Fetch have you got in your Head now?

Wit. Heyday? what time of the Moon is this? Why have I not your Contract here in my Hand, Sir *Gilbert*?

Sir Gilb. With all my Heart, make your best on't; I'll pay the Penalty, and what have you to say now? And so, Sir, [*To the Lawyer*] I say put me in *Thomas Frankly*, Esq.

Lady Wran. Mr. *Wrangle*! don't provoke me! do you know that the Penalty of your refusing Mr. *Witting*, is above six-and-twenty thousand Pounds Difference, Sir?

Sir Gilb. Yes, Madam; but to let you see that I am not the Fool you take me for, neither; there's that will secure me against paying a Farthing of it.

[*Sir Gilb. shews a Bond.*

Lady Wrang. What do you mean?

Sir Gilb. Why that this, Madam, is a Joint-Bond from Mr. Granger and Frankly, to indemnify me from all Demands, Costs, and Consequences of Mr. Witling's Contract.

[*Lady Wrang. peruses the Bond.*

Char. Now, Mr. Witling, you see upon what a shallow Foundation Frankly built all his Vanity and Assurance—but, poor Man! he did not consider it was still in my Power to marry you, tho' you had no Contract at all with my Father.

Wit. Right, my pretty Soul! I suppose he thought the Merit and frank Air of this Bond, forsooth, would have made you cock-sure to him: but I'll let him see presently, that I know how to pay a handsome Compliment to a fair Lady, as well as himself; I-gad, I will bite his Head off.

Char. Ay, do Mr. Witling, you touch my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Wit. Ah! you charming Devil!

Lady Wrang. [*To Sir Gilb.*] Is this then your Expedient? Is this your sordid way of evading all Right and Justice? Go! you vile scandal to the Board you sit at; but you shall find that I have a superior Sense of Honour. And thus! thus! thus! I'll force you to be just.

[*Tears the Bond.*

Fran. Confusion!

Sir Gilb. Oons, Madam! what do you mean by this Outrage?

Lady Wrang. Now where's your Security? where is your vile Evasion now, Sir? what Trick? what Shift have you now to save you?

Sir Gilb. Frankly—stand by me.

Fran. Was ever such a Devil!

Gran. Fear nothing—I'll warrant you—come, Sir, don't be dishearten'd, your Security shall be renew'd to your Content: Let the Lawyer draw it up this In-

stant, and I give my Word of Honour to sign it over again before all this Company.

Sir *Gilb.* Say'st you so, my Lad, why then, oddsheartlikins—*Frankly*, stand by me.

Fran. Generous Granger!

Lady *Wrang.* Let the Lawyer draw up any such thing in my House if he dares.

Gran. Nay, then, Madam, I'll see who dares molest him.

Fran. I-gad, whoever does, shall have more than one to deal with.

Sir *Gilb.* Well said, stand your Ground—write away, Man. [To the Lawyer.

Char. Now, Mr. *Witling*.

Wit. Nay, nay, if that's your Play, Gentlemen—come, come, I'll shew you a shorter Way to make an End of this Matter—and to let you see you are all in the wrong Box, and that now I am secure of the Lady's Inclination, I think it a Dishonour to her Beauty to make use of any other Advantage, than the naked Merit of her humble Servant. There, Sir *Gilbert*, there's your Contract back again, tear it, cancel it, or light your Pipe with it—And Madam —————

[To Charlotte.

Char. Ay, now, Mr. *Witling*, you have made me the happiest Creature living! and now Mr. Lawyer—

Wit. Ay now, Gentlemen—

Char. Put in *Thomas Frankly*, Esq;

Wit. Fire and Brimstone!

Fran. Ay now, Mr. *Witling*—

Sir *Gilb.* Oddsheart, in with him—

Lady *Wrang.* Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*—

Sir *Gilb.* Oons, Wife, be quiet—

Lady *Wrang.* Wife! what am I abus'd! insulted then!

Sir *Gilb.* Ah *Charlotte*, let me hug thee! and buss thee! and bless thee to death! But here, Hussy! here's a Pair of Lips that will make better Work with thee?

Wit. Bit, by the Powers!

Char. Nay, don't say that of me, Mr. *Witling*; 'twas even all your own doing: for you can't reproach me

with having once told you I ever loved, or liked you :
How then could you think of marrying me ?

Wit. Not reproach you, Madam ? Oons and Death !
Did you not as good as——

Fran. Hold, Sir, when you speak to my Wife, I must
beg you to soften the Tone of your Voice a little.

Wit. Heyday ! what a Pox, must not Losers have
leave to speak neither ?

Fran. No, no, my dear *Billy*, thou art no Loser at
all ; for you have made your Call, you see——and now
have fairly had your Refusal too.

Wit. Ha ! ha ! that's pleasantly said however, I-gad !
I can't help laughing at a good Thing though, tho' I
am half ready to hang myself.

Fran. Nay then, *Witling*, henceforth I'll allow thee
a Man of Parts, tho' at the same Time you must grant
me, there are no Fools like your Wits : But since thou
hast Wit enough to laugh at thyself, I think nobody else
ought to do it.

Wit. Why then, dear *Tom*, I give you Joy : for to
say the Truth, I believe I was a little over-hasty in this
Matter : But, as thou say'st, he that has not Wit enough
to find himself sometimes a Fool, is in danger of being
Fool enough, to have nobody think him a Wit but
himself.

Fran. [*To Lady Wrang.*] And now, Madam, were it
but possible to deserve your Pardon.

Lady Wrang. I see you know my Weakness——
Submission must prevail upon a generous Nature——I
forgive you.

Sir Gibb. Why, that's well said of all sides : And now
you are Part of my Family, Gentlemen, I'll tell you a
Secret that concerns your Fortunes——Hark you——
in one Word——fell——fell out as fast as you can :
for (among Friends) the Game's up——ask no Ques-
tions——but, I tell you, the Jest is over——but
Money down ! (d'ye observe me) Money down ! don't
meddle for Time : for the Time's a coming, when those
that buy will not be able to pay ; and so the Devil take
the hindmost, and Heaven bless you all together.

Gran. And now, *Sophronia*, set we forward to the promis'd Land of Love.

Soph. *In vain, against the Force of Nature's Law,
Would rigid Morals keep our Hearts in awe;
All our lost Labours of the Brain but prove,
In Life there's no Philosophy like Love.*

E P I L O G U E.

THE Time is come the Roman Bard foretold,
A Brazen Year succeeds an Age of Gold;

An Age——

When specious Books were opened for Undoing,
And English Hands, in Crouds, subscrib'd their Ruin.
Some Months ago, whoever could suppose,
A Goosequill Race of Rulers should have rose,
T'have made the warlike Britons groan beneath their
Blows?

Evils, that never yet beheld the Sun,
To foreign Arms, or Civil Fars, unknown,
These trembling Miscreants, by their Wiles have done.
Thus the fierce Lion, whom no Force could foil,
By Village Curs is baited in the Toil.

Forgive the Muse then, if her Scenes were laid
Before your fair Possessions were betray'd;
She took the flitting Form as Fame then ran,
While a Director seem'd an honest Man:

But were she from his present Form to take him,
What a huge gorging Monster must she make him?
How would his Paunch with golden Ruin swell?
Whole Families devouring at a Meal?

What motley Humour in a Scene might flow,
Were we those Upstarts in their Arts to shew?
When their high Betters at their Gates have waited,
And all to beg the Favour to be cheated;
Even that Favour (or they're by Fame bely'd)
To raise the Value of the Cheat, deny'd.

And while Sir John was airing on his Prancers,
He's left his Cookmaid to give Peers their Answers.
Then Clerks in Berlins, purchas'd by their Cheats,
That splash their walking Betters in the Streets.
And while, by Fraud, their native Country's sold,
Cry, Drive, you Dog, and give your Horses Gold:
Even Jews no Bounds of Luxury refrain,
But boil their Christian Hams in pure Campaign.

Till then, the Guilty, that have caus'd these Times,
Feel a superior Censure for their Crimes,
Let all, whose Wrongs the Face of Mirth can bear,
Enjoy the Muses Vengeance on them here.

V I D E O

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T H E
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR, A
JOURNEY *to* LONDON.
A
C O M E D Y.

—*Vivit Tanquam Vicina Mariti.* Juv. Sat. VI.



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TO THE
QUEEN.

May it please Your Majesty,

THE *English Theatre* throws itself, with this Play, at Your MAJESTY's Feet, for Favour and Support.

As their public Diversions are a strong Indication of the Genius of a People; the following Scenes are an Attempt to establish such, as are fit to entertain the Minds of a sensible Nation; and to wipe off that Aspersions of Barbarity, which the *Virtuosi* among our Neighbours have sometimes thrown upon our Taste.

The *Provok'd Husband*, is, at least, an Instance, that an *English Comedy* may, to an unusual Number of Days, bring many Thousands of his Majesty's good Subjects together, to their Emolument and Delight, with Innocence. And however little Share of that Merit my unequal Pen may pretend to, yet I hope the just Admirers of Sir *John Vanbrugh* will allow I have, at worst, been a careful Guardian of his Orphan Muse, by leading it into Your Majesty's Royal Protection.

The Design of this Play being chiefly to expose, and reform the licentious Irregularities that, too often break in upon the Peace and Happiness of the married State; Where could so hazardous and unpopular an Undertaking be secure, but in the Protection of a PRINCESS, whose exemplary conjugal Virtues have given such illustrious Proof, of what sublime Felicity that holy State is capable?

And though a Crown is no certain Title to Content; yet to the Honour of that Institution be it said, the royal Harmony of Hearts that now enchants us from the Throne, is a Reproach to the frequent Disquiet of those many insensible Subjects about it, (who, from his Majesty's paternal Care of his People) have more leisure to be happy: And 'tis our QUEEN's peculiar Glory, that we often see her as eminently raised above her Circle, in private Happiness, as in Dignity.

DEDICATION.

Yet Heaven, MADAM, that has placed You on such Height, to be the more conspicuous Pattern of your Sex, had still left your Happiness imperfect, had it not given those inestimable Treasures of your Mind, and Person, to the only Prince on Earth, that could have deserved them: A Crown received from any, but the happy Monarch's Hand, who invested you with this, which You now adorn, had only seem'd the Work of *Fortune*: But *Thus* bestow'd, the World acknowledges it the due Reward of PROVIDENCE, for one You once so gloriously refused.

But as the Fame of such elevated Virtue has lifted the plain Addressees of a whole Nation into Eloquence, the best repeated Eulogium on that Theme, are but Intrusions on your Majesty's greater Pleasure of secretly deserving them. I therefore beg Leave to subscribe myself,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your Majesty's most devoted,

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

HAVING taken upon me in the Prologue to this Play, to give the Auditors some short Account of that Part of it which Sir *John Vanbrugh* left unfinished, and not thinking it adviseable, in that Place, to limit their Judgment by so high a Commendation as I thought it deserv'd; I have therefore, for the Satisfaction of the Curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single Title he gave it, of *A Journey to London*, without presuming to alter a Line.

Yet when I own, that in my last Conversation with him, (which chiefly turned upon what he had done towards a Comedy) he excus'd his not shewing it me, 'till he had reviewed it, confessing the Scenes were yet undigested, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower Characters, I have but one excuse for publishing, what he never designed should come into the World, as it then was, *viz.* I had no other way of taking those many Faults to myself, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

However, a judicious Reader will find in his Original Papers, that the Characters are strongly drawn, new, spirited, and natural, taken from sensible Observations on high and lower Life, and from a just Indignation at the Follies in fashion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in the *Catastrophe*, was, that the Conduct of his imaginary fine Lady had so provoked him, that he design'd actually to have made her Husband turn her out of his Doors. Bnt when his Performance came, after his decease, to my Hands, I thought

To the READER.

such violent Measures, however just they might be in real Life, were too severe for Comedy, and would want the proper Surprise, which is due to the End of a Play. Therefore with much ado (and 'twas as much as I could do with Probability) I preserv'd the Lady's Chastity, that the Sense of her Errors might make a Reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the Mitigation of her Sentence has been since justified by its Success.

My Inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir *John*, I soon saw had drawn his whole into an unusual length; the Reader will therefore find here a Scene or two of the lower Humour, that were left out after the first Day's Presentation.

The Favour the Town has shewn to the higher Characters of this Play, is a Proof that their Taste is not wholly vitiated, by the barbarous Entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: But, while the Reception of the best old Plays is apt to give Satiety, and good new ones so scarce a Commodity, we must not wonder, that the poor Actors are sometimes forced to trade in Trash for a Livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader, without endeavouring to do Justice to those principal Actors, who have so evidently contributed to the Support of this Comedy: And I wish I could separate the Praises due to them, from the secret Vanity of an Author: For all I can say will still insinuate, that they could not have so highly excell'd, unless the Skill of the Writer had given them proper Occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain, than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. *Wilks*, that in the last Act, I never saw any Passion take so natural a Possession of an Actor, or any Actor take so tender a Possession of his Auditors——Mr. *Mills* too, is confessed by every Body, to have surpriz'd them, by so far excelling himself——But there is no doing Right to Mrs. *Oldfield*, without putting People in Mind of what others, of great Merit, have wanted to come near her——'Tis not enough to say, she *Here* Out-did her usual Excellence. I must therefore justly leave her to the constant Admiration of those Spectators, who have the Pleasure of living while she is an Actress.

To the READER.

BUT as this is not the only Time she has been the Life of what I have given the Public, so perhaps my saying a little more of so memorable an Actress, may give this Play a Chance to be read, when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors—May it therefore give Emulation to our Successors of the Stage, to know, That to the ending of the Year 1727, a Cotemporary Comedian relates, that Mrs. *Oldfield* was, then, in her highest Excellence of Action, happy in all the rarely-found Requisites, that meet in one Person to complete them for the Stage—She was in Stature just rising to that Height, where the *Graceful* can only begin to shew itself; of a lively Aspect, and a Command in her Mein, that like the principal Figure in the finest Paintings, first seizes, and longest delights the Eye of the Spectators. Her Voice was sweet, strong, piercing, and melodious: her Pronunciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her Emphasis always placed where the Spirit of the Sense, in her Periods, only demanded it. If She delighted more in the Higher Comic, than in the Tragic Strain, 'twas because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of Nature. But in Characters of modern practis'd Life, she found Occasions to add the particular Air and Manner which distinguished the different Humours she presented. Whereas in Tragedy, the Manner of Speaking varies, as little, as the blank Verse it is written in—She had one peculiar Happiness from Nature, she look'd and maintained the *Agreeable* at a Time, when other fine Women only raise Admirers by their Understanding—The Spectator was always as much informed by her Eyes, as her Elocution; for the Look is the only Proof that an Actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being scarce an Instance, where the Eyes do their Part, that the Elocution is known to be faulty: The Qualities she had *acquired*, were the *Genteel* and the *Elegant*. The one in her Air, and the other in her Dress, never had her Equal on the Stage; and the Ornaments she herself provided, (particularly in this Play) seem'd in all Respects the *Paraphernalia* of a Woman of Quality. And of that Sort were the Characters she chiefly excelled in; but her natural good Sense and

To the READER.

lively Turn of Conversation made her Way so easy to Ladies of the highest Rank, that it is a less Wonder, if on the Stage she sometimes *was*, what might have become the finest Woman in real Life to have supported.

Theatre-Royal,

Jan. 27.

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C. CIBBER.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

THIS Play took Birth from Principles of Truth,
To make amends for Errors past, of Youth.
A Bard, that's now no more, in riper Days,
Conscious review'd the Licence of his Plays :
And tho' Applause his wanton Muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual Minds admir'd.
At length, he own'd, that Plays should let you see
Not only, What you are, but ought to be ;
Tho' Vice was natural, 'twas never meant
The Stage should shew it, but for Punishment !
Warm with that Thought, his Muse once more took Flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious Life to shame.
Such was the Piece his latest Pen design'd,
But left no Traces of his Plan behind.
Luxuriant Scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd ;
Yet, through the Mass, his native Fire surviv'd :
Rough, as rich Ore in Mines, the Treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms, at length, a Play.
In which the bold Compiler boasts no Merit,
But that his Pains have sav'd your Scenes of Spirit.
Not Scenes that would a noisy Joy impart,
But such as hush the Mind and warm the Heart.
From Praise of Hands no sure Account he draws,
But fixt Attention is sincere Applause :
If then (for hard you'll own the Task) his Art
Can to those Embryon-Scenes new Life impart,
The Living proudly would exclude his Lays,
And to the bury'd Bard resigns the Praise.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord <i>Townly</i> , of a regular Life,	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> ,
Mr. <i>Manly</i> , an Admirer of Lady <i>Grace</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> , sen.
Sir <i>Francis Wronghead</i> , a Country Gentleman,	} Mr. <i>Cibber</i> , sen.
Squire <i>Richard</i> , his Son, a mere Whelp,	
Count <i>Basset</i> , a Gamester,	Mr. <i>Bridgwater</i> ,
<i>John Moody</i> , Servant to Sir <i>Francis</i> , an honest Clown,	} Mr. <i>Miller</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Townly</i> , immoderate in her Pursuit of Pleasures,	} Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> ,
Lady <i>Grace</i> , Sister to Lord <i>Townly</i> , of exemplary Virtue,	
Lady <i>Wronghead</i> , Wife to Sir <i>Francis</i> , inclin'd to be a fine Lady,	} Mrs. <i>Thurmond</i> ,
Miss <i>Jenny</i> , her Daughter, pert and forward,	
Mrs. <i>Motherly</i> , one that lets Lodgings,	Mrs. <i>Cross</i> ,
<i>Myrtila</i> , her Neice, seduc'd by the Count,	} Mrs. <i>Grace</i> ,
Mrs. <i>Trusty</i> , Lady <i>Townly's</i> Woman,	
	Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .

Masqueraders, Constable, Servants, &c.

The SCENE Lord *Townly's* House, and sometimes Sir *Francis's* Lodgings.

THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR,
A JOURNEY to LONDON.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

Lord Townly solus.

WHY did I marry!—Was it not evident, my plain, rational Scheme of Life, was impracticable, with a Woman of so different a Way of thinking?—Is there one Article of it, that she has not broke in upon?—Yes,—let me do her Justice—her Reputation—That—I have no reason to believe is in Question—But then how long her profligate Course of Pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking Question! and her Presumption while she keeps it—insupportable! for on the Pride of that single Virtue she seems to lay it down, as a fundamental Point, that the free Indulgence of every other Vice, this fertile Town affords, is the Birth-right Prerogative of a Woman of Quality—Amazing! that a Creature so warm in the pursuit of her Pleasures, should never cast one Thought towards her Happiness—Thus, while she admits no Lover, she thinks it a greater Merit still, in her Chastity not to care for her Husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual Round of Cards and good Company, He, poor Wretch! is left at large, to take Care of his own Contentment—'Tis time, indeed, some Care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet let me not be rash—Perhaps this Disappointment of my Heart may make me too impatient; and some Tempers, when reproached, grow more untractable—Here she comes—Let me be calm awhile.

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after Dinner, Madam?

Lady Town. Lard, my Lord! what can I possibly do at home?

Lord Town. What does my Sister, *Lady Grace*, do at home?

Lady Town. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any Pleasure at home?

Lord Town. It might be in your Power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady Town. Comfortable! and so, my good Lord, you would really have a Woman of my Rank and Spirit, stay at home to comfort her Husband! Lord! what Notions of Life some Men have?

Lord Town. Don't you think, Madam, some Ladies Notions are full as extravagant?

Lady Town. Yes, my Lord, when the tame Doves live coop'd within the Penn of your Precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed!

Lord Town. And when they fly wild about this Town, Madam, pray what must the World think of 'em then?

Lady Town. Oh! this World is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any Woman for liking it.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, a Husband so well-bred, as to bear my Wife's being so fond of it; in short, the Life you lead, Madam—

Lady Town. Is, to me, the pleasantest Life in the World.

Lord Town. I should not dispute your Taste, Madam, if a Woman had a Right to please no body but herself.

Lady Town. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord Town. Sometimes her Husband.

Lady Town. And don't you think a Husband under the same Obligation?

Lord Town. Certainly.

Lady Town. Why then we are agreed, my Lord—For if I never go abroad 'till I am weary of being at home—which you know is the Case—is it not equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one's weary of being abroad?

Lord Town. If this be your Rule of Life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious Question?

Lady Town. Don't let it be long a coming then—— for I am in haste.

Lord Town. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious Answer.

Lady Town. Before I know the Question?

Lord Town. Pshah—Have I Power, Madam, to make you serious by Intreaty?

Lady Town. You have.

Lord Town. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady Town. Sincerely.

Lord Town. Now then, recollect your Thoughts, and tell me seriously, why you married me?

Lady Town. You insist upon Truth, you say?

Lord Town. I think I have a right to it.

Lady Town. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a Proof of my Obedience and Sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that Restraint, that lay upon my Pleasures, while I was a single Woman.

Lord Town. How, Madam! is any Woman under less Restraint after Marriage, than before it?

Lady Town. O my Lord! my Lord! they are quite different Creatures! Wives have infinite Liberties in Life, that would be terrible in an unmarried Woman to take.

Lord Town. Name one.

Lady Town. Fifty, if you please!——to begin then, in the Morning——A married Woman may have Men at her Toilet, invite them to Dinner, appoint them a Party, in a Stage Box at the Play; ingross the Conversation there, call 'em by their Christian Names; talk louder than the Players;——From thence jaunt into the City——take a frolicksome Supper at an *India House*——perhaps, in her *Gaieté de Cœur* toast a pretty Fellow——Then clatter again to this End of the Town, break, with the Morning, into an Assembly, crowd to the Hazard Table, throw a familiar *levant* upon some sharp lurching Man of Quality, and if he demands his Money, turn it off with a loud Laugh, and cry——you'll owe it him, to vex him! ha! ha!

Lord Town. Prodigious!

[*Aside*

Lady Town. These now, my Lord, are some few of the many modish Amusements, that distinguish the Privilege of a Wife, from that of a single Woman.

Lord Town. Death! Madam, what Law has made these Liberties less scandalous in a Wife, than in an unmarried Woman?

Lady Town. Why, the strongest Law in the World, Custom—Custom Time out of Mind, my Lord.

Lord Town. Custom, Madam, is the Law of Fools; but it shall never govern me.

Lady Town. Nay then, my Lord, 'tis time for me to observe the Laws of Prudence.

Lord Town. I wish I could see an Instance of it.

Lady Town. You shall have one this Moment, my Lord: For I think, when a Man begins to lose his Temper at home, if a Woman has any Prudence, why——she'll go abroad 'till he comes to his Senses again.

[*Going.*

Lord Town. Hold, Madam—I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the Life you lead! You don't want Sense! and yet seem void of all Humanity: For with a Blush I say it, I think I have not wanted Love.

Lady Town. Oh! don't say that, my Lord, if you suppose I have my Senses?

Lord Town. What is it I have done to you? what can you complain of?

Lady Town. Oh! nothing in the least: 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord Lurcher an Hundred Pounds these three Weeks——but what then—a Husband is not liable to his Wife's Debts of Honour, you know,——and if a silly Woman will be uneasy about Money she can't be su'd for, what's that to him? as long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord Town. By Heaven, if my whole Fortune thrown into your Lap, could make you delight in the chearful Duties of a Wife, I should think myself a Gainer by the Purchase.

Lady Town. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole Estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a Shilling of it.

Lord Town. No, Madam; were I Master of your Heart, your Pleasures would be mine; but different, as they are, I'll feed even your Follies to deserve it—Perhaps you may have some other trifling Debts of Honour abroad, that keep you out of Humour at home—at least it shall not be my Fault, if I have not more of your Company—There, there's a Bill of Five Hundred—and now, Madam—

Lady Town. And now, my Lord, down to the Ground I thank you—Now am I convinc'd, were I weak enough to love this Man, I should never get a single Guinea from him. *[Aside.]*

Lord Town. If it be no Offence, Madam----

Lady Town. Say what you please, my Lord; I am in that Harmony of Spirits, it is impossible to put me out of Humour.

Lord Town. How long in Reason then, do you think that Sum ought to last you.

Lady Town. Oh. my dear, dear Lord! now you have spoil'd all again! How is it possible I should answer for an Event, that so utterly depends upon Fortune? But to shew you that I am more inclin'd to get Money, than to throw it away—I have a strong Possession, that with this five Hundred, I shall win five Thousand.

Lord Town. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand it would be no Satisfaction to me.

Lady Town. O! the Churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand!—Ten thousand! O! the charming Sum! what infinite pretty things might a Woman of Spirit do, with ten thousand Guineas! O my Conscience, if she were a Woman of true Spirit—she—she might lose 'em all again.

Lord Town. And I had rather it should be so, Madam; provided I could be sure, that were the last you would lose.

Lady Town. Well, my Lord, to let you see I design to play all the good Housewife I can, I am now going to a Party at *Quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two Guineas a Fish, with the Dutchess of *Quiteright*. *[Exit Lady Townly.]*

Lord *Town*. Insensible Creature ! neither Reproaches, or Indulgence, Kindness, or Severity, can wake her to the least Reflection ! Continual Licence has lull'd her into such a Lethargy of Care, that she speaks of her Excesses with the same easy Confidence, as if they were so many Virtues. What a Turn has her Head taken !
 —But how to cure it— I am afraid the Physic must be strong, that reaches her— Lenitives, I see, are to no Purpose— take my Friend's Opinion—
Manly will speak freely— my Sister with Tenderness to both Sides. They know my Case— I'll talk with 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Manly*, my Lord, has sent to know, if your Lordship was at home.

Lord *Town*. They did not deny me ?

Serv. No, my Lord.

Lord *Town*. Very well ; step up to my Sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady *Grace* is here, my Lord. [Exit *Serv.*

Enter Lady Grace.

Lord *Town*. So, Lady fair ; what pretty Weapons have you been killing your Time with ?

Lady *Grace*. A huge Folio, that has almost kill'd me— I think I have half read my Eyes out.

Lord *Town*. O ! you should not pore so much just after Dinner, Child.

Lady *Grace*. That's true ; but any Body's Thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord *Town*. Whose there ?

Enter Servant.

Leave Word at the Door, I am at home to no body but Mr. *Manly*.

Lady *Grace*. And why is he excepted, pray, my Lord ?

Lord *Town*. I hope, Madam, you have no Objection to his Company ?

Lady *Grace*. Your particular Orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord *Town*. And your Ladyship's Enquiry into the Reason of those Orders, shews, at least, it was not a Matter indifferent to you!

Lady *Grace*. Lord! you make the oddest Constructions, Brother!

Lord *Town*. Look you, my grave Lady *Grace*—in one serious Word—I wish you had him.

Lady *Grace*. I can't help that.

Lord *Town*. Ha! you can't help it! Ha! ha! ha! The flat Simplicity of that Reply was admirable?

Lady *Grace*. Pooh! you teize one, Brother!

Lord *Town*. Come, I beg Pardon, Child——this is not a Point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady *Grace*. If you desire it, Brother! though upon my Word, as to Mr. *Manly*'s having any serious Thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord *Town*. Well———there's nothing wrong, in your making a Doubt of it——But in short, I find, by his Conversation of late, that he has been looking round the World for a Wife; and if you were to look round the World for a Husband, he's the first Man I would give to you.

Lady *Grace*. Then, whenever he makes me any Offer, Brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord *Town*. O! that's the last thing he'll do; he'll never make you any Offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refus'd.

Lady *Grace*. Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make an Offer of that kind to you?

Lord *Town*. Not directly: but that imports nothing; he is a Man too well acquainted with the Female World, to be brought into a high Opinion of any one Woman, without some well-examined Proof of her Merit: Yet I have Reason to believe, that your good Sense, your turn of Mind, and your way of Life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few Days will reduce him to talk plainly to me: Which as yet (notwithstanding our Friendship) I have neither declin'd, nor encouraged him to.

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad we are so near, in our way of thinking: For to tell you the Truth he is much upon the same Terms with me: You know he has a satyirical Turn; but never lashes any Folly, without giving due Encomiums to its opposite Virtue: and upon such Occasions, he is sometimes particular in turning his Compliments upon me, which I don't receive, with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord Town. You are right, Child: When a Man of Sense makes his Addresses, good Sense may give him an Answer, without Scorn, or Coquetry.

Lady Grace. Hush! he's here—

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord, your most obedient.

Lord Town. Dear *Manly*! yours—I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then I am glad I am here, my Lord——
Lady Grace, I kiss your Hands!——What, only you two! How many Visits may a Man make, before he falls into such unfashionable Company? A Brother and Sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole Town is a gadding? I question if there is so particular a *Tête à Tête* again, in the whole Parish of *St. James's*!

Lady Grace. *Fy! fy!* *Mr. Manly*; how censorious you are?

Man. I had not made the Reflection, Madam, but that I saw you an Exception to it—Where's my Lady?

Lord Town. That I believe is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord—

Lord Town. But 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five Hours in Bed.

Man. Now, if that were my Case, I believe I should—But I beg Pardon, my Lord.

Lord Town. Indeed, Sir, you shall not: You will oblige me, if you speak out; for it was upon this Head, I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, since you oblige me to proceed—If that were my Case—I believe I should certainly sleep in another House.

Lady Grace. How do you Mean?

Man. Only a Compliment, Madam.

Lady Grace. A Compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning myself out of Doors than her.

Lady Grace. Don't you think, that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for in strict Justice, I think she ought rather to go than I.

Lady Grace. This is new Doctrine, Mr. Manly.

Man. As old, Madam, as, *Love, Honour, and Obey!* When a Woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a Man balance any thing that's right.

Lady Grace. Bless me, but this is fomenting things—

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel Tumours: tho' I don't directly advise my Lord to do this—This is only what, upon the same Provocation, I would do myself.

Lady Grace. Ay! ay! You would do! Bachelors Wives, indeed, are finely govern'd.

Man. If the married Mens were as well—I am apt to think we should not see so many mutual Plagues taking the Air, in separate Coaches!

Lady Grace. Well! but suppose it your own Case; would you part with a Wife, because she now and then lays out, in the best Company?

Lord Town. Well said, *Lady Grace!* come, stand up for the Privilege of your Sex! This is like to be a warm Debate! I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a Wife after Midnight, has no Occasion to be in better Company than her Husband's; and that frequent unreasonable Hours make the best Company—the worst Company she can fall into.

Lady Grace. But if People of Condition are to keep company with one another; how is it possible to be done unless one conforms to their Hours?

Man. I can't find, that any Woman's good Breeding obliges her to conform to other People's Vices.

Lord Town. I doubt, Child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the Question.

Lady Grace. Why so my Lord? I can't think the Case so bad, as Mr. *Manly* states it—People of Quality are not ty'd down to the Rules of those, who have their Fortunes to make.

Man. No People, Madam, are above being ty'd down to some Rules, that have Fortunes to lose.

Lady Grace. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the Argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord Town. Well, what say you to that, *Manly*?

Man. Why, 'troth my Lord, I have something to say.

Lady Grace. Ay! that I should be glad to hear now.

Lord Town. Out with it!

Man. Then in one Word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the Mis-conduct of my Lady has, in a great Measure, been owing to your Lordship's Treatment of her.

Lady Grace. Bless me!

Lord Town. My Treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you so idoliz'd her before Marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a Mistress, after it: In short, you continu'd the Lover, when you should have taken up the Husband.

Lady Grace. O frightful! this is worse than t'other can a Husband love a Wife too well!

Man. As easy, Madam, as a Wife may love her Husband too little.

Lord Town. So! you two are never like to agree, I find.

Lady Grace. Don't be positive Brother;—I am afraid we are both of a Mind, already. [*Aside.*] And do you at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. *Manly*?

Man. Never, Madam; 'till I can meet with a Woman that likes my Doctrine.

Lady Grace. 'Tis pity but your Mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the Woman that won't hear it.

Lady Grace. I think, at least, he can't say, that's me. [*Aside.*]

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more Power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; have

ing such intire Possession of you, she is not Mistress of herself! And, Mercy on us! how many fine Womens Heads have been turn'd upon the same Occasion!

Lord Town. O Manly! 'tis too true! there's the Source of my Disquiet! she knows, and has abus'd her Power! Nay, I am still so weak (with shame I speak it) 'tis not an Hour ago, that in the midst of my Impatience—I gave her another Bill for Five Hundred to throw away.

Man. Well—my Lord! to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of Good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you; for the greater your Indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady Grace. Ay, Mr. Manly! here now I begin to come in with you: Who knows, my Lord, you may have a good Account of your Kindness!

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon: But since you have had so much Patience, my Lord, even go on with it a Day or two more; and upon her Ladyship's next Sally, be a little rounder in your Expostulation; if that don't work—drop her some cool Hints of a determin'd Reformation, and leave her—to breakfast upon 'em.

Lord Town. You are perfectly right! how valuable is a Friend, in our Anxiety.

Man. Therefore to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another Cause.

Lady Grace. Ay! for Goodness sake let's have done with this.

Lord Town. With all my Heart.

Lady Grace. Have you no News abroad, Mr. Manly?

Man. *A propos*——I have some, Madam; and I believe, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord Town. Pray let's have it.

Man. Do you know, that your Country Neighbour, and my wife Kinsman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to Town with his whole Family?

Lord Town. The Fool! what can be his Business here?

Man. Oh! of the last Importance, I'll assure you—No less than the Business of the Nation.

Lord Town. Explain!

Man. He has carried his Election——against Sir *John Wortbland*.

Lord Town. The deuce! what! for—for—

Man. The famous Borough of *Guzzledown*!

Lord Town. A proper Representative, indeed.

Lady Grace. Pray, *Mr. Manly*, don't I know him?

Man. You have din'd with him, Madam, when I was last down with my Lord, at *Bellmont*.

Lady Grace. Was not that he, that got a little merry before Dinner, and overfet the Tea-table, in making his Compliments to my Lady.

Man. The same.

Lady Grace. Pray what are his Circumstances; I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, Madam. His Estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand Pounds a Year: Though as it was left him, saddled with two Jointures, and two weighty Mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young Hussy, for Love, without a Penny of Money! Thus having, like his brave Ancestors, provided Heirs for the Family (for his Dove breeds like a tame Pigeon) he now finds Children and Interest Money make such a bawling about his Ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly Advice of his Kinsman, the good Lord *Danglecourt*, to run his Estate two thousand Pounds more in Debt, to put the whole Management of what's left into *Paul Pillage's* Hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his Affairs, by being a Parliament-Man.

Lord Town. A most admirable Scheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politic Prospect, he's now upon his Journey to *London*.

Lord Town. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a Journey into the Country again.

Lord Town. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his Money's gone; or at least, 'till the Session is over?

Man. If my Intelligence is right, my Lord, he won't sit long enough to give his Vote for a Turnpike.

Lord Town. How so?

Man. O! a bitter Business! he had scarce a Vote, in the whole Town, beside the Returning Officer: Sir *John* will certainly have it heard at the Bar of the House, and send him about his Business again.

Lord Town. Then he has made a fine Business of it, indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little Interest will go, shall be done in as few Days as possible.

Lady Grace. By why would you ruin the poor Gentleman's Fortune, Mr. *Manly*?

Man. No, Madam, I would only spoil his Project, to save his Fortune.

Lady Grace. How are you concern'd enough to do either?

Man. Why—I have some Obligations to the Family, Madam: I enjoy at this Time a pretty Estate, which Sir *Francis* was Heir at Law to: But—by his being a Booby, the last Will of an obstinate old Uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [*To Man.*] Sir, here's one of your Servants from your House, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my Lord?

Lord Town. Sir—the Ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well, *James*! what's the Matter now?

James. Sir, here's *John Moody*'s just come to Town: he says Sir *Francis*, and all the Family, will be here to-night, and is in a great Hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our House, Sir: He has been gaping and stumping about the Streets, in his dirty Boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good Lodging for a Parliament-Man, 'till he can hire a handsome whole House, fit for all his Family for the Winter.

Man. I am afraid, my Lord, I must wait upon Mr. *Moody*.

Lord *Town*. Pr'ythee! let's have him here; he will divert us.

Man. O, my Lord! he's such a Cub! Not but he's so near Common Sense, that he passes for a Wit in the Family.

Lady *Grace*. I beg of all things, we may have him: I am in love with Nature, let her Dress be never so homely!

Man. Then desire him to come hither *James*.

[*Exit. James.*]

Lady *Grace*, Pray what may be Mr. *Moody's* Post?

Man. Oh! his *Maitre d'Hôtel*, his Butler, his Bailiff, his Hind, his Huntsman; and sometimes——his Companion.

Lord *Town*. It runs in my Head, that the Moment this Knight has set him down in the House, he will get up to give them the earliest Proof, of what Importance he is to the Public, in his own Country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost Importance stands valued at——sometimes being invited to Dinner.

Lady *Grace*. And her Ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a Figure, in her Sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: For (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the Jade in her, than she yet knows of: And she will so improve in this rich Soil, in a Month, that she will visit all the Ladies, that will let her into their Houses: And run in Debt to all the Shop-keepers that will let her into their Books: In short, before her Important Spouse has made five Pounds, by his Eloquence, at *Westminster*; she will have lost five hundred at Dice and *Quadrille*, in the Parish of *St. James's*.

Lord *Town*. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of Duns will be ready for their Money; and his Worship——will be ready for a Jail.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the Account of this hopeful Journey to *London*——But see here comes the Fore-horse of the Team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! Honest *John*!

John Moody. Ad's waunds, and heart! Measter Manly!

I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a buse!
 Why that's friendly naw! Flesh! I thought we should
 never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do Measter?
 —Good lack! I beg Pardon, for my Bawldness——
 I did not see, 'at his Honour was here.

Lord Town. Mr. Moody, your Servant: I am glad to
 see you in London. I hope all the good Family is well.

John Moody. Thanks be prais'd your Honour, they
 are all in pretty good Heart; thof we have had a power
 of Crosses upo' the Road.

Lady Grace. I hope my Lady has had no hurt, Mr.
 Moody.

John Moody. Noa, and please your Ladyship, she
 was never in better Humour: There's Money enough
 stirring now.

Man. What has been the Matter, John?

John Moody. Why, we came up in such a Hurry, you
 mun think; that our Tackle was not so tight as it
 should be.

Man. Come, tell us all——Pray how do they travel?

John Moody. Why i'the awld Coach, Measter, and
 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure,
 she would have a Couple of Cart horses clapt to th' four
 old Geldings, that Neighbours might see she went up
 to London in her Coach and Six! And so Giles Foulter,
 the Plowman, rides Postilion!

Man. Very well! The Journey sets out as it should
 do, [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the Children with
 them too?

John Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk Squoire, and
 Miss Jenny. The other Foive are all out at Board at
 half a Crown a Head, a Week, with John Growse at
 Smoke-Dunghill Farm.

Man. Good-again! a right English Academy for
 younger Children!

John Moody. Anon, Sir. [*Not understanding him.*]

Lady Grace. Poor Souls! what will become of 'em?

John Moody. Nay, nay, for that Matter, Madam,
 they are in very good Hands: Joan loves 'um as thof
 they were all her own: For she was Wet Nurse to every

Mother's Babe of 'um——Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a Belly-Full there!

Lady Grace. What Simplicity!

Man. The Lud 'a Mercy upon all good Folks! What Work will these People make! [*Holding up his Hands.*

Lord Town. And when do you expect them here, *John*?

John Moody. Why we were in hopes to a' come Yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' owld Wheazebelly Horse tyr'd: And then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two Fore-Wheels came crash! down at once, in *Waggon-Rut Lane*, and there we lost four Hours 'fore we cou'd get things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their Baggage with the Coach then?

John Moody. Ay, ay, and good Store on't there is—Why, my Lady's Geer alone were as much as fill'd four Portmantel Trunks, beside the great Deal-Box, that heavy *Ralph* and the Monkey sit upon behind.

Lord Town. *Lady Grace.* and *Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Grace. Well, Mr. *Moody*, and pray how many are they within the Coach?

John Moody. Why there's my Lady, and his Worship; and the younk Squoire, and Miss *Jenny*, and the fat Lap-Dog, and my Lady's Maid, Mrs. *Handy*, and *Doll Tripe* the Cook, that's all——Only *Doll* puked a little with riding backward, so they hoisted her into the Coach-Box——And then her Stomach was easy.

Lady Grace. Oh! I see 'em! I see 'em go by me. Ah! ha!

[*Laughing.*

John Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some Stowage for the Belly, as well as the Back too; Children are apt to be famisht upo' the Road; so we had such Cargoes of Plump-Cake, and Baskets of Tongues, and Biscuits, and Cheese, and col'd Boil'd beef—And then, in case of Sickness, Bottles of Cherry Brandy, Plague water, Sack, Tent, and Strong Beer so plenty as made the owld Coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and send 'em all well to Town, I say.

Man. Ay! And well out on't again, *John.*

John Moody. Ods bud! Measter you're a wise Mon; and for that Matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say:

I'm sure we ha' got but little Good, e'er sin' we turn'd our Backs on't. Nothing but Mischief! Some Devil's Trick or other plagued us, awth' Dey lung! Crack! goes one thing: Bawnee! goes another. Woa, says *Roger*—Then sowse! we are all fet fast in a Slough, Whaw! cries Miss! Scream go the Maids! and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck! And so Mercy on us! this was the Trade from Morning to Night. But my Lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I told her, it was *Childermas Day*.

Man. These Ladies, these Ladies, *John*—

John Moody. Ah, Measter? I ha' seen a little of 'em; And I find that the best—when she's mended, won't ha' much Goodness to spare.

Lord Town. Well said, *John*. Ha! ha!

Man. I hope at least, you and your good Woman agree still.

John Moody. Ay! ay! much of a muchness. *Bridget* sticks to me: 'Tho' as for her Goodness—why, she was willing to come to *London* too——But hawld a Bit! Noa, noa, says I, there may be Mischief enough done without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, *John*, and like a *Man*.

John Moody. Ah, weast Heart, were Measter but hawf the Mon that I am——Ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stawtly too sometimes——But then he conno' hawld it——no! he conno' hawld it.

Lord Town. Lady Grace, and *Man*. Ha! ha! ha!

John Moody. Ods flesh! But I mun hye me whoam! th' Coach will be coming every Hour naw——but Measter charg'd me to find your Worship out; for he has hugey Business with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean Neckcloth.

Man. O *John*! I'll wait upon him.

John Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

John Moody. Just i'th' Street next to where your Worship dwells, the Sign of the *Golden Ball*——It's Gold

all over; where they sell Ribbands and Flappets, and other sort of Geer for Gentlewomen.

Man. A Milliner's?

John Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly: Waunds! she has a Couple of clever Girls there stitching i'th' Fore-Room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a Woman of good Business, no doubt on't—Who recommended that House to you, *John*?

John Moody. The greatest good Fortune in the World sure! For as I was gaping about Streets, who should look out of the Window there, but the fine Gentleman, that was always riding by our Coach Side, at *York* Races—Count—*Basset*; ay, that's he.

Man. *Basset*? Oh, I remember? I know him by Sight.

John Moody. Well! to be sure, as civil a Gentleman, to see to—

Man. As any Sharper in Town.

[*Aside.*]

John Moody. At *York*, he us'd to breakfast with my Lady every Morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her Ladyship will return his Compliment here in Town.

[*Aside.*]

John Moody. Well Measter—

Lord Town. My Service to Sir *Francis*, and my Lady, *John*.

Lady Grace. And mine, pray Mr. *Moody*.

John Moody. Ay, your Honours, they'll be proud on't. I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my Compliments myself: So, honest *John*—

John Moody. Dear Measter *Manly*? the Goodness of Goodness blefs and preserve you. [*Exit John Moody.*]

Lord Town. What a natural Creature 'tis!

Lady Grace. Well! I can't but think *John*, in a wet Afternoon in the Country, must be very good Company.

Lord Town. O! the *Tramontane*! If this were known at half the *Quadrille*-Tables in Town, they would lay down their Cards to laugh at you.

Lady Grace. And the Minute they took them up again they would do the same at the Losers—But to let you see, that I think good Company may sometimes want

Cards to keep them together, what think you, if we three sat soberly down, to kill an Hour at *Ombre*?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, *Madam*.

Lady Grace. No Matter! I shall have as much Advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

Lord Town. Say you so, *Madam*? Have at you, then! Here! Get the *Ombre*-Table, and Cards.

[*Exit Lord Townly*.

Lady Grace. Come, *Mr. Manly*—I know you don't forgive me now!

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, *Madam*. Where do you imagine I could pass my Time so agreeably?

Lady Grace. I'm sorry my Lord is not here to take share of the Compliment—But he'll wonder what's become of us!

Man. I'll follow in a Moment, *Madam*—

[*Exit Lady Grace*.

It must be so—She fees I love her—yet with what un-offending Decency she avoids an Explanation? How amiable is every Hour of her Conduct? What a vile Opinion have I had of the whole Sex, for these ten Years past, which this sensible Creature has recover'd in less than One? Such a Companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome Disappointments, that Pride, Folly, and Falshood ever gave me!

Could Women regulate, like her, their Lives,

What *Halcyon* Days were in the Gift of Wives!

Vain Rovers, then, might envy what they hate;

And only Fools would mock the married State. [*Exit*.

A C T II.

Mrs. Motherly's House.

Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.

Count Bas. I TELL you there is not such a Family in England, for you! Do you think I would have gone out of your Lodgings for any Body, that was not sure to make you easy for the Winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the Gentleman's being a Parliament-Man; and when People may, as it were, think one Impertinent, or be out of Humour, you know, when a Body comes to ask for one's own——

Count Bas. Pshah! Pr'ythee never trouble thy Head—His Pay is as good as the Bank!—Why, he has above two thousand a Year!

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: Your People of ten thousand a Year, have ten thousand things to do with it.

Count Bas. Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your Money; what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. As how?

Count Bas. Why I have a Game in my Hand, in which if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?—Why then, I go, Sir—and now pray let's see your Game.

Count Bas. Look you in one Word, my Cards lie thus—When I was down this Summer at York, I happen'd to lodge in the same House with this Knight's Lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

Count Bas. And sometimes had the Honour to Break-fast, and pass an idle Hour with her.

Moth. Very good; and here I suppose you would have the Impudence to Sup, and be busy with her.

Count Bas. Pshah! pr'ythee hear me!

Moth. Is this your Game? I would not give Sixpence for it! What, you have a Passion for her Pin-Money—no, no, Country Ladies are not so flush of it!

Count Bas. Nay, if you won't have Patience——

Moth. One had need have a good deal, I am sure, to hear you talk at this rate! Is this your way of making my poor Niece Myrtilla easy?

Count Bas. Death! I shall do it still, if the Woman will but let me speak——

Moth. Had not you a letter from her this Morning?

Count *Baf.* I have it here in my Pocket—this is it.

[*Shews it and puts it up again.*]

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any Answer to it.

Count *Baf.* How the Devil can I, if you won't hear me!

Moth. What! hear you talk of another Woman?

Count *Baf.* O lud! O lud! I tell you, I'll make her Fortune—'Ounds! I'll marry her.

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when she was a Maid, your Stomach is not so sharp set now, I presume.

Count *Baf.* Hey day! why your Head begins to turn my Dear! the Devil! you did not think I propos'd to marry her myself!

Moth. If you don't, who the Devil do you think will marry her?

Count *Baf.* Why, a Fool——

Moth. Humph! there may be Sense in that——

Count *Baf.* Very good—One for t'other then; if I can help her to a Husband, why should not you come into my Scheme of helping me to a Wife?

Moth. Your Pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an honourable Affair, you know you may command me—but pray where is this blessed Wife and Husband to be had!

Count *Baf.* Now have a little Patience—You must know then, this Country Knight, and his Lady, bring up, in the Coach with them, their eldest Son and a Daughter, to teach them to——wash their Faces, and turn their Toes out.

Moth. Good!

Count *Baf.* The Son is an unlick'd Whelp, about sixteen, just taken from School; and begins to hanker after every Wench in the Family: the Daughter, much of the same Age, a pert forward Husky, who having eight thousand Pound left her by an old doting Grandmother, seems to have a devilish Mind to be doing in her Way too.

Moth. And your Design is, to put her into Business for Life?

Count *Baf.* Look you, in short, Mrs. *Motherly*, we Gentlemen, whose occasional Chariots roll, only, upon the four Aces, are liable sometimes, you know, to have

a Wheel out of Order: Which, I confess, is so much my Case at present, that my Dapple Grays are reduc'd to a Pair of Ambling Chairmen: Now, if with your Assistance, I can whip up this young Jade into a Hackney-Coach, I may chance, in a Day or two after, to carry her in my own Chariot, *en famille*, to an Opera. Now what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep—for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the Family's smoking your Design?

Count *Bas.* By renewing my Addresses to the Mother.

Moth. And how will the Daughter like that, think you?

Count *Bas.* Very well—whilst it covers her own Affair.

Moth. That's true—it must do—but, as you say, one for t'other Sir, I stick to that—if you don't do my Niece's Business with the Son, I'll blow you with the Daughter, depend upon't.

Count *Bas.* It's a Bett—pay as we go, I tell you, and the five hundred shall be stak'd, in a third Hand.

Moth. That's honest—But here comes my Niece! shall we let her into the Secret?

Count *Bas.* Time enough! may be, I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilla.

Moth. So Niece, are all the Rooms done out, and the Beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, Madam, but Mr. *Moody* tells us the Lady always burns Wax, in her own Chamber, and we have none in the House.

Moth. Odso! then I must beg your Pardon, Count; this is a busy Time you know. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count *Bas.* *Myrtilla!* how dost thou do, Child?

Myr. As well as a losing Gamester can.

Count *Bas.* Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for't.

Count *Bas.* Why Child, dost thou ever see any body over-joy'd for winning a deep Stake, six Months after 'tis over.

Myr. Would I had never play'd for it!

Count *Baf.* Pshaw! Hang these melancholy Thoughts! we may be Friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count *Baf.* Useful ones perhaps——suppose I should help thee to a good Husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your Hands.

Count *Baf.* What do you think of the young Country Squire, the Heir of the Family, that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count *Baf.* Nay, I only give you the Hint, Child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you—Hark! what Buffle's that without.

Enter Mrs. Motherly in haste.

Moth. Sir! Sir! the Gentleman's Coach is at the Door! they are all come!

Count *Baf.* What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out!——won't you step and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the Way, Niece! I must run and receive them. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count *Baf.* And think of what I told you. [*Exit Count.*]

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of as long as I live——a faithless Fellow! I am sure, I have been true to him: and for that only Reason, he wants to be rid of me: But while Women are weak, Men will be Rogues! And for a Bane to both their Joys and ours; when our Vanity indulges them, in such innocent Favours as make them adore us; we can never be well, 'till we grant them the very one, that puts an end to their Devotion——But here comes my Aunt, and the Company.

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead, led by Count Basset.

Moth. If your Ladyship pleases to walk into this Parlour, Madam, only for the present, 'till your Servants have got all your Things in.

Lady *Wrong.* Well! dear Sir, this is so infinitely

obliging!—I protest it gives me Pain tho', to turn you out of your Lodging thus!

Count *Baf.* No Trouble in the least, Madam; we single Fellows are soon mov'd; besides, Mrs. *Motherly's* my old Acquaintance, and I could not be her Hindrance.

Moth. The Count is so well-bred, Madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more to accommodate your Ladyship.

Lady *Wrong.* O dear Madam!—A good well-bred sort of a Woman. [Apart to the Count.

Count *Baf.* O Madam, she is very much among People of Quality, she is seldom without them in her House.

Lady *Wrong.* Are there a good many People of Quality in this Street, Mrs. *Motherly*?

Moth. Now your Ladyship is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a House without them.

Lady *Wrong.* I am mighty glad of that: for really I think People of Quality should always live among one another.

Count *Baf.* 'Tis what one would choose indeed, Madam.

Lady *Wrong.* Bless me! but where are the Children all this while?

Moth. Sir *Francis*, Madam, I believe is taking Care of them.

Sir *Fran.* [within] *John Moody*! stay you by the Coach, and see all our Things out—Come, Children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir *Francis*, 'Squire *Richard*, and Miss *Jenny*.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Count! I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed!

Count *Baf.* Sir *Francis*? give me leave to bid you welcome to *London*.

Sir *Fran.* Pshah! how dost do, Mon—Waunds I'm glad to see thee!—a good sort of a House this!

Count *Baf.* Is not that Master *Richard*?

Sir *Fran.* Ey! Ey! that's young hopeful—why do'st not baw, *Dick*?

Squ. *Rich.* So I do, Feyther.

Count *Baf.* Sir I'm glad to see you—I protest Mrs. *Jane* is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir *Fran.* Come forward, *Jenny*.

Jenny. Sure, Papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count *Bas.* If I have Permission to approach her, Sir *Francis*.

Jenny. Lord, Sir, I'm in such a frightful Pickle—

[*Salute.*

Count *Bas.* Ev'ry Dress that's proper must become you, Madam,—you have been a long Journey.

Jenny. I hope you'll see me in a better to-morrow, Sir.

[*Lady Wrong.* *whispers Mrs. Moth. pointing to Myrtilla.*

Moth. Only a Neice of mine, Madam, that lives with me; she will be proud to give your Ladyship any Assistance in her Power.

Lady Wrong. A pretty sort of a young Woman—
Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. O, Mamma! I am never strange, in a strange Place! [Salutes Myrtilla.

Myr. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam—
Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to *London*.

Jenny. Mamma! I like her prodigiously; she call'd me my Ladyship.

Squ. Rich. Pray Mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too!

Lady Wrong. You! you Clown! stay 'till you learn a little more Breeding first.

Sir *Fran.* Od's Heart, my *Lady Wronghead!* why do you balk the Lad? how should he ever learn Breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squ. Rich. Why ay, Feyther, does Moather think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much Good-humour, Madam, he would soon gain upon any Body. [He kisses Myr.

Squ. Rich. Lo' you there, Moather; and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, Sirrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

Squ. Rich. Why, 'an I know no body, haw the *Mur-rain* mun I pass my Time here, in a strange Place? Naw you and I, and Sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an After-noon, may play at One and thirty Bone-Ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, Sir! D'ye think I'll play at such clownish Games?

Squ. Rich. Why and you woan't yo' may let it aloane; then she, and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at All-fours; without you.

Sir Fran. Noa! noa! *Dick*, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at Ombre, here, Child.

Myr. If Master pleases, I'll shew it him.

Squ. Rich. What! the *Humber*! Hoy day! why does our River run to this Tawn, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly Tony! Ombre is a Geam at Cards, that the better sort of People play three together at.

Squ. Rich. Nay, the moare the merrier, I say; but Sister is always so cross-grain'd——

Jenny. Lord! this Boy is enough to deaf People—— and one has really been stuff'd up in a Coach so long, that—Pray Madam—could not I get a little Powder for my Hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, Madam.

[*Exeunt Myr. and Jenny.*]

Squ. Rich. What has Sister ta'en her away naw! mefs I'll go and have little geam with 'em. [*Ex. after them.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your Lodgings, but you'll come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of Mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh't nowght to do.

Count Bas. Well, Sir *Francis*, you shall find I'll make but very little Ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why ay naw, that's hearty?

Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh yourself, with a Dish of Tea, after your Fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please, Mrs. *Motherly*; but I believe we had best have it above Stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam; it shall be ready immediately. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

Count *Baf.* Shan't we stay for Sir *Francis*, Madam?

Lady *Wrong.* Lard! don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay! ne'er heed me—I ha' things to look after.
[*Exeunt Lady Wrong. and Count Baf.*]

Enter John Moody.

John Mood. Did your Worship want muh.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, is the Coach clear'd? and all our Things in?

John Mood. Aw but a few Band-boxes, and the Nook that's left o'th' Goose Poy—But a Plague on him, th' Monkey has gin us the slip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his Relations; for here looks to be a Power of 'um in this Tawn—but heavy *Ralph* is skawer'd after him.

Sir *Fran.* Why, let him go to the Devil! no matter, and the Hawnds had had him a Month agoe—but I wish the Coach and Horses were got safe to th' Inn! This is a sharp Tawn, we mun look about us here, *John*, therefore I would have you go along with *Roger*, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the Stable.

John Mood. Alas-a-day, Sir: I believe our awld Cattle won't yeafily be run away with to-night—but howsomdever, we'ft ta' the best Care we can of 'um poor Sawls.

Sir *Fran.* Well, well! make haste then—

[*Moody goes out and returns.*]

John Mood. Ods Flesh, here's Measter *Monly* come to wait upo' your Worship!

Sir *Fran.* Wheere is he?

John Mood. Just coming in at Threshold.

Sir *Fran.* Then goa about your Businefs. [*Ex. Mood.*]

Enter Manly.

Cousin *Monly*! Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir *Francis*—and—

Sir *Fran.* Odsheart! this was so kindly done of you naw.

Man. I wish you may think it so, Cousin! for I confess, I should have been better pleas'd to have seen you in any other Place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I am not concern'd.

Sir Fran. Look you, Cousin! thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty Reasons for what I have done, that you will say, Sir, this is the wisest Journey that ever I made in my Life.

Man. I think it ought to be, Cousin; for I believe, you will find it the most expensive one—your Election did not cost a Trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a little; but if a Man's wife (and I han't fawn'd yet that I'm a Fool) there are ways, Cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay if you have the Secret——

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, Cousin—you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short then, I have a Friend in a Corner, that has let me a little into what's What, at *Westminster*,—that's one Thing.

Man. Very well! but what Good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other Folks?

Man. Other People, I doubt have the Advantage of different Qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have liv'd all my Days i'th' Country—what then—I'm o'the *Quorum*——I have been at Sessions, and I have made Speeches there! ay, and at Vestry too——and may hap they may find here,——that I have brought my Tongue up to Tawn with me? D'ye take me naw?

Man. If I take your Case right, Cousin, I am afraid the first Occasion you will have for your Eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any Right to make Use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean?

Man. That Sir *John Worthland* has lodg'd a Petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why ay! there let it lie—-we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!—why, you forget, Cousin, *Sir John's* o'the wrung side, Mon!

Man. I doubt, *Sir Francis*, that will do you but little Service; for in Cafes very notorious (which I take yours to be) there is such a Thing as a short Day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my Heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

Man. And this is the Scheme you have laid down, to repair your Fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, Cousin, I think it my Duty! the *Wrongheads* have been a considerable Family, ever since *England* was *England*; and since the World knows I have Talents where-withal; they shan't say its my Fault, If I don't make as good a Figure as any that ever were at the Head on't.

Man. Nay! this Project as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your Ancestors have done these five hundred Years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it! mayhap I hav'n't told you, all neither——

Man. You astonish me! what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it——every whit, Cousin? you'll find that I have more Irons i'the Fire than one! I doan't come of a Fool's Errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a Word, my Wife has got a Friend at Court, as well as myself, and her Dowghter *Jenny* is naw pretty well grown up——

Man. [*Aside.*]—And what in the Devil's Name would he do with the Dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a Husband for her, mayhap i'this Tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some Thoughts of getting her to be Maid of Honour.

Man. [*Aside.*] Oh! he has taken my Breath away! but

I must hear him out—Pray, Sir *Francis*, do you think her Education has yet qualified her for a Court?

Sir *Fran.* Why, the Girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true! but she has Tongue enough: She woan't be daff't! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplisht, you must still wait for a Vacancy.

Sir *Fran.* Why I hope one has a good Chance for that every Day, Cousin! For if I take it right, that's a Post, that Folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—It's like an Orange-Tree, upon that accawnt—it will bear Blossoms, and Fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your Pretensions! But pray where is my Lady, and my young Cousins? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir *Fran.* She is but just taking a Dish a Tea with the Count, and my Landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir *Fran.* Ods-heart! but you mun see her naw, Cousin; what! the best Friend I have in the World! ——— Here! Sweet-heart! [*To a Servant without.*] pr'ythee desire my Lady, and the Gentleman to come down a bit; tell her here's Cousin *Manly* come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the Gentleman be?

Sir *Fran.* You mun know him to be sure; why it's Count *Basset*.

Man. Oh! is it he?—Your Family will be infinitely happy in his Acquaintance.

Sir *Fran.* Troth! I think so too: He's the civilest Man that ever I knew in my Life—why! here he would go out of his own Lodgings, at an Hour's Warning, purely to oblige my Family. Wasn't that kind naw?

Man. Extremely civil—the Family is in admirable Hands already!

Sir *Fran.* Then my Lady likes him hugely—all the Time of *York Races*, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent Man,

you know, should always take care that his Wife may have innocent Company.

Sir *Fran*, Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir *Fran*. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon Ceremony; that's his Fault.

Man. O never fear! he'll mend that every Day——
Mercy on us! what a Head he has! [Aside.]

Sir *Fran*. So! here they come!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Bassett, and Mrs. Motherly.

Lady *Wrong*. Cousin *Manly*! this is infinitely obliging! I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient Servant, Madam? I am glad to see your Ladyship look so well, after your Journey.

Lady *Wrong*. Why really! coming to *London* is apt to put a little more Life in one's Looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here is very apt to deaden the Complexion——and give me leave to tell you as a Friend, Madam, you are come to the worst Place in the World, for a good Woman to grow better in.

Lady *Wrong*. Lord, Cousin! how should People ever make any Figure in Life, that are always moap'd up in the Country?

Count *Bas*. Your Ladyship certainly takes the Thing in a quite right Light, Madam: Mr. *Manly*, your humble Servant—a hem.

Man. Familiar Puppy. [Aside.] Sir, your most obedient——I must be civil to the Rascal, to cover my Suspicion of him. [Aside.]

Count *Bas*. Was you at *White's* this Morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I just called in.

Count *Bas*. Pray--what--was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir; the same daily Carcasses, and the same Crows about them.

Count *Bas*. The *Demoiselle*-Baronet had a bloody Tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your Share of him.

Count *Bas*. No, faith! I came in when it was all

over—I think I just made a couple of Bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the *King's Arms*.

Lady Wrong. What a genteel, easy Manner he has!

[*Aside*.

Man. A very hopeful Acquaintance I have made here.

[*Aside*.

Enter Squire Richard, with a wet brown Paper on his Face.

Sir Fran. How naw, *Dick*! what's the matter with thy Forehead, Lad?

Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knuck upon't.

Lady Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedless Creature?

Squ. Rich. Why, I was but running after Sister, and t'other young Woman, into a little Room just naw; and so with that, they flapt the Door full in my Face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my Brains out? so I got a dab of wet brown Paper here, to swage it awhile.

Lady Wrong. They serv'd you right enough; will you never have done with your Horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh! never heed it Lad! it will be well by to-morrow—the Boy has a strong Head!

Man. Yes, truly, his Scull seems to be of a comfortable Thickness.

[*Aside*.

Sir Fran. Come, *Dick*, here's Cousin *Manly*—Sir, this is your God-Son.

Lady Wrong. Oh! here's my Daughter too.

Enter Miss Jenny.

Squ. Rich. Honour'd Gudfeyther! I crave leave to ask your Blessing.

Man. Thou hast it Child—and, if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a Man as thy Father.

Lady Wrong. Miss *Jenny*! don't you see your Cousin, Child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty Dear—[*Salutes her.*] may thou be, at least, as good a Woman, as thy Mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsom, Sir.

Man. Hah! Miss Pert! Now that's a Thought that seems to have been hatcht in the Girl on this side *Highbury*. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Her Tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady Wrong. That's only from her Country Education, *Sir Francis.* You know she has been kept too long there—so I brought her to *London*, Sir, to learn a little more Reserve and Modesty.

Man. O, the best Place in the World for it—every Woman she meets will teach her something of it—There's the good Gentlewoman of the House, looks like a knowing Person; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little *London* Behaviour.

Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my Instruction.

Man. That I dare say: What thou can't teach her, she will soon be Mistress of. [*Aside.*]

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her Service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging, indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil, truly—I think we are got into a mighty good House here.

Man. O yes, and very friendly Company.

Count Bas. Humh! I-gad I don't like his Looks—he seems a little smoky—I believe I had as good brush off—If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd Questions.

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the Family.

Count Bas. It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see: But it's no Matter, we have time enough. [*Aside.*] And so, Ladies, without Ceremony, your humble Servant.

[*Exit Count Bassett, and drops a Letter.*]

Lady Wrong. Ha! what Paper's this? Some Billet-doux I'll lay my Life, but this is no Place to examine it. [*Puts it in her Pocket.*]

Sir Fran. Why in such Haste, Cousin?

Man. O! my Lady must have a great many Affairs upon her Hands, after such a Journey.

Lady Wrong. I believe, Sir, I shall have not much less every Day, while I stay in this Town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why, truly, Ladies seldom want Employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And Mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young Mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir.

Man. Ha! Miss Mettle!—Where are you going, Sir?

Sir Fran. Only to see you to the Door, Sir.

Man. Oh! *Sir Francis*, I love to come and go, without Ceremony.

Sir Fran. Nay, Sir, I must do as you would have me—your humble Servant. [Exit Manly.]

Jenny. This Cousin *Manly*, Papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty Humour—I don't like him half so well as the Count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, Child—Cousin is a little proud indeed! but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of Money; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

Lady Wrong. Pshaw! a Fig for his Money, you have so many Projects of late about Money, since you are a Parliament-Man: What! we must make ourselves Slaves to his impertinent Humours, eight or ten Years perhaps, in hopes to be his Heirs, and then he will be just old enough to marry his Maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the Town says he is going to be married already.

Sir Fran. Who? Cousin *Manly*?

Lady Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why! is it possible your Ladyship should know nothing of it!—to my Lord *Townly's* Sister, *Lady Grace*.

Lady Wrong. *Lady Grace*?

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the News-Papers!

Lady Wrong. I don't like that neither.

Sir Fran. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it may'nt be true.

Lady Wrong. [Aside.] If it is not too far gone; at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

Squ. Rich. Pray, Feyther, haw lung will it be to Supper?

Sir Fran. Odsfo! that's true! step to the Cook, Lad, and ask what she can get us?

Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my Maids to shew her where she may have any Thing you have a mind to.

Sir Fran. Thank you kindly, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! what is it not i'the Hawse yet—I shall be famisht—but howld! I'll go and ask *Doll* an there's none o'the Goose Poy left.

Sir Fran. Do so; and dost hear, *Dick*——see if there's e'er a Bottle o'th' strong Beer that came i'th' Coach with us—if there be, clap a Toast in it, and bring it up.

Squ. Rich. With a little Nutmeg and Sugar, shawn't I Feyther?

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! as thee and I always drink it for Breakfast—Go thy Ways!—and I'll fill a Pipe i'th' mean while. [*Takes one from a Pocket-Case and fills it.*

[*Exit Squ. Rich.*

Lady Wrong. This Boy is always thinking of his Belly!

Sir Fran. Why, my Dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his Journey.

Lady Wrong. Nay, e'en breed him your own way—He has been cramming in or out of the Coach all this Day, I am sure—I wish my poor Girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny. O as for that I could eat a great deal more, Mamma; but then, mayhap, I should grow Coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

Lady Wrong. Ay, so thou would my Dear.

Enter Squire Richard, with a full Tankard.

Squ. Rich. Here, Feyther, I ha' browght it——it's well I went as I did; for our *Doll* had just bak'd a Toast, and was going to drink it herself.

Sir Fran. Why then, here's to thee, *Dick*! [*Drinks.*

Squ. Rich. Thonk yow, Feyther.

Lady Wrong. Lord! Sir *Francis*! I wonder you can

encourage the Boy to swill so much of that lubberly Liquor—it's enough to make him quite stupid.

Squ. Rich. Why it never hurts me, Mother; and I sleep like a Hawnd after it. [Drinks.]

Sir Fran. I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty Years, and by your leave, Madam, I don't know that I want Wit: Ha! ha!

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, Papa, if you would have been governed by my Mother.

Sir Fran. Daughter he that is govern'd by his Wife, has no Wit at all.

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a Fool, Sir; for I love to govern dearly.

Sir Fran. You are too pert, Child; it don't do well in a young Woman.

Lady Wrong. Pray, *Sir Francis*, don't snub her; she has a fine growing Spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her Brother there.

Squ. Rich. [After a long Draught.] Indeed, Mother, I think my Sister is too forward.

Jenny. You! you think I'm too forward! sure! Brother Mud! your Head's too heavy to think of any thing but your Belly.

Lady Wrong. Well said, Miss; he's none of your Master, tho' he is your elder Brother.

Squ. Rich. No, nor she shawn't be my Mistrefs, while she's younger Sister!

Sir Fran. Well said, *Dick!* shew 'em that stawt Liquor makes a stawt Heart, Lad!

Squ. Rich. So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all her! [Drinks.]

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So *John!* how are the Horses?

John Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good Opinion o' this Tawn. It's made up o' Mischief, I think!

Sir Fran. What's the matter naw?

John Moody. Why I'll tell your Worship—before we were gotten to the Street End, with the Coach, here, a great Luggerheaded Cart, with Wheels as thick as a brick Wall, laid hawl'd on't, and has poo'd it aw to

Bits; Crack! went the Perch! Down goes the Coach! and Whang! says the Glasses, all to shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be *London*! would we were aw weell in the Country ageen.

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the Country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the Country again these seven Years, Mamma; let twenty Coaches be pull'd to Pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your Tongue, *Jenny*!—Was *Roger* in no Fault, in all this?

John Moody. Noa, Sir, nor I noather—are not yow asheam'd, says *Roger* to the Carter, to do such an unkind thing by Strangers? Noa, says he, you Bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very Purpose! and so the Folks said that stood by—Very well, says *Roger*, you shall see what our Meyster will say to ye! Your Meyster? says he; your Meyster may kiss my—and so he clapt his Hand just there, and like your Worship. Flesh! I thought they had better Breeding in this Tawn.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this Rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in Hand, I'll play the Devil with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay do, Feyther; have him before the Parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and so I will—I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

John Moody. I believe in *London*, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the Rascal's Name?

John Moody. I think I heard somebody call him *Dick*.

Squ. Rich. What, my Name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

John Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

John Moody. By my Troth, Sir, I doant know! I heard him say he would cross the same Street again tomorrow; and if we had a mind to stond in his Way, he would pool us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so! Odszooks! get me a Constable.

Lady Wrong. Pooh! get you a good Supper. Come, *Sir Francis*, don't put yourself in a Heat for what can't be helpt. Accidents will happen to People that travel

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abroad to see the World——For my part, I think its a Mercy it was not over-turn'd before we were all out on't.

Sir Fran. Why ay, that's true again, my Dear.

Lady Wrong. Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy one at Second-hand, for present Use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

John Moody. Why troth, Sir, I doant think this could have held you above a Day longer.

Sir Fran. D'ye think so, *John*?

John Moody. Why you ha' had it, ever since your Worship were High-Sheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and see what *Doll* has got us for Supper——and come and get off my Boots.

[*Exit Sir Fran.*

Lady Wrong. In the mean time, Miss, do you step to *Handy*, and bid her get me some fresh Night-clothes.

[*Exit Lady Wrong.*

Jenny. Yes, Mamma, and some for myself too.

[*Exit Jenny.*

Squ. Rich. Odsflesh! and what mun I do all alone? I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty Miss is, And she and I'll go play at Cards for Kiffes. [*Exit.*

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

Lord Town. **W**HO's there!

Serv. My Lord.

Lord Town. Bid them get Dinner——*Lady Grace*, your Servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Grace. What; is the House up already? My Lady is not drest yet!

Lord *Town*. No matter—it's three o'Clock—she may break my Rest, but she shall not alter my Hours.

Lady *Grace*. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord *Town*. That, I suppose, is only an Excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady *Grace*. No, upon my Word, she is engaged in Company.

Lord *Town*. Where, pray?

Lady *Grace*. At my Lady *Revel's*; and you know they never dine 'till Supper-time.

Lord *Town*. No, truly—she is one of those orderly Ladies, who never let the Sun shine upon any of their Vices!—But pr'ythee, Sister, what Humour is she in to day?

Lady *Grace*. O! in tip-top Spirits, I can assure you—she won a good deal, last Night.

Lord *Town*. I know no Difference between her Winning or Losing, while she continues her course of Life.

Lady *Grace*. However she is better in good Humour, than bad.

Lord *Town*. Much alike: When she is in good Humour, other People only are the better for it: When in a very ill Humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my Share of her.

Lady *Grace*. Well, we won't talk of that now——Does any Body dine here?

Lord *Town*. Manly promis'd me--by the way, Madam, what do you think of his last Conversation?

Lady *Grace*. —I am a little at a Stand about it.

Lord *Town*. How so?

Lady *Grace*. Why — I don't know how he can ever have any Thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe Rules upon Wives, in my hearing.

Lord *Town*. Did you think his Rules unreasonable?

Lady *Grace*. I can't say I did: But he might have had a little more Complaisance before me, at least.

Lord *Town*. Complaisance is only a Proof of good Breeding: But his Plainness was a certain Proof of his Honesty; nay, of his good Opinion of you: for he would

never have open'd himself so freely, but in confidence that your good Sense could not be disobligh'd at it.

Lady Grace. My good Opinion of him, Brother has hitherto been guided by yours: But I have receiv'd a Letter this Morning that shews him a very different Man from what I thought him.

Lord Town. A Letter from whom?

Lady Grace. That I don't know, but there it is.

[Gives a Letter.

Lord Town. Pray let's see.

[Reads.

The Inclos'd, Madam, fell accidentally into my Hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere Friend and humble Servant, Unknown, &c.

Lady Grace. And this was the inclos'd. [Giving another.

Lord Town. [Reads.] *To Charles Manly, Esq;*

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to myself: but however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest Income, for the vain Hopes of being ever Yours.

Myrtilla Dupe.

P. S. *'Tis above four Months since I receiv'd a Shilling from you.*

Lady Grace. What think you now?

Lord Town. I am considering——

Lady Grace. You see it's directed to him——

Lord Town. That's true! but the Postscript seems to be a Reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady Grace. But who could have Concern enough, to send it to me?

Lord Town. I have observed that these sort of Letters from unknown Friends, generally come from secret Enemies.

Lady Grace. What would you have me to do in it?

Lord Town. What I think you ought to do—fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

Lady Grace. Will not that have a very odd Look, from me?

Lord Town. Not at all, if you use my Name in it: if he is innocent, his Impatience to appear so, will dis-

cover his Regard to you: If he is Guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his Adresses.

Lady Grace. But what Pretence have I to put him out of Countenance!

Lord Town. I can't think there's any fear of that.

Lady Grace. Pray what is't you do think then?

Lord Town. Why certainly, that it's much more probable, this Letter may be all an Artifice, than that he is in the least concern'd in it—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord.

Lord Town. Do you receive him; while I step a Minute in to my Lady. [Exit Lord Townly.]

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most obedient; they told me, my Lord was here.

Lady Grace. He will be here presently: He is but just gone in to my Sister.

Man. So? then my Lady dines with us.

Lady Grace. No; she is engag'd.

Man. I hope you are not of her Party, Madam?

Lady Grace. Not till after Dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have disposed of the rest of the Day?

Lady Grace. Much as usual! she has Visits 'till about eight; after that 'till Court time, she is to be at Quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's: After the Drawing-room, she take a short Supper with my Lady Moonlight. And from thence, they go together to my Lord Noble's Assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

Lady Grace. Only a few of the Visits; I would indeed have drawn her to the Play; but I doubt we have so much upon our Hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady Grace. There's no great Merit in forbearing what one is not charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have pass'd a great deal of my Life, in the hurry of the Ladies, though I was generally better pleas'd when I was at quiet without 'em.

Lady Grace. What induc'd you, then, to be with them?

Man. Idleness, and the Fashion.

Lady Grace. No Mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—Yes—being often in the Toyshop, there was no forbearing the Bawbles.

Lady Grace. And of Course, I suppose sometimes you were tempted to pay for them, twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why, really where Fancy only makes the Choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled, in those sort of Bargains, which I confess has been often my Case: For I had constantly some Coquette, or other, upon my Hands, whom I could love perhaps just enough, to put it in her Power to plague me.

Lady Grace. And that's a Power I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The Amours of a Coquet, Madam, seldom have any other View! I look upon them, and Prudes, to be Nuisances, just alike; tho' they seem very different: The first are always plaguing the Men; and the other are always abusing the Women.

Lady Grace. And yet both of them do it for the same vain Ends; to establish a false Character of being virtuous.

Man. Of being Chaste, they mean; for they know no other Virtue: and, upon the Credit of that, they traffick in every thing else, that's Vicious: They (even against Nature) keep their Chastity, only because they find they have more Power to do Mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

Lady Grace. Hold! Mr. Manly: I am afraid this severe Opinion of the Sex, is owing to the ill Choice you have made of your Mistresses.

Man. In a great Measure, it may be so; But, Madam, if both these Characters are so odious, how vastly valua-

ble is that Woman, who has attain'd all they aim at, without the Aid of the Folly, or Vice of either?

Lady Grace. I believe those sort of Women to be as scarce, Sir, as the Men, that believe there are any such: or that allowing such have Virtue enough to deserve them.

Man. That *could* deserve them then——had been a more favourable Reflection!

Lady Grace. Nay, I speak only from my little Experience: for (I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly) I don't know a Man in the World, that, in Appearance, might better pretend to a Woman of the first Merit, than yourself: And yet I have a Reason, in my Hand, here, to think you have your Failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam; but I am sure, the want of an implicit Respect for you, is not among the Number——pray what is in your Hand, Madam?

Lady Grace. Nay, Sir, I have no Title to it, for the Direction is to you.

[Gives him a Letter.

Man. To me! I don't remember the Hand——

[Reads to himself.

Lady Grace. I can't perceive any change of Guilt in him! and his Surprise seems Natural! [Aside.]——Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly; That I should never have shewn you this, but that my Brother enjoin'd me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good Opinion of me, Madam.

Lady Grace. I hope, at least, it will stand as an Excuse for my taking this Liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an Excuse; and, I hope, you will not give me an Instance to the contrary, by refusing the Favour I am going to ask.

Lady Grace. I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me so far, as to let me know how this Letter came into your Hands.

Lady Grace. Inclos'd to me, in this without a Name.

Man. If there be no Secret in the Contents, Madam——

Lady Grace. Why——there is an impertinent Insinu-

ation in it: But as I know your good Sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, Madam.

[He takes the other Letter and reads.]

Lady Grace. *[Aside.]* Now am I in the oddest Situation! methinks our Conversation grows terribly Critical? This must produce something:—O lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have some light into the poor Project that is at the Bottom of all this.

Lady Grace. I have no Notion of what could be proposed by it!

Man. A little Patience, Madam!—First, as to the Infination you mention—

Lady Grace. O! what is he going to say now! *[Aside.]*

Man. Tho' my Intimacy with my Lord may have allowed my Visits to have been very frequent here of late: Yet, in such a talking Town as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those Visits are placed to your Account: And this taken for granted, I suppose has been told to my Lady *Wronghead* as a Piece of News, since her Arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary Circumstances.

Lady Grace. Lady *Wronghead*!

Man. Ay, Madam, for I am positive this is her Hand!

Lady Grace. What View could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any Treaty of Marriage, she may have heard I'm engag'd in: Because if I die without Heirs, her Family expects that some part of my Estate may return to them again. But, I hope, she is so far mistaken, that if this Letter has given you the least Uneasiness,——I shall think that the happiest Moment of my Life.

Lady Grace. That does not carry your usual Complaisance, Mr. *Manly*.

Man. Yes, Madam, because I'm sure I can convince you of my Innocence.

Lady Grace. I am sure I have no right to enquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have so much Curiosity.

Lady Grace. With what an artful Gentleness he steals into my Opinion? [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the Woman in me, as to want Curiosity—But pray, do you suppose then, this *Myrtila* is a real, or a fictitious Name?

Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young Woman, in the House, where my Lady *Wronghead* lodges, that I heard somebody call *Myrtila*: This Letter may be written by her—but how it came directed to me, I confess is a Mystery; that before I ever presume to see your Ladyship again, I think myself oblig'd, in Honour to find out. [*Going.*]

Lady Grace. Mr. *Manly*—you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next Street, Madam; I shall be back in ten Minutes.

Lady Grace. Nay! but Dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat, nor rest, 'till I see an end of this Affair!

Lady Grace. But this is so odd! why should any silly Curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours Madam, then it shall be only to satisfy my own Curiosity—

[*Exit Manly.*]

Lady Grace. Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent Person had heard every Word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclin'd to pass the rest of his Life with me?—I hope not—for I am sure, the Case is terribly clear on my Side! and why may not I, without Vanity, suppose my—unaccountable somewhat—has done as much Execution upon him?—why—because he never told me so—nay, he has not so much as mentioned the Word Love, or ever said one civil thing to my Person—well—but he has said a thousand to my good Opinion, and has certainly got it—had he spoke first to my Person, he had paid a very ill Compliment to my Understanding—I should have thought him impertinent, and never have

troubled my Head about him; but as he has manag'd the Matter, at least I am sure of one thing; that let his Thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my Head about any other Man, as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs. *Trusty*, is my Sister dress'd yet!

Trusty. Yes, Madam; but my Lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of Humour.

Lady *Grace*. How so?

Trusty. Why, it begun, Madam; with his Lordship's desiring her Ladyship to dine at home to day—upon which my Lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my Lord order'd them to stay the Dinner, and then my Lady order'd the Coach; then my Lord took her short, and said, he had order'd the Coachman to set up: Then my Lady made him a great Curt'sy, and said, she would wait 'till his Lordship's Horses had din'd, and was mighty pleasant: But for fear of the worst, Madam, she whisper'd me—to get her Chair ready. [*Exit Trusty.*]

Lady *Grace*. O! here they come; and, by their Looks, seem a little unfit for Company. [*Exit Lady Grace.*]

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly, following.

Lady *Town*. Well! look you, my Lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing still but about my Faults, my Faults! an agreeable Subject truly!

Lord *Town*. Why, Madam, if you won't hear of them; how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady *Town*. Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it!

Lord *Town*. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily licentious Abuse of your Time and Character.

Lady *Town*. Abuse! astonishing! when the Universe knows, I am never better Company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! But to see this World! that Men can never get over that silly Spirit of Contradiction——why but last *Thursday* now——there you wisely amended one of my Faults as you call them——you insisted upon my not going to the Masquerade——

and pray, what was the Consequence! was not I as cross as the Devil all the Night after! was not I forc'd to get Company at home! and was not it almost three o'Clock in the Morning, before I was able to come to myself again? and then the Fault is not mended neither,—for next time, I shall only have twice the Inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning an old Ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord *Town*. Well, the manner of Womens living, of late, is insupportable; and one way or other—

Lady *Town*. It's to be mended, I suppose! why so it may; but then, my dear Lord, you must give one Time—and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves! ha! ha!

Lord *Town*. Madam, I am not in a Humour, now, to trifle.

Lady *Town*. Why then, my Lord, one Word of fair Argument—to talk with you, your own way now—You complain of my late Hours, and I of your early ones—so far are we even, you'll allow—but pray which gives us the best Figure in the Eye of the polite World? my active, spirited Three in the Morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at Night? Now, I think One has the Air of a Woman of Quality, and t'other of a plodding Mechanic, that goes to Bed betimes, that he may rise early, to open his Shop!—Faugh!

Lord *Town*. Fy, fy, Madam! is this your way of Reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then—'tis not your ill Hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill Company, that occasion those ill Hours.

Lady *Town*. Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord; what ill Company do I keep?

Lord *Town*. Why at best, Women that lose their Money, and Men that win it! Or, perhaps, Men that are voluntary Bubbles at one Game, in hopes a Lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known Rakes, conceal'd Thieves, and Sharpers in Embroidery—or what, to me, is still more shocking, that Herd of familiar chattering crop-eared Coxcombs, who are so often like Monkeys, there would be no knowing them asunder, but that their Tails

hang from their Head, and the Monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady Town. And a Husband must give eminent Proof of his Sense, that thinks their Powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord Town. Their being Fools, Madam, is not always the Husband's Security: Or if it were, Fortune, sometimes, gives them Advantages might make a thinking Woman tremble.

Lady Town. What do you mean?

Lord Town. That Women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay; and if a Creditor be a little pressing, the Lady may be reduced to try if, instead of Gold, the Gentleman will accept of a Trinket.

Lady Town. My Lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep Company with the politest People in Town, and the Assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord Town. So are the Churches—now and then.

Lady Town. My Friends frequent them too, as well as the Assemblies.

Lord Town. Yes, and would do it oftner, if a Groom of the Chambers were there allowed to furnish Cards to the Company.

Lady Town. I see what you drive at all this while; you would lay an Imputation on my Fame, to cover your own Avarice! I might take any Pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord Town. Have a Care, Madam; don't let me think you only value your Chastity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else, that's vicious—I, Madam, have a Reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours—The Follies of an ungovern'd Wife may make the wisest Man uneasy: but 'tis his own Fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady Town. My Lord—you would make a Woman mad!

Lord Town. You'd make a Man a Fool.

Lady Town. If Heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my Power.

Lord Town. Whatever may be in your Inclination, Madam; I'll prevent your making me a Beggar at least.

Lady Town. A Beggar! *Cræsus!* I'm out of Patience! I won't come home 'till four to-morrow Morning.

Lord Town. That may be, Madam; but I'll order the Doors to be lock'd at twelve.

Lady Town. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow night.

Lord Town. Then, Madam—You shall never come home again.

[*Exit Lord Townly.*]

Lady Town. What does he mean! I never heard such a Word from him in my Life before! the Man always us'd to have Manners in his worst Humours! there's something, that I don't see, at the Bottom of all this—but his Head's always upon some impracticable Scheme or other, so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. *Manly*, your Servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I ask Pardon for my Intrusion, Madam; but I hope my Business with my Lord will excuse it.

Lady Town. I believe you'll find him in the next Room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me Leave, Madam!

Lady Town. Sir——you have my Leave, tho' you were a Lady.

Man. [*Aside.*] What a well-bred Age do we live in?

[*Exit Manly.*]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Town. O! my dear *Lady Grace!* how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady Grace. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady Town. Why yes—and therefore I wanted your Relief; for he has been in such a Fluster here——

Lady Grace. Bless me! for what?

Lady Town. Only our usual Breakfast; we have each of us had our Dish of Matrimonial Comfort, this Morning! we have been charming Company!

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad of it! sure it must be a vast Happiness, when a Man and a Wife can give themselves the same turn of Conversation!

Lady Town. O! the prettiest thing in the World!

Lady Grace. Now I should be afraid, that where two People are every Day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady Town. O my Dear, you are the most mistaken in the World! married People have things to talk of, Child, that never enter into the Imagination of others. ——— Why, here's my Lord and I now, we have not been married above two short Years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want Company, we can take up any one of them for two Hours together, and the Subject never the flatter; nay, if we have Occasion for it, it will be as fresh next Day too, as it was the first Hour it entertain'd us.

Lady Grace. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady Town. O! there's no Life like it! why t'other Day for Example, when you din'd abroad; my Lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête à tête* Meal, sat us down by the Fire-side, in an easy indolent pick-tooth Way, for about a Quarter of an Hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the Room——at last, stretching himself, and yawning——My dear, says he, ———aw———you came home very late last Night —'Twas but just turn'd of Two, says I—I was in Bed —aw—by Eleven, say he; so you are every Night, says I—Well, says he, I am amaz'd, you can sit up so late—How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a Thing that happens so often?—upon which we enter'd into a Conversation——and tho' this is a Point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new Things to say upon it, that I believe in my Soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady Grace. But pray! in such sort of Family Dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of Bit-terness?

Lady Town. O yes! which does not do amiss at all! A smart Repartee, with a Zest of Recrimination at the Head of it, makes the prettiest Sherbet; Ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the Acid with it, a matrimonial

Society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish Prude would be able to bear it.

Lady Grace. Well——certainly you have the most elegant Taste—

Lady Town. Tho' to tell you the Truth, my Dear, I rather think we squeez'd a little too much Lemon into it, this Bout; for it grew so sour at last, that—I think——I almost told him, he was a Fool——and he again——talk'd something odly of——turning me out of Doors.

Lady Grace. O! have a Care of that!

Lady Town. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife Father for that—

Lady Grace. How so?

Lady Town. Why——when my good Lord first opened his honourable Trenches before me, my unaccountable Papa, in whose Hands I then was, gave me up at Discretion.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Lady Town. He said, the Wives of this Age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own Daughter should be trusted with Pin-Money; so that my whole Train of separate Inclinations are left entirely at the Mercy of an Husband's odd Humours.

Lady Grace. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a Woman of Spirit look about her!

Lady Town. Nay, but to be serious, my Dear; what would you really have a Woman do in my Case?

Lady Grace. Why—if I had a sober Husband as you have, I would make myself the happiest Wife in the World, by being as sober as he.

Lady Town. O! you wicked Thing! how can you teize one at this rate? when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me Money) there is not one Thing in the World he can do to please me! And I at the same Time, partly by Nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best Company, do with my Soul love almost every thing he hates! I doat upon Assemblies! my Heart bounds at a Ball; and at an Opera—I expire! then I love Play to Distraction! Cards enchant me! and Dice—put me out of my little Wits! Dear! dear Ha-

zard! oh! what a flow of Spirits it gives one! Do you never play at Hazard, Child?

Lady Grace. Oh! never! I don't think it fits well upon Women: there's something so masculine, so much the Air of a Rake in it! you see how it makes the Men swear and Curse! and when a Woman is thrown into the same Passion—why—

Lady Town. That's very true! one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same Words to express it.

Lady Grace. Well—and, upon ill Luck, pray what Words are you really forc'd to make use of?

Lady Town. Why upon a very hard Case, indeed, when a sad wrong Word is rising, just to one's Tongue's End, I give a great Gulp—and swallow it.

Lady Grace. Well—and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady Town. O yes! I have forsworn it.

Lady Grace. Seriously?

Lady Town. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady Grace. And how can you answer that?

Lady Town. My Dear, what we say, when we are Losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a Lover's Oath, or a Great Man's Promise. But I beg pardon, Child; I should not lead you so far into the World; you are a Prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady Grace. Why, I confess, my Nature, and my Education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady Town. Well! how a Woman of Spirit, (for you don't want that, Child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady Grace. I can't tell but I may.

Lady Town. And won't you live in Town?

Lady Grace. Half the Year, I should like it very well.

Lady Town. My Stars! and you would really live in London half the Year to be sober in it?

Lady Grace. Why not?

Lady Town. Why can't you as well go, and be sober in the Country?

Lady Grace. So I would——t'other half Year.

Lady Town. And pray, what comfortable Scheme of Life would you form now, for your Summer and Winter sober Entertainments.

Lady Grace. A Scheme, that I think might very well content us.

Lady Town. O! of all things let's hear it.

Lady Grace. Why, in Summer, I could pass my leisure Hours in Riding, in Reading, walking by a Canal, or sitting at the End of it under a great Tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable Friend, perhaps hearing a little Music, taking a Dish of Tea, or a Game of Cards, soberly! Managing my Family, looking into its Accounts, playing with my Children (if I had any) or in a thousand other innocent Amusements—soberly! and possibly, by these means, I might induce my Husband to be as sober as myself—

Lady Town. Well, my Dear, thou art an astonishing Creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian Notions of Life, have not been in any Head these thousand Years—Under a great Tree! O my Soul!—But I beg we may have the sober Town-Scheme too—for I am charm'd with the Country one!—

Lady Grace. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my Sobriety there too.

Lady Town. Well, tho' I am sure it will give me the Vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady Grace. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the Fashion, that I would never be dress'd out of it—but still it should be soberly. For I can't think it any Disgrace to a Woman of my private Fortune, not to wear her Lace as fine as the Wedding-suit of a first Dutcheß. Tho' there is one Extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady Town. Ay, now for it—

Lady Grace. I would every Day be as clean as a Bride.

Lady Town. Why the Men say, that's a great Step to be made one—Well, now you are dress'd—pray let's see to what Purpose?

Lady Grace. I would visit—that is, my real Friends; but as little for Form as possible—I would go to

Court; sometimes to an Assembly, nay, play at *Quadrille*—soberly: I would see all the good Plays; and, (because 'tis the Fashion) now and then an Opera—but I would not Expire there, for fear I should never go again: And lastly, I can't say, but for Curiosity, if I lik'd my Company, I might be drawn in once to a Masquerade! and this, I think, is as far as any Woman can go—soberly.

Lady Town. Well! if it had not been for that last Piece of Sobriety, I was just going to call for some Surfeit-Water.

Lady Grace. Why, don't you think, with the farther Aid of Breakfasting, Dining, taking the Air, Supping, Sleeping, not to say a Word of Devotion, the four and twenty Hours might roll over in a tolerable Manner?

Lady Town. Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, Child, all you propose, is but to endure Life, now I want to enjoy it—

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Trusf. Madam, your Ladyship's Chair is ready.

Lady Town. Have the Footmen their white Flambeaux yet? For last Night I was poison'd.

Trusf. Yes, Madam; there were some come in this Morning. [Exit Trusty.]

Lady Town. My Dear, you will excuse me; but you know my Time is so precious—

Lady Grace. That I beg I may not hinder your least Enjoyment of it.

Lady Town. You will call on me at Lady *Revel's*?

Lady Grace. Certainly.

Lady Town. But I am so afraid it will break into your Scheme, my Dear?

Lady Grace. When it does, I will—soberly break from you.

Lady Town. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear Sister, I wish you all tolerable Happiness.

[Exit Lady Townly.]

Lady Grace. There she goes—Dash! into a Stream of Pleasures! poor Woman! she is really a fine Creature! and sometimes infinitely agreeable! nay, take her

out of the Madness of this Town, rational in her Notions, and easy to live with: But she is so borne down by this Torrent of Vanity in vogue, she thinks every Hour of her Life is lost that she does not lead at the Head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine! —Ha! my Brother, and *Manly* with him! I guess what they have been talking of—I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive.

[Exit Lady Grace.

Enter Lord Townly and Manly.

Lord *Town*. I did not think my Lady *Wronghead* had such a notable Brain: Tho' I can't say she was very wise, in trusting this silly Girl you call *Myrtilla* with the Secret.

Man. No, my Lord, you mistake me, had the Girl been in the Secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord *Town*. Why I thought you said the Girl writ this Letter to you, and that my Lady *Wronghead* sent it inclos'd to my Sister?

Man. If you please to give me Leave, my Lord—the Fact is thus—This inclos'd Letter to Lady *Grace* was a real Original one, written by this Girl to the Count we have been talking of: The Count drops it, and my Lady *Wronghead* finds it: Then only changing the Cover, she seals it up as a Letter of Business, just written by herself, to me: And pretending to be in a Hurry, gets this innocent Girl to write the Direction for her.

Lord *Town*. Oh! then the Girl did not know she was superscribing a Billet-deaux of her own to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I first question'd her about the Direction, she own'd it immediately; But when I shew'd her that her Letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my Hands, the poor Creature was amaz'd, and thought herself betray'd both by the Count and my Lady—in short, upon this Discovery the Girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some Transactions, in my Lady

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Wronghead's Family, which, with my having a careful Eye over them, may prevent the Ruin of it.

Lord Town. You are very generous to be so solicitous for a Lady that has given you so much Uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully reveng'd of her: for I will do her the greatest Friendship in the World——against her Will.

Lord Town. What an uncommon Philosophy art thou Master of? to make even thy Malice a Virtue!

Man. Yet, my Lord, I assure you, there is no one Action of my Life gives me more Pleasure than your Approbation of it.

Lord Town. Dear *Charles!* my Heart's impatient 'till thou art nearer to me: And as a Proof that I have long wish'd thee so: While your daily Conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my Sister's Favour; I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your Merit: And since on this Occasion you have open'd your whole Heart to me, 'tis now with equal Pleasure, I assure you we have both succeeded——she is as firmly yours——

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord Town. I'm glad you think it Flattery: But she herself shall prove it none: She dines with us alone: When the Servants are withdrawn, I'll open a Conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—O! *Charles!* had I, like thee, been cautious in my Choice, what melancholy Hours had this Heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord—

Lord Town. But 'twill, at least, be some Relief to my Anxiety (however barren of Content the State has been to me) to see so near a Friend and Sister happy in it: Your Harmony of Life will be an Instance how much the Choice of Temper is preferable to Beauty.

*While your soft Hours in mutual Kindness move,
You'll reach by Virtue what I lost by Love.* [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *Mrs. Motherly's House.**Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilla.*

Moth. SO! Niece! where is it possible you can have been these six Hours?

Myr. O! Madam! I have such a terrible Story to tell you!

Moth. A Story! Ods my Life! What have you done with the Count's Note of five hundred Pound, I sent you about? is it safe? is it good? is it Security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: But for its Goodness— Mercy on us! I have been in a fair Way to be hang'd about it?

Moth. The dickens! has the Rogue of a Count play'd us another Trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, Madam; when I came to Mr. Cash, the Banker's, and shewed him his Note for five hundred Pounds, payable to the Count, or Order, in two Months—he look'd earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the inner Room, while he examin'd his Books—after I had staid about ten Minutes, he came in to me—claps to the Door, and charges me with a Constable for Forgery.

Moth. Ah poor Soul! and how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this Condition, I begg'd him to have a little Patience, 'till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a Gentleman of Worth and Honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever Fraud might be in the Note, that I was myself an innocent abus'd Woman—and as good Luck would have it, in less than half an Hour Mr. Manly came—so, without mincing the Matter, I fairly told him upon what Design the Count had lodg'd that Note in your Hands, and in short, laid open the

whole Scheme he had drawn us into, to make our Fortune.

Moth. The Devil you did!

Myr. Why how do you think it was possible I could any otherways make Mr. *Manly* my Friend, to help me out of this Scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. *Cash* easy, and sent away the Constable; nay, farther he promis'd me, if I would trust the Note in his Hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample Revenge upon the Count; so that all you have to consider now, Madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's Hands, or Mr. *Manly's*.

Moth. Nay, nay, Child; there is no Choice in the matter! Mr. *Manly* may be a Friend indeed, if any thing in our Power can make him so.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray how stand Matters at home, here? What has the Count done with the Ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high Favour with Miss, as he is with my Lady.

Myr. Pray, where are the Ladies?

Moth. Ratling abroad in their own Coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: They have been scouring all the Shops in Town over, buying fine things and new Clothes from Morning to Night: They have made one Voyage already, and have brought home such a Cargo of Bawbles and Trumpery—Mercy on the poor Man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young Squire go with them?

Moth. No, no; Miss said, truly he would but disgrace the Party: So they even left him asleep by the Kitchen Fire.

Myr. Has not he ask'd after me all this while? For I had a sort of an Assignment with him.

Moth. O yes! he has been in a bitter taking about it. At last his Disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fairly fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one of the Maids and *John Moody* abroad with him to shew him—the Lions and the Monument. Ods me! there he is,

just come home again—you may have Business with him—so I'll even turn you together.

[Exit,

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Soah! soah! Mrs. *Myrtilia*, where han yow been aw this Day, forsooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go to that, Squire, where have you been pray?

Squ. Rich. Why, when I fun 'at yow were no loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my Sel—so *John Moody*, and I, and one o' your Lasses have been—Lord knows where—a seeing o' the Soights.

Myr. Well, and pray what have you seen, Sir?

Squ. Rich. Flesh! I cawnt tell, not I—seen every thing, I think. First there we went o' top o' the what d'ye call it? there, to the great huge stone Post, up the rawnd and rawnd Stairs, that twine and twine about, just an as thof it was a Cork Scrue.

Myr. O, the Monument! well, and was it not a fine Sight from the Top of it?

Squ. Rich. Sight, Mifs! I know no'—I saw nought but Smoak and Brick Housen, and Steeple Tops—then there was such a mortal Ting-tang of Bells, and Rumbling of Carts and Coaches, and then the Folks under one look'd so small, and made such a Hum, and a Buz, it put me in mind of my Mother's great glass Bee-hive in our Garden in the Country.

Myr. I think, Master, you give a very good Account of it.

Squ. Rich. Ay! but I did no' like it; for my Head—my Head—began to turn—So I trundled me dawn Stairs agen like a round Trencher.

Myr. Well! but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

Squ. Rich. Noa! noa! we went after that, and saw the Lions, and I lik'd them better by hawlf; they are pure grim Devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a Stick, and gave one of them such a Poke o' the Noase—I believe he would ha' snapt my Head off, an he could ha' got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

Myr. Well, Master, when you and I go abroad, I'll

shew you prettier Sights than these—there's a Masquerade to-morrow.

Squ. Rich. O Laud! ay! they say that's a pure thing for *Merry Andrews*, and those sort of Comical Mimers—and the Count tells me, that there Lads and Lasses may jig their Tails, and eat and drink, without grudging, all Night-lung.

Myr. What would you say now, if I should get you a Ticket, and go along with you?

Squ. Rich. Ah dear!

Myr. But have a Care, Squire, the fine Ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your Heart, or ad me! they'll whip it up in the Trip of a Minute.

Squ. Rich. Ay, but they cawnt thoa—soa let 'um look themselves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quet.

Myr. Why sure you would not refuse a fine Lady, would you?

Squ. Rich. Ay, but I would tho', unless it were—one 'at I know of.

Myr. Oh! oh! then you have left your Heart in the Country, I find?

Squ. Rich. Noa, noa, my Heart—eh—my Heart e'nt awt o' this Room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

Squ. Rich. Nay, mayhap not soa, noather, somebody else may have it, 'at you little think of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean!

Squ. Rich. Noa, why doan't you know how many Folks there is in this Room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, Master, I see you have learnt the Town Gallantry, already.

Squ. Rich. Why doan't you believe 'at I have a Kindness for you then?

Myr. Fy! fy! Master, how you talk! beside you are too young to think of a Wife.

Squ. Rich. Ay, but I caunt help thinking o' yow for all that.

Myr. How? why sure, Sir, you don't pretend to think of me in a dishonourable way?

Squ. Rich. Nay, that's as you see good—I did no

think 'at you would ha' thowght of me for a Husband, mayhap; unless I had Means, in my own Hands; and Feyther allows me but Haulf a Crown a Week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh! when I like any Body, 'tis not want of Money will make me refuse them.

Squ. Rich. Well, that's just my Mind now; for an I like a Girl, Miss, I would take her in her Smuck.

Myr. Ay, Master, now you speak like a Man of Honour: This shews something of a true Heart in you.

Squ. Rich. Ay, and a true Heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Hush! hush! here's your Papa come home and my Aunt with him.

Squ. Rich. A Devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

Myr. When you and I get to the Masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

Squ. Rich. Well, Hands upon't then—

Myr. There—

Squ. Rich. One Bus, and a Bargain. [*Kisses her.*
Ads wauntlikins! as soft and plump as a Marrow-Pudding.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my Wife and Daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. O dear, Sir, they have been mighty busy all the Day long; they just came home to snap up a short Dinner, and so went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay Supper for 'em I can tell 'em that: For Ods-heart! I have had nothing in me, but a Toast and Tankard, since Morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late Parliament Hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us Country Gentlemen; to lose one Meal out of three, is a hard Tax upon a good Stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But hawfomever, Mrs. Motherly, when we

consider, that what we suffer is for the Good of our Country—

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh! there is a great deal to be said for't—the Good of one's Country is above all Things—A true-hearted *Englishman* thinks nothing too much for it—I have heard of some honest Gentlemen so very zealous, that for the Good of their Country—they would sometimes go to Dinner at Midnight.

Moth. O! the Goodness of 'em! sure their Country must have a vast esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. *Motherly*; they are so respected when they come home to their Boroughs after a Session, and so belov'd—that their Country will come and dine with them every Day in the Week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be so populous?

Sir Fran. It is a great Comfort, indeed! and I can assure you, you are a good sensible Woman, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Moth. O, dear Sir, your Honour's pleas'd to Compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value People of Consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's Company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the Ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a Moment, Sir. [Exit.]

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir *Francis*, your Servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin *Manly*.

Man. I am come to see how the Family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as Bees; I have been upon the Wing ever since eight o'clock this Morning.

Man. By your early Hour, then, I suppose you have been making your Court to some of the Great Men.

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, Sir—I was advis'd to lose no Time: So I e'en went straight

forward, to one great Man I had never seen in my Life before.

Man. Right! that was doing Business: But who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, no Body——I remember'd I had heard a wise Man say—My Son, be bold—so troth! I introduc'd myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus——Look ye——Please your Lordship, says I, I am *Sir Francis Wronghead* of *Bumper-Hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Guzzledown*——Sir, your humble Servant, says my Lord; thof' I have not the Honour to know your Person, I have heard you are a very honest Gentleman, and I am glad your Borough has made Choice of so worthy a Representative; and so, says he, *Sir Francis*, have you any Service to command me? Naw, Cousin! those last Words, you may be sure gave me no small Encouragement. And thof' I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary Opinion of my Parts, yet I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no Cause.

Sir Fran. So when I found him so courteous——My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with Business upon my first Visit: But since your Lordship is pleas'd not to stand upon Ceremony——why truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another Time.

Man. Right! there you push'd him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a Mind to let him see that I was none of those mealy-mouth'd ones.

Man. Very good!

Sir Fran. So, in short, my Lord, says I, I have a good Estate—but—a—its a little awt at Elbows: and as I desire to serve my King, as well as my Country, I shall be very willing to accept of a Place at Court.

Man. So this was making short Work on't.

Sir Fran. I'cod! I shot him flying, Cousin: Some of your Haulf-witted Ones naw, would a humm'd and haw'd, and dangled a Month or two after him, before

they durst open their Mouths about a Place, and mayhap, not ha^d got it at last neither.

Man. Oh! I am glad you're so sure on't.

Sir Fran. You shall hear, Cousin—*Sir Francis*, says my Lord, pray what sort of a Place, may you ha' turn'd your Thoughts upon? My Lord, says I, Beggars must not be Chusers; but ony Place, says I, about a thousand a Year, will be enough to be doing with 'till something better falls in—for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your Business was to get Footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay Cousin, I see you know the World!

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every Day—well! but what said my Lord to all this?

Sir Fran. *Sir Francis*, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way, that lies in my Power? so he gave me a Squeeze by the Hond, as much as to say, Give yourself no Trouble—I'll do your Business; with that he turn'd him abawt to somebody with a colour'd Ribbon across here, that look'd in my Thoughts, as if he came for a Place too.

Man. Ha! so upon these Hopes you are to make your Fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's ony Doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the least Doubt about it—for just as you have done, I made my Fortune ten Years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a Place, Cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my Faith, Cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better Fortune: For I suppose my Lord has heard of what Importance you were in the Debate to-day—You have been since down at the House, I presume!

Sir Fran. O yes! I would not neglect the House, for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why troth! I can't well tell you, what

they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little Mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there, into a sort of a puzzling Debate, about the good of the Nation—and I were always for that, you know—but in short, the Arguments were so long-winded o'both sides, that, waunds! I did no well understand 'um: However, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my Conscience—so when they came to put the Question, as they call it,——I don't know how 'twas—but I doubt I cry'd Ay! when I should ha' cry'd No!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by Mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humour'd sort of a Gentleman, one Mr. *Tother-side*, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd Ay! gives me a hearty shake by the Hand! Sir, says he, you are a Man of Honour, and a true *Englishman*! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so with that, he takes me by the Sleeve, along with the Crowd into the Lobby—so, I knew nowght—but Ods-flesh! I was got o'the wrong side the Post—for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your Fortune before, you have clench'd it now!—Ah! thou Head of the *Wrongheads*. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Odsfo! here's my Lady come home at last—I hope, Cousin, you will be so kind, as to take a Family Supper with us?

Man. Another time, *Sir Francis*; but to-night, I am engag'd!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Basset.

Lady Wrong. Cousin! your Servant; I hope you will pardon my Rudeness; But we have really been in such a continual Hurry here, that we have not had a leisure Moment to return your last Visit.

Man. O Madam! I am a Man of no Ceremony; you see that has not hinder'd my coming again.

Lady Wrong. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my Credit with you.

Man. At your own Time, Madam.

Count Basf. I must say that for Mr. *Manly*, Madam; if making People easy is the Rule of Good-Breeding, he is certainly the best-bred Man in the World.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my Acquaintance, I find—[*Aside.*] I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow vain upon your good Opinion.

Count Basf. I don't know that, Sir; but I am sure, what you are pleas'd to say, makes me so.

Man. The most impudent Modesty that ever I met with.

Lady Wrong. Lard! how ready his Wit is? [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Don't you think, Sir, the Count's }
a very fine Gentleman? [*Aside.*]

Man. O! among the Ladies, certainly.

Sir Fran. And yet he's as stout as a Lion: }
Waund, he'll storm any thing. [*Apart.*]

Man. Will he so? Why then, Sir, take care }
of your Citadel.

Sir Fran. Ah! you are Wag, Cousin.

Man. I hope, Ladies, the Town Air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. O! perfectly well, Sir! We have been abroad in our new Coach all Day long—and we have bought an Ocean of fine Things. And to-morrow we go to the Masquerade! and on *Friday* to the Play! and on *Saturday* to the Opera! and on *Sunday*, we are to be at the what-d'ye call it—Assembly, and see the Ladies play at Quadrille, at Piquet and Ombre, and Hazard! and Bassiet! and on *Monday*, we are to see the King! and so on *Tuesday*—

Lady Wrong. Hold, hold, Miss! you must not let your Tongue run so fast, Child—you forget! you know I brought you hither to learn Modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improv'd with a Vengeance— [*Aside.*]

Jenny. Lawrd! Mamma, I am sure I did not say any

harm! and if one must not speak in ones Turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I see.

Lady *Wrong*. O' my Conscience this Girl grows so Headstrong—

Sir *Fran*. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing Spirit for you! naw tack it dawn, an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, Papa, was only to entertain my Cousin *Manly*.

Man. My pretty Dear, I am mightily oblig'd to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, Madam.

Lady *Wrong*. Hold your Tongue, I say.

Jenny. [*Turning away and glowing.*] I declare it, I won't bear it, she is always snubbing me before you, Sir!—I know why she does it well enough—

[*Aside to the Count.*]

Count *Bas*. Hush! hush! my Dear! don't be uneasy at that! she'll suspect us.

[*Aside.*]

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care—I don't know, but I have as much Reason to suspect, as she—tho' perhaps I'm not so afraid of her.

Count *Bas*. [*Aside.*] I'gad, if I don't keep a tight Hand on my Tit, here, she'll run away with my Project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady *Wrong*. [*Aside.*] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young Harlot is certainly in Love with him; but I must not let them see I think so—and yet I can't bear it: Upon my Life, Count, you'll spoil that forward Girl—you should not encourage her so.

Count *Bas*. Pardon me, Madam, I was only advising her to observe what your Ladyship said to her.

Man. Yes, truly, her Observations have been something particular.

[*Aside.*]

Count *Bas*. In one Word, Madam, she has a Jealousy of your Ladyship, and I'm forc'd to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no Notice of her Behaviour to me.

Lady *Wrong*. You are right, I will be more cautious.

} *Apart.*

Count *Bas*. To-morrow at the Masquerade we may lose her.

Lady Wrong. We shall be observ'd. I'll }
 send you a Note, and settle that Affair—go on } *Apart.*
 with the Girl, and don't mind me.

Count Bas. I have been taking your Part my little Angel.

Lady Wrong. *Jenny!* come hither, Child—you must not be so hasty, my Dear—I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, Mamma; but when I am told of a thing before Company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair Sex; Miss, and her Mamma, have only quarrel'd, because they are both of a Mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel step into the Family. [*Aside.*]

Enter Myrtilla. [*Manly talks apart with her.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Sir *Francis*, and what News have you brought us from *Westminster* to-day.

Sir Fran. News, Madam! I'cod! I have some—and such as does not come every Day, I can tell you—a word in your Ear—I have got a Promise of a Place at Court of a thousand POUND a Year already.

Lady Wrong. Have you so, Sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who's in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away, after a stinking Pack of Fox-hounds, in the Country? Now your Family may be the better for it!

Sir Fran. Nay! that's what persuaded me to come up, my Dove.

Lady Wrong. Mighty well—come—let me have another hundred Pound then.

Sir Fran. Another! Child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this Morning, pray what's become of that, my Dear?

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? why I'll shew you my Love! *Jenny!* have you the Bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, Mamma.

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? why laid out, my Dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forc'd to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, Papa, and that would hardly do neither—There's the Account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the Bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the Devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have founded your Aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my Life, she is most thankfully yours in every Article: She mightily desires to see you, Sir.

Apart.

Man. I am going home, directly: Bring her to my House in half an Hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your Account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods-life? Madam, here's nothing but Toys and Trinkets, and Fans, and Clock-Stockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your Credit, Sir Francis,—Nay, you see I am so good a Housewife, that in Necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a Shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the Devil o' one thing's here, that I can see you have any occasion for!

Lady Wrong. My Dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the Fashion? why, the greatest Distinction of a fine Lady in this Town is in the Variety of pretty Things that she has no Occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, Papa, could you imagine that Women of Quality wanted nothing but Stays and Petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So! the Family comes on finely. [*Aside.*]

Lady Wrong. Lard, if Men were always to govern, what Dowdies would they reduce their Wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred Pound in the Morning, and want another afore Night! Waunds and Fire! the Lord Mayor of London could not hold it at this rate!

Man. O! do you feel it, Sir?

[*Aside.*]

Lady Wrong. My Dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred Pound, and compose yourself.

Sir Fran. Compose the Devil, Madam! why, do you consider what a hundred Pound a Day comes to in a Year?

Lady Wrong. My Life, if I account with you from one Day to another, that's really all my Head is able to bear at a Time——But I'll tell you what I consider—I consider that my Advice has got you a thousand Pound a Year this Morning—That now methinks you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a Year? Wounds, Madam, but I have not touch'd a Penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him. [*Aside.*]

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the Meat will be coal'd: And I'd fain pick a Bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, *Sir Francis!* you are not going to sup by yourself!

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the Matter, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my Dear? we shall all eat in half an Hour; and I was thinking to ask my Cousin *Manly* to take a Family Morfel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my Cousin's good Company, I don't care if I ride a Day's Journey without Baiting.

Man. By no means, *Sir Francis.* I am going upon a little Bufiness.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love Compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, Madam.—

Lady Wrong. Since you have Bufiness, Sir—

[*Exit Manly.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, *Mrs. Motherly!* you were saying this Morning, you had some very fine Lace to shew me——can't I see it now?

[*Sir Francis starts.*]

Moth. Why, really, Madam, I have made a sort of a Promise to let the Countess of *Nicely* have the first Sight of it for the Birth-day: But your Ladyship—

Lady Wrong. O! I die if I don't see it before her.

Squ. Rich. Woan't you goa, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds! Lad, I shall ha' noa } [*Apart.*
Stomach at this Rate!

Moth. Well, Madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest Pattern that ever came over—and for Fineness—no Cobweb comes up to it!

Sir Fran. Ods Guts and Gizzard, Madam! Lace as fine as a Cobweb! why, what the Devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, if *Sir Francis* does not like of it, Madam—

Lady Wrong. He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Fleth, Madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! think of your thousand a Year, and who got it you, go! eat your Dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the Door.*] Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[*Exit Lady Wronghead, with Mrs. Motherly.*]

Sir Fran. Very fine! So here I mun fast, 'till I am almost famisht for the Good of my Country; while Madam is laying me out an hundred Pound a Day in Lace, as fine as a Cobweb, for the Honour of my Family; Ods-fleth! things had need go well at this rate!

Squ. Rich. Nay, nay—come Feyther.

[*Exit Sir Francis.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady desires you and the Count will please to come and assist her Fancy in some of the new Laces.

Count Bas. We'll wait upon her—

[*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Jenny. So! I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count Bas. No matter, my Dear: You know she has ask'd me to stay Supper: So, when your Papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. *Myrtila* will let me into the House again; then you may steal into her Chamber, and we'll have a pretty Sneaker of Punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well! that will be pure!

Count Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my Life, it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: And to-morrow you know at the Masquerade. And then!——

OH, I'll have a Husband? ay, marry;
 For why should I longer tarry,
 For why should I longer tarry
 Than other brisk Girls have done?
 For if I stay, 'till I grow gray,
 They'll call me old Maid, and fusty old Jade;
 So I'll no longer tarry;
 But I'll have a Husband, ay, marry,
 If Money can buy me One.

My Mother she says I'm too coming;
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,
 That I such vain Thoughts should shun.
 My Sisters they cry, Oh fy! and Oh fy!
 But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
 So let me have Husbands in plenty:
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
 Than die an old Maid undone. [*Exit singing.*]

Myr. So, Sir! am not I very *commode* to you?

Count Bas. Well, Child! and don't you find your Account in it? did not I tell you we might still be of use to one another.

Myr. Well, but how stands your Affair with Miss, in the main?

Count Bas. O she's mad for the Masquerade! it drives like a Nail, we want nothing now but a Parson to clinch it. Did not your Aunt say she could get one at a short warning.

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord Townly's Chaplain is her Cousin you know; he'll do your Business and mine at the same time.

Count Bas. O! it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why you know my Lady Townly's House is

always open to the Masques upon a Ball-night, before they go the *Hay-market*.

Count *Baf.* Good.

Myr. Now the Doctor purposes, we should all come thither in our Habits, and when the Rooms are full, we may steal up into his Chamber, he says, and there——crack——he'll give us all Canonical Commission to go to bed together.

Count *Baf.* Admirable! Well, the Devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, Child.

Myr. And may the black Gentleman tuck me under his Arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

Count *Baf.* One Kiss for old Acquaintance sake——I'gad I shall want to be busy again.

Myr. O you'll have one shortly will find you Employment: But I must run to my Squire.

Count *Baf.* And I to the Ladies——so your humble Servant, sweet Mrs. *Wronghead*.

Myr. Yours, as in Duty bound, most noble Count *Basset*. [Exit *Myr.*

Count *Baf.* Why, ay! Count! That Title has been of some use to me indeed! not that I have any more Pretence to it, than I have to a blue Ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable Figure in Life with it: I have loll'd in my own Chariot, dealt at Assemblies, din'd with Ambassadors, and made one at Quadrille, with the first Women of Quality—But—*Tempora mutantur*——since that damn'd Squadron at *White's* have left me out of their last Secret, I am reduc'd to trade upon my own Stock of Industry, and make my last Push upon a Wife: If my Card comes up right (which I think can't fail) I shall once more cut a Figure, and cock my Hat in the Face of the best of them! for since our modern Men of Fortune are grown wise enough to be Sharpers; I think Sharpers are Fools that don't take up the Airs of Men of Quality. [Exit

A C T V.

S C E N E, *Lord Townly's House.**Enter Manly and Lady Grace.*

Man. **T**HERE's something, Madam, hangs upon your Mind, to-day: Is it unfit to trust me with it.

Lady Grace. Since you will know—my Sister then—unhappy Woman!

Man. What of her?

Lady Grace. I fear is on the Brink of Ruin!

Man. I am sorry for it—what has happen'd?

Lady Grace. Nothing so very new! but the continual Repetition of it, at last has rais'd my Brother to an Intemperance that I tremble at.

Man. Have they had any Words upon it?

Lady Grace. He has not seen her since Yesterday.

Man. What! not at home all Night!

Lady Grace. About five this Morning in she came! but with such Looks, and such an Equipage of Misfortunes at her Heels—what can become of her?

Man. Has not my Lord seen her, say you?

Lady Grace. No! he chang'd his Bed last Night—I sat with him alone 'till twelve, in Expectation of her: But when the Clock struck, he started from his Chair, and grew incens'd to that Degree, that had I not, almost on my Knees, dissuaded him, he had ordered the Doors that Instant, to have been lock'd against her.

Man. How terrible is his Situation? when the most justifiable Severities he can use against her, are liable to be the Mirth of all the dissolute Card-Tables in Town!

Lady Grace. 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear so long: But you that feel for him, Mr. *Manly*, will assist him to support his Honour, and, if possible, preserve his Quiet! therefore I beg you don't leave the House, 'till one or both of them can be wrought to better Temper.

Man. How amiable is this Concern, in you!

Lady Grace. For Heaven's sake don't mind me, but think on something to preserve us all.

Man. I shall not take the Merit of obeying your Commands, Madam, to serve my Lord—but pray, Madam, let me into all that has past since Yesternight.

Lady Grace. When my Intreaties had prevail'd upon my Lord, not to make a Story for the Town, by so public a Violence, as shutting her at once out of his Doors; he order'd the next Apartment to my Lady's to be made ready for him—while that was doing—I try'd by all the little Arts I was Mistress of, to amuse him into Temper: in short, a silent Grief was all I could reduce him to—on this, we took our Leaves, and parted to our Repose: What his was, I imagine by my own: For I ne'er clos'd my Eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my Lady at the Door; so I slip't on a Gown, and sat almost an Hour with her in her own Chamber.

Man. What said she, when she did not find my Lord there?

Lady Grace. O! so far from being shock'd or alarm'd at it, that she bless'd the Occasion! and said, that in her Condition, the Chat of a Female Friend was far preferable to the best Husband's Company in the World.

Man. Where has she Spirits to support so much Insensibility?

Lady Grace. Nay! 'tis incredible! for though she had lost every Shilling she had in the World, and stretch'd her Credit even to breaking; she rallied her own Follies with such Vivacity, and painted the Penance, she knows she must undergo for them, in such ridiculous Lights, that had not my Concern for a Brother been too strong for her Wit, she had almost disarm'd my Anger.

Man. Her Mind may have another Cast by this time: The most flagrant Dispositions have their Hours of Anguish; which their Pride conceals from Company: But pray, Madam, how could she avoid coming down to dine.

Lady Grace. O! she took care of that before she went to bed; by ordering her Woman, whenever she was ask'd for, to say, she was not well.

Man. You have seen her since she was up, I presume?

Lady Grace. Up! I question whether she be awake yet.

Man. Terrible! What a Figure does she make now! That Nature should throw away so much Beauty upon a Creature, to make such a flatternly Use of it?

Lady Grace. O fy! there is not a more elegant Beauty in Town, when she's dress'd.

Man. In my Eye, Madam, she that's early dress'd, has ten times her Elegance.

Lady Grace. But she won't be long now, I believe; For I think I see her Chocolate going up—*Mrs. Trusty*,—a hem!

Mrs. Trusty comes to the Door.

Man. [*Aside.*] Five o'clock in the Afternoon, for a Lady of Quality's Breakfast, is an elegant Hour indeed! which to shew her more polite way of living too, I presume, she eats in her Bed.

Lady Grace. [*To Mrs. Trusty.*] And when she is up, I would be glad she would let me come to her Toilet—That's all, *Mrs. Trusty*.

Trusty. I will be sure to let her Ladyship know, Madam. [*Exit Mrs. Trusty.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir, desires to speak with you.

Man. He comes unseasonably——what shall I do with him?

Lady Grace. O see him by all means, we shall have time enough; in the mean while I'll step in, and have an Eye upon my Brother. Nay, don't mind me—you have Business——

Man. You must be obey'd——

[*Retreating while Lady Grace goes out.*]

Desire Sir Francis to walk in——

[*Exit Servant.*]

I suppose by this time his wife Worship begins to find,

that the Balance of his Journey to *London* is on the wrong side.

Enter Sir Francis.

Sir Francis, your Servant; how came I by the Favour of this extraordinary Visit?

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful Face, *Man*?

Sir Fran. I have no Friend alive but you——

Man. I am sorry for that—but what's the Matter?

Sir Fran. I have play'd the Fool by this Journey, I see now—for my bitter Wife——

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the Devil!

Man. Why truly, that's a Part that most of your fine Ladies begin with, as soon as they get to *London*.

Sir Fran. If I'm a living *Man*, Cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty Pounds since Yesterday Morning?

Man. Hah! I see a good Housewife will do a great deal of Work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work do they call it! fine Work indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be—but I suppose you have an Account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the Account indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsome about her, to let the World see that I was Some-body! and I thought that Sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the Country, might have serv'd her a Twelve-month.

Sir Fran. Why so it might—but here in this fine Tawn, forsooth! it could not get through four and twenty Hours——for in half that time, it was all squander'd away in Bawbles, and new-fashioned Trumpery.

Man. O! for Ladies in *London*, *Sir Francis*, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa! there's the Plague on't! the Devil o' one useful thing do I see for it, but two pair of lac'd Shoes, and those stond me in three Pound three Shillings a pair too.

Man. Dear Sir! this is nothing! Why we have City Wives here, that while their good Man is selling three Pennyworth of Sugar, will give you twenty Pounds for a short Apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! what a mortal poor Devil is a Husband!

Man. Well, but I hope you have nothing else to complain of?

Sir Fran. Ah! would I could say so too—but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my Heart, than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be dispos'd of?

Sir Fran. Troth I am almost asham'd to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why she has been at an Assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supt at home last Night?

Sir Fran. Why, so we did—and all as merry as Grigs—I'cod my Heart was so open, that I tofs'd another hundred into her Apron, to go out early this Morning with—But the Cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady *Townly* here, (—who between you and I—mum! has had the Devil to pay yonder—) with another rantipole Dame of Quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady *Noble's* Assembly, forsooth—a few Words, you may be sure, made the Bargain—so, bawnce! and away they drive as if the Devil had got into the Coach-box—so about four or five in the Morning—home comes Madam, with her Eyes a Foot deep in her Head—and my poor hundred Pound left behind her at the Hazard-Table.

Man. All lost at Dice!

Sir Fran. Every Shilling—among a parcel of Pig-tail Puppies, and pale faced Women of Quality.

Man. But pray, Sir *Francis*, how came you, after you

found her so ill an Housewife of one Sum, so soon to trust her with another.

Sir Fran. Why truly, I mun say that was partly my own Fault: For if I had not been a Blab of my Tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been sav'd.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an Owl as I was, out of Goodwill, forsooth, partly to keep her in Humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand Pound a Year, I had just got the Promise of—I'cod! she lays her claws upon it that Moment—said it was all owing to her Advice, and truly she would have her share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's what I told her—My Dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first Quarter on't this half Year.

Man. *Sir Francis*, I have heard you with a great deal of Patience, and I really feel Compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may Cousin, for I don't see that my Wife's Goodness is a bit the better, for bringing to *London*.

Man. If you remember I gave you a Hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why ay, it's true you did so: But the Devil himself could not have believ'd she would have rid Post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a Fortnight in this Town, you will every Day see hundreds as fast upon the Gallop, as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah! this *London* is a base Place indeed—waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at *Westminster*, at this rate, how the Devil shall I keep out of a Jail?

Man. Why truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah! would you could tell me that, Cousin.

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the same Road that brought you hither will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Ods flesh! Cousin, what! and leave a thousand Pound a Year behind me?

Man. Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your Family, and you are a Saver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, Cousin, what a scurvy Figure shall I make in the Country, if I come dawns withawt it?

Man. You will make a much more lamentable Figure in a Jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great Opinion of it then, Cousin?

Man. *Sir Francis*, to do you the Service of a real Friend, I must speak very plainly to you: You don't yet see half the Ruin that's before you?

Sir Fran. Good lack! how may you mean, Cousin?

Man. In one Word, your whole Affairs stand thus—In a Week you'll lose your Seat at *Westminster*: In a Fortnight my Lady will run you into Jail, by keeping the best Company—In four and twenty Hours, your Daughter will run away with a Sharper, because she han't been us'd to better Company: And your Son will steal into Marriage with a Cast-Mistress, because he has not been us'd to any Company at all.

Sir Fran. I' th' Name o' Goodness why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have Proof of it; in short, I know so much of their Secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your Power to do it to-morrow Morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me—Well, Sir, I will be govern'd by yow: But what am I to do in this Case?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper Instructions: But about eight this Evening, I'll call at your Lodgings; and there you shall have full Conviction, how much I have it at Heart to serve you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well, then I'll go straight home, naw.

Man. At Eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah! dear Cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible Journey have I made on't! [Exeunt severally.]

The SCENE opens to a Dressing Room. Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order!

Lady Town. How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of Sleep?

Trusty. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely compos'd.

Lady Town. Compos'd! why I have lain in an Inn here! this House is worse than an Inn with ten Stage Coaches! What between my Lord's impertinent People of Business in a Morning, and the intolerable thick Shoes of Footmen at Noon, one has not a wink all Night.

Trusty. Indeed, Madam, it's a great Pity my Lord can't be persuaded into the Hours of People of Quality—Though I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best Matrimonial Manager in Town.

Lady Town. Oh! you are quite mistaken, *Trusty*! I manage very ill! for notwithstanding all the Power I have, by never being over-fond of my Lord—yet I want Money infinitely oftner than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah, if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want Money.

Lady Town. Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone *Trusty*?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

Lady Town. Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd!—stripp'd, even to a Confiscation of my last Guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me so, Madam!

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Lady Town. And where to raise ten Pound in the World—What is to be done, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: But may be your Ladyship may have a run of better Fortune, upon some of the good Company that comes here to-night.

Lady Town. But I have not a single Guinea to try my Fortune!

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad Business indeed, Madam—Adad! I have a Thought in my Head, Madam, if it is not too late—

Lady Town. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee?

Trusty. Has not the Steward something of fifty Pound, Madam, that you left in his Hands, to pay somebody about this time?

Lady Town. O! ay! I had forgot—'twas to—a—what's his filthy Name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 'twas to Mr. *Lutestring* your old Mercer, that your Ladyship turn'd off, about a Year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady Town. The very Wretch! if he has not paid it, run quickly, dear *Trusty*, and bid him bring it hither immediatel——[*Exit Trusty.*] Well! sure mortal Woman never had such Fortune! Five! Five, and Nine, against poor Seven for ever!———No! after that horrid Bar of my Chance, that Lady *Wronghead*'s fatal red Fist upon the Table, I saw it was impossible, ever, to win another Stake———Sit up all Night! lose all one's Money! dream of winning Thousands! wake without a Shilling! and Then—how like a Hag I look! In short——the Pleasures of Life, are not worth this Disorder! If it were not for Shame now, I could almost think, Lady *Grace*'s sober Scheme not quite so ridiculous——If my wise Lord could but hold his Tongue for a Week, 'tis odds, but I should hate the Town in a Fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive. [Trusty returns.]

Trusty. O Madam! there is no bearing it! Mr. *Lutestring* was just let in at the Door, as I came to the Stair-Foot; and the Steward is now actually paying him the Money in the Hall.

Lady Town. Run to the Stair-case Head, again—
and scream to him, that I must speak with him this In-
stant.

[*Trusty runs out, and speaks.*]

Trusty. Mr. *Poundage*—a hem! Mr. *Poun-*
dage, a word with you quickly.

Pound. [*within.*] I'll come to you pre-
sently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, Man, you must
come this Minute.

Pound. I am but just paying a little Money,
here.

Trusty. Cod's my Life! paying Money? is
the Man distracted? Come here I tell you,
to my Lady, this Moment, quick!

[*Trusty returns,*

Lady Town. Will the Monster come or no?—

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam, he is hobbling
up, as fast as he can.

Lady Town. Don't let him come in—for he will keep
such a babbling about his Accounts,—my Brain is not
able to bear him.

[*Poundage comes to the Door with a Money-bag
in his Hand.*]

Trusty. O! 'tis well you are come, Sir! where's the
fifty Pound?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in such
haste, I should have paid it by this time—the Man's
now writing a Receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No Matter! my Lady says, you must not pay him
with that Money, there is not enough, it seems; there's
a Pistole, and a Guinea, that is not good in it,—besides
there is a mistake in the Account too—[*Twitching the
Bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure to examine it
now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call ano-
ther Time.

Lady Town. What is all that Noise there?

Pound. Why and it please your Ladyship—

Lady Town. Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do
as you were ordered.

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Pound. Nay, what your Ladyship pleases, Madam—

[*Exit Poundage.*]

Trusty. There they are, Madam—[*Pours the Money out of the Bag.*] The pretty Things—were so near falling into a nasty Tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them—I fancy your Ladyship had as good give me that bad Guinea, for Luck's sake—thank you, Madam.

[*Takes a Guinea.*]

Lady Town. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No, but your Ladyship look'd as if you were just going to bid me, and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, Madam.

Lady Town. Well! thou hast deserv'd it, and so, for once—but hark! don't I hear the Man making a Noise yonder? Though I think now we may compound for a little of his ill humour.

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady Town. Pr'ythee do. [Trusty goes to the Door.

Trusty. Ay! they are at it, Madam—he's in a bitter Passion with poor *Poundage*—bless me! I believe he'll beat him—mercy on us; how the Wretch swears!

Lady Town. And a sober Citizen too! that's a shame!

Trusty. Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden—— may be the Porter has knock'd him down—I'll step and see——

[*Exit Trusty.*]

Lady Town. Those Trades-people are the troublesomest Creatures! no Words will satisfy them!

[Trusty returns.

Trusty. O Madam! undone! undone! my Lord has just bolted upon the Man, and is hearing all his pitiful Story over—if your Ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself?

Lady Town. No matter: It will come round presently: I shall have it from my Lord; without losing a Word by the Way, I'll warrant you.

Trusty. O lud! Madam! here's my Lord just coming in.

Lady Town. Do you get out of the Way then. [*Exit Trusty.*] I am afraid I want Spirits! but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord Town. How comes it, Madam, that a Tradesman dares be clamourous in my House, for Money due to him from you.

Lady Town. You don't expect, my Lord, that I should answer for other People's Impertinence.

Lord Town. I expect, Madam, you should answer for your own Extravagances, that are the Occasion of it—I thought I had given you Money three Months ago, to satisfy all these sort of People!

Lady Town. Yes, but you see they never are to be satisfy'd.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, longer to be abus'd thus! what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady Town. Gone.

Lord Town. Gone! what way, Madam?

Lady Town. Half the Town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord Town. 'Tis well! I see Ruin will make no Impression, 'till it falls upon you.

Lady Town. In short, my Lord, if Money is always the subject of our Conversation, I shall make you no Answer.

Lord Town. Madam, Madam! I will be heard, and make you Answer.

Lady Town. Make me! then I must tell you, my Lord, this is a Language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

Lord Town. Come! come, Madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady Town. My Lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear, on your side, I can assure you.

Lord Town. Pooh! your Spirit grows ridiculous—you have neither Honour, Worth, or Innocence, to support it.

Lady Town. You'll find, at least, I have Resentment! and do you look well to the Provocation!

Lord Town. After those you have given me, Madam, 'tis almost infamous, to talk with you.

Lady Town. I scorn your Imputation, and your Menaces! The Narrowness of your Heart's your Monitor! 'tis there! there, my Lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many Husbands of an equal Rank to you.

Lord Town. Death, Madam! do you presume upon your Corporal Merit! that your Person's less tainted, than your Mind! is it there! there alone an honest Husband can be injur'd? Have you not every other Vice that can debase your Birth, or stain the Heart of Woman? Is not your Health, your Beauty, Husband, Fortune, Family disclaim'd, for Nights consum'd in Riot and Extravagance? The Wanton does no more; if she conceals her Shame, does less: And sure the Disolute avow'd, as sorely wrongs my Honour, and my Quiet.

Lady Town. I see, my Lord, what sort of Wife might please you.

Lord Town. Ungrateful Woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her—I am amaz'd our Legislature has left no Precedent of a Divorce for this more visible Injury, this Adultery of the Mind, as well as that of the Person! when a Woman's whole Heart is alienated to Pleasures I have no Share in, what is't to me, whether a black Ace, or a powder'd Coxcomb has Possession of it?

Lady Town. If you have not found it yet, my Lord, this is not the way to get Possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord Town. That, Madam, I have long despair'd of; and since our Happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that with our Hearts, our Persons too should separate—This House you sleep no more in! Tho' your Content might grossly feed upon the Dishonour of a Husband, yet my Desires would starve upon the Features of a Wife.

Lady Town. Your Stile, my Lord, is much of the same Delicacy with your Sentiments of Honour.

Lord Town. Madam, Madam! this is no time for Compliments—I have done with you.

Lady Town. If we had never met, my Lord, I had

not broke my Heart for it! but have a care! I may not, perhaps, be so easily recall'd as you imagine.

Lord *Town*. Recall'd!—Who's there? [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire my Sister and Mr. *Manly* to walk up.

Lady *Town*. My Lord, you may proceed as you please, but pray what Indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other Women of Quality.

Lord *Town*. 'Tis not the Number of ill Wives, Madam, that makes the Patience of a Husband less contemptible: and tho' a bad one may be the best Man's Lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the World, that keeps his Misfortunes out of Doors, than he that tamely keeps them Within.

Lady *Town*. I don't know what Figure you may make, my Lord, but I shall have no Reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever Company I may meet you.

Lord *Town*. Be sparing of your Spirit, Madam, you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. *Manly*, I have an Act of Friendship to beg of you, which wants more Apologies, than Words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I may have the greater Merit in obliging you.

Lord *Town*. Sister, I have the same Excuse to intreat of you too.

Lady *Grace*. To your Request, I beg, my Lord.

Lord *Town*. Thus then—as you both were present at my ill consider'd Marriage, I now desire you each will be a Witness of my determin'd Separation—I know, Sir, your Good-nature, and my Sister's must be shock'd at the Office I impose on you! But as I don't ask your Justification of my Cause; so I hope you are conscious—that an ill Woman can't reproach you, if you are silent upon her side.

Man. My Lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady *Grace*. [*Aside.*] Heavens! how I tremble!

Lord *Town*. For you, my Lady *Townly*, I need not

here repeat the Provocations of my parting with you—the World, I fear, is too well inform'd of them—For the good Lord, your dead Father's sake, I will still support you, as his Daughter—As the Lord *Townly's* Wife, you have had every thing a fond Husband could bestow, and (to our mutual Shame I speak it) more than happy Wives desire—But those Indulgences must end! State, Equipage and Splendor, but ill become the Vices that misuse 'em—The decent Necessaries of Life shall be supply'd—but not one Article to Luxury! Not even the Coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again! Your tender Aunt, my Lady *Lovemore*, with Tears, this Morning, has consented to receive you; where if Time, and your Condition, brings you to a due Reflection, your Allowance shall be increas'd—But, if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious Pleasures, that little shall be less! nor will I call that Soul my Friend, that names you in my Hearing!

Lady Grace. My Heart bleeds for her! [*Aside.*

Lord Town. O *Manly*! look there! turn back thy Thoughts with me, and witness to my growing Love? there was a time when I believ'd that Form incapable of Vice or of Decay! There I propos'd the Partner of an easy Home! There! I, for ever, hop'd to find, a cheerful Companion, an agreeable Intimate, a faithful Friend, a useful Help-mate, and a tender Mother—But oh! how bitter now the Disappointment!

Man. The World is different in its Sense of Happiness: Offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord Town. Fear me not.

Man. This last Reproach, I see, has struck her. [*Aside.*

Lord Town. No, let me not (though I this Moment cast her from my Heart for ever) let me not urge her Punishment beyond her Crimes—I know the World is fond of any Tale that feeds its appetite of Scandal: And as I am conscious, Severities of this kind seldom fail of Imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least Suspicion rais'd against the Honour of my Bed. Therefore, when abroad her Conduct may be question'd, do her Fame that Justice.

Lady Town. O Sister ! [*Turns to Lady Grace weeping.*]

Lord Town. When I am spoken of, where without Favour this Action may be canvass'd, relate but half my Provocations, and give me up to Censure. [*Going.*]

Lady Town. Support me ! save me ! hide me from the World ! [*Falls on Lady Grace's Neck.*]

Lord Town. [*Returning.*] — I had forgot me — You have no Share in my Resentment, therefore as you have liv'd in Friendship with her, Your Parting may admit of gentler Terms than suit the Honour of an injur'd Husband. [*Offers to go out.*]

Man. [*Interposing.*] My Lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus ! One Moment's stay can do your Cause no wrong ! If Looks can speak the Anguish of the Heart, I'll answer with my Life, there's something labouring in her Mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord Town. Consider ! since we no more can meet ; press not my Staying, to insult her.

Lady Town. Yet stay, my Lord — the little I would say, will not deserve an Insult ; and undeserv'd, I know your Nature gives it not. But as you have call'd in Friends to witness your Resentment, let them be equal Hearers of my last Reply.

Lord Town. I shan't refuse you that, Madam — be it so.

Lady Town. My Lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted Love ; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, so when you hear the Story of my Heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my Coldness.

Lady Grace. This promises a reverse of Temper.

Man. This, my Lord, you are concern'd to hear ! [*Apart.*]

Lord Town. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady Town. Before I was your Bride, my Lord, the flattering World had talk'd me into Beauty ; which, at my Glass, my youthful Vanity confirm'd : Wild with that Fame, I thought Mankind my Slaves, I triumph'd over Hearts while all my Pleasure was their Pain : Yet

was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a Father's firm Commands enjoin'd me to make choice of One; I even there declin'd the Liberty he gave, and to his own Election yielded up my Youth——his tender Care, my Lord, directed him to you——Our Hands were join'd? But still my Heart was wedded to its Folly! My only Joy was Power, Command, Society, Profuseness, and to lead in Pleasures! The Husband's Right to Rule, I thought a vulgar Law, which only the Deform'd or Meanly-spirited obey'd! I knew no Directors, but my Passions; no Master, but my Will! Even you, my Lord, some time o'ercome by Love, was pleas'd with my Delights; nor, then, foresaw this mad Misuse of your Indulgence——And, though I call myself ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a Truth, it cannot be deny'd——That kind Indulgence has undone me! it added Strength to my habitual Failings, and in a Heart thus warm, in wild unthinking Life, no wonder if the gentler Sense of Love was lost.

Lord Town. O *Manly!* where has this Creature's Heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable——How vast a } *Apart.*
Treasure?

Lady Town. What I have said, my Lord, is not my Excuse, but my Confession! my Errors (give 'em if you please a harder Name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its Nature wrong, no Words can palliate, no Plea can alter! What then remains in my Condition, but Resignation to your Pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future Conduct: Therefore, 'till I have liv'd an Object of Forgiveness, I dare not hope for Pardon——The Penance of a lonely contrite Life were little to the Innocent; but to have deserv'd this Separation, will strow perpetual Thorns upon my Pillow.

Lady Grace. O happy, heavenly Hearing!

Lady Town. Sister, Farewell! [*Kissing her.*] Your Virtue needs no Warning from the Shame that falls on me: But when you think I have aton'd my Follies past——persuade your injur'd Brother to forgive them.

Lord Town. No, Madam! Your Errors thus renounc'd, this Instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a Sense of

them, has made you, what my utmost Wishes form'd, and all my Heart has sigh'd for.

Lady Town. [*Turning to Lady Grace.*] How odious does this Goodness make me!

Lady Grace. How amiable your thinking so?

Lord Town. Long-parted Friends, that pass through easy Voyages of Life, receive but common Gladness in their Meeting: But from a Shipwreck sav'd, we mingle Tears with our Embraces! [*Embracing Lady Townly.*

Lady Town. What Words! what Love! what Duty can repay such Obligations?

Lord Town. Preserve but this Desire to please, your Power is endless!

Lady Town. Oh!—'till this Moment, never did I know, my Lord, I had a Heart to give you!

Lord Town. By Heav'n! this yielding Hand, when first it gave you to my Wishes, presented not a Treasure more desirable! O *Manly!* Sister! as you have often shar'd in my Disquiet, partake of my Felicity! my new-born Joy! see here the Bride of my Desires! This may be called my Wedding-Day!

Lady Grace. Sister! (for now methinks that name is dearer to my Heart than ever) let me congratulate the Happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow——

Lord Town. To make our Happiness compleat, my Dear, join here with me to give a Hand, that amply will repay the Obligation.

Lady Town. Sister! a Day like this——

Lady Grace. Admits of no Excuse against the general Joy. [*Gives her Hand to Manly.*

Man. A Joy like mine———despairs of Words to speak it.

Lord Town. O *Manly!* how the Name of Friend endears the Brother! [*Embracing him.*

Man. Your Words, my Lord, will warm me, to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Apartments are full of Masqueraders———And some People of Quality there desire to see your Lordship, and my Lady.

Lady Town. I thought, my Lord, your Orders had forbid this Revelling?

Lord Town. No, my Dear, *Manly* has desir'd their Admittance to-night, it seems upon a particular Occasion——Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady Town. I shall be but ill Company to them.

Lord Town. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. *Lady Grace* will assist you to entertain them.

Lady Town. With her, my Lord, I shall be always easy.——Sister, to your unerring Virtue, I now commit the Guidance of my future Days——

Never the Paths of Pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded Innocence shall lead.
For in the Marriage-state the World must own,
Divided Happiness was never known.

To make it mutual, Nature points the Way:

Let Husbands govern: Gentle Wives obey. [*Exit.*]

The SCENE opening to another Apartment discovers a great number of People in Masquerade talking all together, and playing upon one another: Lady Wronghead as a Shepherdess; Jenny as a Nun; the Squire as a running Footman; and the Count in a Domino. After some Time, Lord and Lady Townly, with Lady Grace, enter to them unmask'd.

Lord Town. So? here's a great deal of Company.

Lady Grace. A great many People, my Lord, but no Company——as you'll find——for here's one now, that seems to have a mind to entertain us.

[*A Mask, after some affected Gesture, makes up to Lady Townly.*]

Mask. Well, dear *Lady Townly*, shan't we see you, by and by?

Lady Town. I don't know you, Madam.

Mask. Don't you seriously? [*In a squeaking Tone.*]

Lady Town. Not I, indeed.

Mask. Well, that's charming; but can't you guess?

Lady Town. Yes, I could guess wrong, I believe.

Mask. That's what I'd have you do.

Lady Town. But, Madam, if I don't know you at all, is not that as well?

Mask. Ay, but you do know me.

Lady Town. Dear Sister, take her off o' my Hands; there's no bearing this. [*Apart.*]

Lady Grace. I fancy I know you, Madam.

Mask. I fancy you don't: What makes you think you do?

Lady Grace. Because I have heard you talk.

Mask. Ay, but you don't know my Voice, I'm sure.

Lady Grace. There is something in your Wit and Humour, Madam, so very much your own, it is impossible you can be any Body but my *Lady Trifle*.

Mask. [*Unmasking.*] Dear *Lady Grace*! thou art a charming Creature.

Lady Grace. Is there no Body else we know here?

Mask. O dear yes! I have found out fifty already.

Lady Grace. Pray who are they?

Mask. O, charming Company! there's *Lady Ramble*

—— *Lady Riot* —— *Lady Kill-Care* —— *Lady Squander* —— *Lady Strip* —— *Lady Pawn* —— and the Dutchess of *Single-Guinea*.

Lord Town. Is it not hard, my Dear! that People of Sense and Probity are sometimes forc'd to seem fond of such Company?

Lady Town. My Lord, it will always give me pain to remember their Acquaintance, but none to drop it immediately.

Apart.

Lady Grace. But you have given us no Account of the Men, Madam. Are they good for any thing?

Mask. O yes! you must know, I always find out them by their Endeavours to find out me.

Lady Grace. Pray who are they?

Mask. Why, for your Men of Tip-top Wit and Pleasure, about Town, there's my Lord —— *Bite* —— Lord *Arch-wag* —— Young *Brazen wit* —— Lord

Timberdown———*Lord Joint-Life*———and———*Lord Mortgage*. Then for your pretty Fellows only—there's *Sir Powder-Peacock*.——*Lord Lapwing*,——*Billy Magpye*——*Beau Frightful*——*Sir Paul Plaster-crown*, and the Marquis of *Monkey-man*.

Lady Grace. Right! and these are the fine Gentlemen that never want Elbow-room at an Assembly.

Mask. The rest I suppose, by their tawdry hired Habits, are Tradesmens Wives, Inns-of-Court Beaux, Jews, and kept Mistresses.

Lord Town. An Admirable Collection!

Lady Grace. Well, of all our Public Diversions, I am amaz'd how this that is so very expensive, and has so little to shew for it, can draw so much Company together.

Lord Town. O! if it were not expensive, the better fort would not come into it: And because Money can purchase a Ticket, the common People scorn to be kept out of it.

Mask. Right, my Lord; Poor *Lady Grace*! I suppose you are under the same Astonishment, that an Opera should draw so much good Company.

Lady Grace. Not at all, Madam: it's an easier matter sure to gratify the Ear, than the Understanding. But have you no Notion, Madam, of receiving Pleasure and Profit at the same Time?

Mask. Oh! quite none! unless it be sometimes winning a great Stake; laying down a *Vole, sans prendre* may come up, to the profitable Pleasure you were speaking of.

Lord Town. You seem attentive, my Dear?

Lady Town. I am, my Lord; and amaz'd at my own Follies, so strongly painted in another Woman. } *Apart.*

Lady Grace. But see, my Lord, we had best adjourn our Debate, I believe, for here are some Masks that seem to have a Mind to divert other People as well as themselves.

Lord Town. The least we can do is to give them a clear Stage then.

[*A Dance of Masks here in various Characters.*
This was a Favour extraordinary.]

Enter Manly.

O *Manly* ! I thought we had lost you.

Man. I ask Pardon, my Lord ; but I have been obliged to look a little after my Country Family.

Lord Town. Well, pray, what have you done with them ?

Man. They are all in the House here, among the Masks, my Lord ; if your Lordship has Curiosity enough, to step into a lower Apartment, in three Minutes I'll give you an ample Account of them.

Lord Town. O ! by all means : We will wait upon you.

[The Scene shuts upon the Masks to a smaller Apartment.]

Manly re-enters with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, Cousin, you have made my very Hair stand on End ! Waunds ! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole Family into a Stage-Coach, and trundle them into the Country again on Monday Morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a Way to redeem all : In the mean Time, place yourself behind this Screen, and for the Truth of what I have told you, take the Evidence of your own Senses : But be sure you keep close till I give you the Signal.

Sir Fran. Sir ! I'll warrant you—Ah ! my Lady, my Lady *Wronghead* ! What a bitter Business have you drawn me into ?

Man. Hush ! to your Post ; here comes one Couple already.

Sir Francis retires behind the Screen. *[Exit Manly.]*

Enter Myrtilla with Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. What ! is this the Doctor's Chamber.

Myr. Yes, yes ; speak softly.

Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he ?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good Turn, without Witnesses : So, when the Count and your Sister come, you know he and you may be Fathers for one another.

Squ. Rich. Well, well, Tit for Tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see! here they come.

Enter Count Basset, and Miss Jenny.

Count Bas. So, so, here's your Brother, and his Bride, before us, my Dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow my Heart's at my Mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of Mama! but while she stood gaping upon the Dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

Count Bas. O the pretty Flutterer! I protest, my Dear, you have put mine into the same Palpitation!

Jenny. Ah! you say so—but let's see now——O Lud! I vow it thumps purely——well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the Parson?

Count Bas. Mrs. Myrtille, will you be so good as to see if the Doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take Place of Mama, when I'm a Countess?

Count Bas. No doubt on't, my Dear.

Jenny. O Lud! how her Back will be up then, when she meets me at an Assembly? or you and I in our Coach and Six, at *Hyde-Park* together?

Count Bas. Ay, or when she hears the Box-keepers, at an Opera, call out—*The Countess of Basset's Servants!*

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine Gentleman with a Star and what-dye-call-um Ribbon, lead me to my Chair, with his Hat under his Arm all the Way! Hold up, says the Chairman, and so, says I, my Lord, your humble Servant. I suppose, Madam, says he, we shall see you at my Lady *Quadrille's*! Ay, ay, to be sure my Lord, says I——So in swops me, with my Hoop stuff'd up to my Forehead! and away they trot, swing! swang! with my Tassels dangling, and my Flambeaux blazing, and—Oh! its a charming thing to be a Woman of Quality!

Count Bas. Well! I see that plainly, my Dear, there's

ne'er a Dutcheſs of 'em all will become an Equipage like you.

Fenny. Well, well, do you find Equipage, and I'll find Airs, I warrant you.

WHAT tho' they call me Country Laſs,
I read it plainly in my Glaſs,
That for a Dutcheſs I might paſs:
Oh, could I ſee the Day!

Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring and Ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a *Stand by*—*Clear the Way.*

II.

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux,
With ſmart Toupees, and powder'd Clothes,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Noſe;
Oh, could I ſee the Day!

I'll dart ſuch Glances from theſe Eyes,
Shall make ſome Lord or Duke my Prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a *Stand by*—*Clear the Way.*

III.

Oh! then for ev'ry new Delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls all Night;
Oh, could I ſee the Day!

Of Love and Joy I'd take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In ev'ry thing I'd have my Will,
With a *Stand by*—*Clear the Way.*

Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this Maſquerading's the merrieſt Game that ever I ſaw in my Life! Thoſe, in my mind, and there were but a little Wreſtling, or Cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the Parſon ſtay ſo?

Count Baſ. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtilla with a Constable.

Const. Well, Madam, pray which is the Party that wants a Spice of my Office here?

Myr. That's the Gentleman. [*Pointing to the Count.*]

Count Bas. Hey dey! what in Masquerade, Doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your Man: But if you are called *Count Basset*, I have a *Billet-doux* in my Hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count Bas. What the Devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant against you for Forgery, Sir.

Count Bas. Blood and Thunder!

Const. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your Fool's Frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next Justice of Peace immediately.

* *Jenny.* O dear me! what's the Matter? [*Trembling.*]

Count Bas. O! nothing, only a Masquerading Frolic, my Dear.

Squ. Rich. Oh ho! is that all?

Sir Fran. No, Sirrah! that is not all.

[*Sir Francis coming softly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his Cane.*]

Enter Manly.

Squ. Rich. O Lawd! O Lawd! he has beaten my Brains out!

Man. Hold, hold, *Sir Francis*, have a little Mercy upon my poor Godson, pray Sir.

Sir Fran. Waunds, Cousin, I han't Patience.

Count Bas. *Manly*! nay, then I'm blown to the Devil. [*Aside.*]

Squ. Rich. O my Head! my Head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

Lady Wrong. What's the Matter here, Gentlemen? for Heav'n's sake! What are you murd'ring my Children?

Const. No, no, Madam! no Murder! only a little Suspicion of Felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. [*To Jenny.*] And for you, Mrs. *Hot-upon't*,

I could find in my Heart to make you wear that Habit as long as you live, you Jade you: Do you know, Hussy, that you were within two Minutes of marrying a Pickpocket?

Count *Bas*. So, so, all's out, I find. [*Aside*.

Jenny. O the Mercy! why, pray, Papa, is not the Count a Man of Quality then?

Sir *Fran*. O yes! one of the Unhang'd ones, it seems.

Lady *Wrong*. [*Aside*.] Married! O the confident Thing! There was his urgent Business then—sighted for her! I han't Patience!—and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a Friendship with a Highwayman!

Man. Mr. *Constable*, secure there.

Sir *Fran*. Ah, my Lady! my Lady! this comes of your Journey to *London*! but now I'll have a Frolic of my own, Madam; therefore pack up your Trumpery this very night, for the Moment my Horses are able to crawl, you and your Brats shall make a Journey into the Country again.

Lady *Wrong*. Indeed you are mistaken, Sir *Francis*—I shall not stir out of Town yet, I promise you.

Sir *Fran*. Not stir! Waunds! Madam—

Man. Hold, Sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my Lady to think better on't.

Sir *Fran*. Ah! Cousin, you are a Friend indeed!

Man. [*Apart to my Lady*.] Look you, Madam, as to the Favour you design'd me, in sending this spurious Letter inclosed to my Lady *Grace*, all the Revenge I have taken, is to have sav'd your Son and Daughter from Ruin—Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the Country again, I will save your Ladyship from Ruin.

Lady *Wrong*. What do you mean, Sir?

Man. Why, Sir *Francis*—shall never know what is in this Letter; look upon it. How it came into my Hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady *Wrong*. Ha! my *Billet-doux* to the Count! and an Appointment in it! I shall sink with Confusion!

Man. What shall I say to Sir *Francis*, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear Sir, I am in such a Trembling! preserve my Honour and I am all Obedience!

[*Apart to Manly.*

Man. Sir *Francis*—my Lady is ready to receive your Commands for her Journey; whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah Cousin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir *Francis*! take it as you find it. Obedience in a Wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful!—And now, Sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this Gentleman.

Count Bas. Mr. *Manly*! Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this Note for five hundred Pounds, Sir.

Count Bas. Sir—I see you know the World, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate—But it has hurt no body yet, Sir! I beg you will not stigmatize me! since you have spoil'd my Fortune in one Family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young Fellow, as to put it out of my Power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir!

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waste with you; But if you expect Mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count Bas. Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruin'd this young Woman?

Count Bas. I, Sir!

Man. I know you have—therefore you can't blame her, if, in the Fact you are charg'd with, she is a principal Witness against you. However, you have one, and one only Chance to get off with. Marry her this Instant—and you take off her Evidence.

Count Bas. Dear Sir!

Man. No Words, Sir; a Wife or a *Mittimus*.

Count Bas. Lord, Sir; this is the most unmerciful Mercy!

Man. A private Penance, or a Public one—Constable.

Count Bas. Hold, Sir since you are pleas'd to give me my Choice; I will not make so ill a Compliment to the Lady, as not to give her the Preference.

Man. It must be done this Minute, Sir: the Chaplain you expected is still within Call.

Count *Baf.* Well, Sir,—since it must be so—Come, Spouse—I am not the first of the Fraternity, that has run his Head into one Noose, to keep it out of another. }

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: Marriage is at worst, but playing upon the Square.

Count *Baf.* Ay, but the worst of the Match too, is the Devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a Reward for her Honesty, in detecting your Practices, instead of the forged Bill, you would have put upon her, there's a real One of five hundred Pounds, to begin a new Honey-Moon with. [*Gives it to Myrtila.*]

Count *Baf.* Sir, this is so generous an Act.——

Man. No Compliments, dear Sir—I am not at leisure now to receive them: Mr. *Constable*, will you be so good as to wait upon this Gentleman into the next Room, and give this Lady in Marriage to him?

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count *Baf.* Well! five hundred will serve to make a handsome Push with, however.

[*Exeunt Count, Myr. and Constable.*]

Sir Fran. And that I may be sure my Family's rid of him for ever—come, my Lady, let's even take our Children along with us, and be all Witnesses of the Ceremony. [*Exeunt Sir Fran. Lady Wrong. Miss and Squire.*]

Man. Now, my Lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

Lord *Town.* So, Sir, I give you Joy of your Negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lady *Grace.* From first to last, Sir.

Lord *Town.* Never were Knaves and Fools better dispos'd of.

Man. A sort of Poetical Justice, my Lord, not much above the Judgment of a modern Comedy.

Lord *Town.* To heighten, that Resemblance, I think Sister, there only wants your rewarding the Hero of the Fable, by naming the Day of his Happiness.

214 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,*

Lady Grace. This Day, to-morrow, every Hour, I hope, of Life to come, will shew I want not Inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, Madam, you will always find Endeavours to deserve you.

Lord Town. Then all are happy.

Lady Town. Sister? I give you Joy! consummate as the happiest Pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a Glass, I see
The Happiness, that once advanc'd to me.
So visible the Bliss, so plain the Way,
How was it possible my Sense could stray?
But now, a Convert, to this Truth, I come,
That Married Happiness is never found from Home,

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

M *E*thinks I hear some powder'd Critics say;
“Damn it! this *Wife Reform'd* has spoil'd the Play!

“The Coxcomb should have drawn her more in Fashion,

“Have gratify'd her softer Inclination,

“Have tipt her a Gallant, and clinch'd the Provocation. }
But there our Bard stopt short: For 'twere uncivil

“To have made a modern Belle, all o'er a Devil!

He hop'd, in Honour of the Sex, the Age

Would bear one mended Woman——on the Stage.

From whence, you see by common Sense's Rules,

Wives might be govern'd, were not Husbands Fools.

Whate'er by Nature Dames are prone to do,

They seldom stray but when they govern you.

When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,

No wonder then she plays him all the Game.

But Men of Sense meet rarely that Disaster;

Women take Pride where Merit is their Master:

Nay, she that with a weak Man wisely lives,

Will seem t' obey the due Commands he gives!

Happy Obedience is no more a Wonder,

When Men are Men, and keep them kindly under.

But modern Consorts are such high-bred Creatures,

They think a Husband's Power degrades their Features;

That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty,

Than that she never was reproach'd with Duty:

And that the greatest Blessing Heav'n e'er sent,

Is in a Spouse, Incurious and Content.

To give such Dames a diff'rent Cast of Thought,

By calling home the Mind, these Scenes were wrought.

If with a Hand too rude, the Task is done,

We hope the Scheme, by Lady Grace laid down,

Will all such Freedom with the Sex atone,

That Virtue there unsoil'd, by modish Art;

Throws out Attraction for a Manly's Heart. }
You, You, then, Ladies, whose unquestion'd Lives

Give you the foremost Fame of happy Wives,

EPILOGUE.

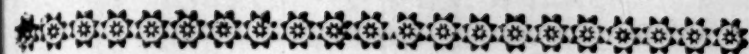
*Protect, for its Attempt this helpless Play;
Nor leave it to the vulgar Taste a Prey;
Appear the frequent Champions of its Cause,
Direct the Crowd and give yourselves Applause.*

R

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Vol



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VOL. IV.

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PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

OUR Author of his Rural Muse afraid,
Calls in, To-night, plain Sonnet to his Aid.
His Scheme, I told him, might some Judgment shew,
Could he have call'd in skilful Voices too.
To that he answer'd—Let your Sounds have Sense,
Old England will with English Throats dispense,
And take what's well design'd, for Excellence. }
'Tis not our nice Performance is the Thing; }
Good Songs will always candid Hearers bring; }
Provided—we find *Airs*, which they Themselves may sing. }
An English Song, ill sung, will please Good-nature:
You've some Delight, to know you sing it better.
If Songs are harmless Revels of the Heart,
Why should our native Tongue not bear its Part?
Why after learned Warblers must we pant,
And doat on *Airs*, which only They can chaunt?
Methinks 'twere hard, if, in the chearful Spring,
Were none but Nightingales allow'd to sing!
The Lark, the Sparrow, and the plain Cuckooe,
Have all an equal Right, to Chirp, and Woe:
Ev'n France in that her Liberty maintains; }
Her Songs, at least, are free from Foreign Chains, }
And Peers and Peasants sing their native Strains. }
Time was, even here, when D'Urfey vamp'd a Song,
The same the Courtier and the Cobler sung.
What tho' our Connoisseurs may love Champaigne;
Must never English Ale go down again?
Must no Mouths drink, but what at Taverns dine?
All Pockets reach not honest Jephson's Wine.
Since then, of late, you've given our Hopes some Ground, }
Since plain October has your Favour found, }
Why troth! ev'n mend your Draught, and let old Songs }
go round.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Arcas</i> , a Nobleman of great Possessions in <i>Arcadia</i> ,	}	Mr. Mills.
<i>Ægon</i> , his Friend,		Mr. Harper.
<i>Amyntas</i> , Son to <i>Arcas</i> , in love with <i>Pastora</i> ,	}	Mr. Williams.
<i>Iphis</i> , Son to <i>Ægon</i> , in love with <i>Iantbe</i> ,		Mrs. Thurmond.
<i>Philautus</i> , a conceited <i>Corinthian</i>	}	Mr. Cibber.
Courtier, pretending to <i>Pastora</i> ,		
<i>Corydon</i> , an old Shepherd,		Mr. Griffin.
<i>Cimon</i> and <i>Mopsus</i> , Simple Brothers, in love with <i>Phyllida</i> ,	}	Mr. Miller.
<i>Damon</i> , an Inconstant,		Mr. Oates.
		Mr. Ray.

W O M E N.

<i>Iantbe</i> ,	}	Daughter to	{	<i>Arcas</i> ,	}	Mrs. Cibber.
<i>Pastora</i> ,				<i>Ægon</i> ,		Mrs. Lindar.
<i>Phyllida</i> ,				<i>Corydon</i> ,		Mrs. Raftor.

SCENE, *the Arcadian Fields.*

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

A C T I.

A R C A S *alone.*

A R C A S.

HAIL! to the rising Day! Hail! waking Nature,
Ye verdant Plains, ye Hills, and fertile Valleys,
Ye lowing Herds, and fleecy bleating Flocks,
Ye warbling Groves, and murmuring Fountains, Hail!
Once yet again I see the annual Morn
That gave me Birth, and counts me into Age.
O! *Phæbus* hear! God of refulgent Skies! [*Kneels.*
All-glorious Ruler of revolving Light,
Author of Medicine, and Immortal Song,
Deign to receive these Thanks of Adoration!
Thanks for thy Course of rolling Years enjoy'd,
That thus have, unafflicted, borne me through
The various Periods of appointed Life!
The Spring of Infancy, Summer of Youth,
The reaping Autumn of experienc'd Man,
Down for the Winter of unaching Age.
Thanks to the Comforts of a genial Bed,
Now ripening to the Joys of Love, and Virtue.
Such are the Blessings from thy Beams receiv'd,
And these, O *Phæbus*! are the Thanks we pay thee.

Ægon singing within.

Hark! from the Vale, I hear the jovial Voice
Of *Ægon*, blithe, and lusty as the Summer,
Nor bending to the Burden of his Years:

Jocund he comes, and chaunting to the Day,
With friendly Gratulation——Ægon, Hail!

Enter Ægon.

Health, and the Blessings of the Morn be thine.

Ægon. Why ay, my Lord! this Day is blest indeed!
It gave you Life; and me the best of Friends;
And to that Friend I owe my jovial Heart.

A I R I.

*Ye Nymphs, and Swains,
With Melody hail the Day;
Make Holiday round the Plains,
All jolily Dance and play.
This happy, glorious Sun
Gave to your Fields a Lord,
Of all your Hopes the Crown,
And, to your Folds, the Guard.
Let the Man to all so dear
With rural Pan be sung:
To the next, and next good Year,
Here may he live blest and long.*

Arcas. Thanks to thy Love: thy jolly Voice, tho' rough
As is the Billow curling to the Beach,
Revives the Images of Pleasures past,
When Mirth and Revels were excus'd by Youth.

Ægon. Excus'd by Youth, my Lord! You make me
Is there a stated Time, in this short Life, [smile:
That makes it Wisdom to be sad,
Or Weakness to be happy! No:
Let Policy, or Guile, disguise their Face!
But Honesty dares hold it to the Sun!
May we have Cause for Gladness, and not shew it?
Was't not this happy Day that gave you Birth?
Are you not Lord of these Arcadian Plains?
Where, like the Substitute of Heav'nly Power,
You dole the Blessings you from thence receive,
And make a People, by your Bounty, happy.
Yet not more blest by Bounty, than Example:
Your Life has taught those Virtues, you reward.
And is not this a Cause for general Joy?

Are you not still the same belov'd Lord *Arcas*?
Are you not still that honest Nobleman?

Arcas. Suppose me so——

Ægon.—Why then, my Lord let those
Be sad, who never wore but half that Title!
Let our *Corinthian* Lords be Grave, and Graceless:
The privilege of Honesty is Mirth!

Arcas. Yet Charity becomes the Cheerful too:

Ægon. Mine, Sir, begins, where their Court-friendship
At home: Therefore I say we're happier Men, [ends,
Yet only Happy, as we're better too:
Shall Virtue then not taste her Benefits?
Shall only Knaves and spendthrift Heirs be jovial?
The Cheerfulness of Knaves is Impudence!
Have Courts a Joy, like sound Integrity?
When they shew that, I'll own 'em wise; 'till when,
Let us be plainly pleas'd with Happiness.

Arcas. O *Ægon*! were I capable of Envy,
Thy turn of Mind would tempt me to repine!
Why have not I this cheerful Taste of Life?
Why seems my Plenty less than thy small Store?
What are my Wants? where are my Wishes bounded?
And yet——

'Twere happier to be *Ægon*, than be *Arcas*.

Ægon. You make me triumph o'er your Learning!
You, who have all Philosophy can wish,
Have made a Man much happier than yourself,
By giving him a Tythe of your Possessions.

Arcas. Would'st thou have more?

Ægon. —More than enough, Sir? No.
To crave, is Poverty; Contentment, Riches:
Your Tythe's almost too much for me.

Arcas. Thus Riches, when not wanted, lose their Name.

Ægon. And when possess'd by Prodigals, their Power.
Even so it is, not Wealth, nor Wisdom, Sir,
'Tis Constitution gives us Happiness:
Nature has made you pensive, and me sanguine:
You think your Virtues are a wise Man's Duty,
And therefore wear them with a serious Brow:

Now, Sir, the few that I can boast, I think
Are blessings too, therefore as such, enjoy them.

A I R II.

*He that wears a Heart
Void of Art,
Has Joys unknown
To the greatest Men;
Who, Nine in Ten,
Beneath their Greatness groan.
Riches are fine Things,
That have Wings,
And will away:
But an honest Mind
Will ever find
Content will with it stay.*

*He, whose open Soul is clear
From Fraud, Disguise or Guile,
May all the Frowns of Fortune bear,
And at her Malice smile.*

*Greatness that would make us Grave,
Is but an empty Thing:
What more than Mirth would Mortals have?
The merry Man's a King.*

*But he that by Deceit,
Dares to be meanly Great,
Will find, in his counting up,
What did mount him up,
Will make him many Foes,
Greater far than he knows,
Whom nought will gratify,
No Words will satisfy,
'Till he low lies again,
Never to rise again:
Who then will envy his Fate?*

But he that by Deceit, &c.

What! not a Note, not answer to my Ditty?

Arcas. Excuse me, if I taste not now thy Muse,
Nor join thy Carols, with my usual Glee.

Egon. Nay then, my Lord, there's something loads
your Mind :

You wrong my Friendship, if you hide your Griefs.
Give me my Share ! Out with the worst at once.

Arcas. Griefs I have none, but I confess have Fears,
And Doubts that fill me with Anxiety.
Have we not each our Children's Happiness
In Care ? The Crisis of their Fate is now.

Egon. And why, Sir, should you doubt their Happiness ?
Have not our Precepts grounded them in Virtue ?
Has not indulgent Nature given them Beauty ?
And our *Arcadian* Manners Innocence ?
Have they not been, from Infancy, Companions ?
Their Lessons, Labours, and their Sports the same ?
Have I not watch'd them with a jealous Eye ?
Yet never found a Warning to suspect them.
At length, their blooming Friendship pays its promise,
Obeys the Season, and matures to Love.

Whence then this anxious Doubt of their Mifdoing ?

Arcas. Perhaps, dear *Egon*, I'm too diffident :
For though we've chang'd our Children, to prevent
In mine the conscious Pride of Birth ; in thine,
To aid with Birth, the Sentiments of Virtue :
Yet Nature still may be mis-led by Fortune :
Thus mine, believing *Egon* is their Sire,
With Views of Interest may dissemble Love,
Which unsuspecting Innocence may hear ;
So thine, supposing *Arcas* is their Father,
In scorn, to mingle with inferior Blood,
May slight those Virtues, which deserve their Love.

Egon. These Apprehensions might in Courts be just :
But here, where Love without Ambition reigns,
'Tis not high Birth, or Lands, or number'd Flocks ;
But wealth of Virtue in the Fair and Young,
That gives the Nymph her Charms, the Swain his Merit.

A I R III.

*Let Wealth and Power enslave the Great,
Where Hearts are barter'd for a Name.
Here Love alone can Love create ;
And Truth supplies the lasting Flame.*

Arcas. Still, I'm inclin'd to have their Virtue prov'd:
True Love is better known, by Grief, than Joy,
As Hope is often measur'd by our Fear.
Therefore (but not without my Friend advising)
I have some Thoughts of offering thy *Pastora*
The noble *Philemon's* Heir, the gay *Philautus*,
Polish'd in Courts, and skill'd in Vanities;
If then her Heart can stoop to such a Lure—

Ægon. I take your Meaning; and as just approve it:
If, when you offer to her Arms *Philautus*,
She shews a Fear, that you may force her Will,
That Fear will force her Love to own *Amyntas*:
If she admit *Philautus*, *Amyntas*, then,
Will well escape a Maid, below his Love,
And the proud Girl with her own Choice be punisht:
Then, let her hence, to blaze in Courts: Vain Wives
And shallow Husbands are no Monsters there.

Arcas. Yet hope a better Consequence: The Maid
Wants no Attraction, that commends her Sex.
Nor do I name *Philautus*, that I doubt her;
But that her Virtue may have Lustre from her Choice,
And, to *Philautus*, poor *Amyntas* be preferr'd.

Ægon. My Life then, answer, that her Choice contents
The gaudy tinsel Merit of *Philautus* [you;
Will have a tarnisht Hue, to your *Amyntas'* Virtues.

A I R IV.

*Our Nymphs on the Plains
Among Swains*

*Have their Joys, that no Courts ever gave:
Where the married in Chains,
And long Trains,*

Carry Sorrow, in Pomp, to their Grave.

Arcas. Thy Confidence, my Friend, has quell'd my
Be then, for *Amyntas'* sake, *Pastora* prov'd: [Fears.
But we have still our younger-born unfixt:
How stand we there in Hope?—

Ægon. ————— If I guess right,
A tender Passion too is kindling there:
Ianthe seems of late reserv'd to *Iphis*:

The Youth more pensive, and the Nymph more gay :
The usual Consequence of Love declar'd,
And Love with maiden Modesty approv'd.
She flies, 'tis true, but flies to be pursu'd ;
And urges the Pursuit, to sound his Love.

Arcas. Let him pursue: I would not wish the Maid
Should on his Summons, yield to *Iphis*' Birth.

Egon. But see, *Amyntas* comes; from him perhaps
More may be gather'd to assist our Measures.

Amyntas ho! whither so fast my Son?

To them *Amyntas*.

Amyntas. *Pastora* tells me, Sir, a favourite Lamb
Is missing from her Flock. At her Request
I to the neighbouring Folds am hying.—

Egon. ————— Stay ;
I have a while, my Son, to talk with thee.
You see, my Lord, even Maids in Love are
Woers.

Pastora would, but cannot, hide her Flame.
How amorously Coy! This Hint betrays it.
A Lamb is stray'd--why his the Charge to find it? } *Apart.*
Her Heart, she means; her Breast the Fold that
lost it!

Yet he, fond Youth, in honest Fear mistakes her.

Arcas. The modest Lover recommends his Flame :
But to our other Point————

Egon. —Come near, *Amyntas*.

Amyntas. Health and the Rays of many a smiling Morn,
Like this, prolong the Days of *Arcas*.

Arcas. *Amyntas*, I am Debtor to thy Love.

Egon. I have observ'd of late, Lord *Arcas*' Son,
Young *Iphis*, holds thee near his Heart, *Amyntas* :
Of course, his Joys and Cares are known to thee,
Now then, be just, my Boy, answer directly ;
Has he yet ever told thee, that he lov'd ?

Amyntas. Never——he never told me, that he lov'd.

Egon. *Amyntas*, thou repeat'st my Words, as thou
Would'st hold me to their literal Sense: take heed!
Evade not what I mean——

Amy.—I take your Meaning :
My Father knows, what's fit his Son should answer.

Ægon. Know'st thou then ought unfitting me to ask ?

Amy. Your Question then, Sir, would require no Answer.

Ægon. How ! so blunt ! Am I not thy Father, Boy ?

Amy. Such, Sir, my daily Prayers to Heaven, confess you,
Nor shall my Father sigh, that I'm his Son.

Arcas. No, generous Youth thy Father sighs—to own
thee. [*Aside.*]

Ægon. Whence are these half Replies ? be full, I say,
And tell me what thou know'st of *Iphis'* Love.

Amy. The Precepts you have taught me reach no farther.
Pardon my Doubts ; for I am yet to learn,
That Duty can dispense with broken Friendship.
'Till he declares he loves ; am I to accuse him ?

Ægon. Darest thou not make thy Father judge of what
May wrong thy Friend ?——

Amy.——I dare : I've told my Fears :
If they're unjust, condemn ; if not, forgive them.

Arcas. The faithful Boy ! *Ægon*, I must embrace him !
Believe me, Youth, thy dearest Father's Arms
Ne'er held thee to his Heart with fonder Joy.
Excuse him, Friend——

Ægon.——What you applaud, my Lord,
Needs not Excuse——

Arcas.——O *Ægon* ! Friend indeed !
How shall I thank thy care for such a Son.— [*Apart.*]
Thy Fear, *Amyntas*, to unfold thy Friend,
Commends thy Truth, and merits his Esteem.
However, to preserve thy Faith unblemish'd,
I give thee, with my Hand, my Word, whate'er
Thy Candour shall inform me of his Love,
My Boy shall never think a Wrong to him,
Nor find, from me, Occasion to reproach thee.

Amy. This, Sir, unties my Tongue ; my inmost Thoughts,
Like a fair Volume open to your Reading.

Arcas. Thou saidst he never told thee, that he lov'd ?

Amy. Never——

Arcas.——Yet thou believest his Grief is Love ?

Amy. Alas, my Lord, a Youth so happy in

His Sire, so fam'd for Virtue, Birth, and Feature,
What strange Misfortune can disturb, but Love?

Arcas. Speak without Fear! Love is a venial Frailty.

Amyntas. 'Tis true, when kindled by an Object worthy;
But Nature calls not Wisdom to her Council,
And sometimes chuses with a youthful Eye.

Aegon. Be brief, and name the Nymph, that has
engag'd him.

Amyntas. Let me not wrong him, Sir; I may mistake
Her Name, which yet I have declin'd to know.

Aegon. What were thy Reasons to avoid that Secret?

Amyntas. Because I fear'd, if known, my Duty might
Compel me, at the risque of his Esteem,
To inform a tender Father of his Weakness.

Arcas. Thou then hast caus'd to think his Passion blameful?

Amyntas. What shall I say? For you, my Lord, are twice
My Sire, a Father to my Sire, and me!

Nay more, you honour him with Friendship!

I too have a Friend, and would deserve him?

O whom shall I oblige? whom dare I offend?

Arcas. Neither, *Amyntas*; both shall be oblig'd. [me.]

Amyntas. Pardon my Doubts; but since your Word supports
Take my Suspicions, as my Eyes have caught them.

Arcas. Give me the Nymph, whom thou suspect'st he
loves.

Amyntas. Since I must speak—*Iantbe*, Sir, my Sister,
With undesigning Charms, I fear, has seiz'd
His youthful Heart; yet shuns the glorious Prize.

Arcas. 'Tis well, *Amyntas*—I am still in Temper:
And since my Word has wrought thee to this Trust,
Darest thou yet make me farther Creditor,

And, by a more implicit Faith, oblige me?

Amyntas. A Confidence in you, is scarce a Merit;
Favours when ask'd, by Virtue, are conferr'd.

Arcas. Thus then, *Amyntas*—when thou find'st my Son;
In friendly Converse, would disclose his Love;
Incline to hear him, and condole his Sorrows:

But when he names *Iantbe*, as their Cause,
Turn to Amazement, and reprove his Weakness!

Dislike, object, discourage, blast his Hope!

Urge my Displeasure, and *Iantbe*'s Scorn!

Recount Examples of Clandestine Love,
 Whose joyless Hours have groan'd in live-long Woe.
 Set all the Terrors of Distress before him,
 And leave the Guidance of his Fate to me.

Amyntas. My Lord, you have bound me to a mournful Task;
 But since I know your Nature just, and gentle,
 I will believe you Act like Heav'nly Power,
 That Strews our way to Happiness, with Thorns:
 Some wondrous Secret, sure, unripe for Birth,
 Tho' for a Season wrapt in low'ring Clouds,
 Must break at last, and spread a golden Day.

Arcas. Time suits not now, to give thee more, *Amyntas*:
 Let it suffice that *Iphis* is my Hope.
 Mean-while, we leave thee to thy Charge in hand.
 Be faithful to thy Trust, and serve thy Friend.

[*Exeunt Arcas, and Egon.*]

Amyntas. Ambiguous still! Yet where remains the Doubt,
 When *Arcas* has declar'd I serve my Friend?
 But where's the Friend can help forlorn *Amyntas*?
 If *Iphis*, sprung from noble Blood, despairs
 Of his *Ianthe*, born so far below him;
 What then *Amyntas*, is thy wretched Portion?
 How must *Pastora*, should she know thy Love,
 Redouble all her Scorn for thee, and on
 A Brother's Heart revenge a Brother's Pain?
 Yet why (since Love was never deem'd a Crime)
 Should Virtue sink abandon'd in Despair?

A I R V.

*Love's a Tempest, Life the Ocean,
 Passions cross the Deep deform;
 Rude and raging thro' the Motion,
 Virtue fearless braves the Storm:
 Storms and Tempests may blow over,
 And subside to gentle Gales;
 So the poor despairing Lover,
 When least hoping, oft prevails.
 Love's a Tempest, &c.*

But see! sad *Iphis* comes! with heaving Heart,
 And pensive Pace, he silent stalks along,

Lifting, with dewy Eyes, his Sighs to Heav'n!
Within this Shade, unseen, I may attend
His Mood, and farther know to serve him. [*Amyn. retires.*]

Enter Iphis.

Iphis. Why, why, fond Wretch, didst thou avow thy
Flame?

Was not her Friendship more than Love could merit?
To every Wish, that Innocence could form,
Alternate Kindness, flowing from the Heart,
Fill'd up the Measure of our social Hours.
When to some distant Hill the Sports have call'd
The smiling Fair, unknowing of her Charms,
Thought it no Boon, to trust thee with their Treasures.
But now, O fatal Avarice of Love!
To what Reverse of Fortune art thou fallen!
Now, at thy Sight, thy Cold Companion flies;
Or heedless passing, with a downcast Eye,
Contracts her Beauty from thy pining Sense,
Offended at their Power to wound, or cure,
O *Iphis!* now farewell thy Joys! farewell thy Peace!
Here, to the Musick of this gurgling Brook,
Join thy faint Voice, and tell the Woods thy Woe.
The flitting Winds perhaps may catch the Sounds,
And waft them to *Ianthe's* Ear.

A I R VI.

*While my Love was a Secret, no Swain
Was so blest, or so favour'd, as I;
No Pastime delighted the Plain,
But Ianthe, with Iphis would bye:
When I wrestl'd, or strain'd for the Race,
Her Bosom heav'd Wishes for me;
When I won it, she blusht with such Grace,
And Cry'd—O! the Garland's for Thee.
But alas! since my Flame I reveal'd,
All her Kindness is turn'd to Disdain;
If she Eyes me, she flies o'er the Field,
Or bids the Winds bear me complain.*

*When the Nymphs, to my Sorrows more kind,
 Reproach the hard Heart of the Maid;
 From her Anger this Answer they find,
 " Fond Love——has my Friendship betray'd.*

Amyntas returns.

Amyntas. I have attended, *Iphis*, to thy Sorrows,
 And now, no longer can suppress the Friend:
 Give me thy Grievs at large, and ease thy Heart.

Iphis. *Amyntas!* have I still a Friend, in thee?
 A Friend, with whom I may repose my Grief?
 A Friend, that will with Candour hear,
 And chide me with Compassion?——

Amyntas.——Yes, a Friend,
 That comes prepar'd, determin'd to assist thee.
 Name, then, the Nymph, that thus has robb'd thee of
 Thyself——

Iphis.——Need I repeat what every Grove
 Has heard, what almost every Tree records?
 Rip up my Heart, and read *Ianthe* there!

Amyntas. My Sister! is it possible! *Ianthe!*

Iphis. She, she, *Amyntas*, has resolv'd my Ruin.

Amyntas. Let me suppress my Wonder, till I hear
 Thy Tale: unfold, from first to last, the Spring,
 The Progress, and the Issue of thy Hopes.

Iphis. Hear and lament my Fate—I will not dwell,
Amyntas, with a Lover's Fondness, on
Ianthe's Charms, tho' on that one Theme
 O I could talk whole Midnight Moons to waning.

Amyntas. Proceed: my Patience shall indulge thy Fondness.

Iphis. Ere yet I was susceptible of Love,
 Or that her Charms unblown could fear the Lover,
 A sympathetick Friendship join'd our Hearts,
 Our Innocence inseparable pass'd our Days:
 Nature, at length, with soft Maturity
 Spread o'er my youthful Cheek the Manly Down:
 Then, with unusual Pulses beat my Heart;
 New Wishes found new Lustre in her Charms,
 And, on my gazing, Sighs uncall'd would rise:
 And yet, alas! so innocent my Thoughts,
 I knew not, then, 'twas Love; nor till this Hour

Perhaps had known, but that a fatal Proof
(Tho' at the Time transporting) since confirm'd it.

Amy. Transporting! Ha! let me conceive thee, *Iphis*.

Iphis. Mistakeme not; the Proof, tho' sweet, was harmless.

Amy. Forgive my Fear, I ought t' have thought it so.
Pursue thy Tale——

Iphis.——It happen'd, on a Day,
Pastora, fair *Iantbe*, and myself
Their Guide, returning wearied from the Chace,
Accepted, from a neighbouring Swain, Refreshment.
There as within the Honey-suckle Bower
We lay, whose waving Sweets enrich'd the Air;
A careful Bee, providing for the Hive
With busy Toil, from Flower to Flower, flew round us;
Pastora fearful of his Flight, with Blows
Mis-spent in Air, disturb'd his Diligence:
The Insect thus provok'd, with sudden Rage,
Darts on her Cheek his sharp invenom'd Sting.
The shrieking Maid, in Tears, deplor'd her Pain;
When kind *Iantbe* to her Succour flew,
And to the fiery Wound her Balmy Lips
Apply'd; Then solemn to the Ear, she sung
Verses of holy and mysterious Meaning,
(A Charm bequeath'd her by the Sage *Eudocia*;)
On this the angry Tumour was dispell'd,
And to her Cheek the usual Rose return'd.

Amy. Happy Relief! have magick Notes such Power!
But O methinks I feel *Pastora*'s Pain!

Iphis. Who would not bear the Pain, to taste the Cure?
No, *Amyntas*, I rather must believe
The Charm receiv'd its Virtue from *Iantbe*:
For, sure! such Lips whate'er they touch must heal.

Amy. But, *Iphis*, how couldst thou perceive, from
That Love had seiz'd thy Heart?—— [thence,

Iphis.——Attend the Sequel.
While I stood Witness of the charming Cure,
I saw such humid Fervour on her Lips,
Such willing Fondness sparkling from her Eyes,
Heard the sweet chirping Sound of every Kiss,
With such Delight—I wish'd the Wound my own.
At length so painful grew my tender Longing,

That, on a sudden bursting from the Bower,
 In seeming Anguish covering with my Hand
 My Face, I writh'd like one in mortal Pain :
 The Cause inquir'd, I to *Ianthe* cry'd,
 Another Bee had pierc'd my raging Lip.
 She, unsuspicious of her Skill betray'd,
 Her Innocence unblushing at her Art,
 With sweet Convulsion drew my healthy Lip
 To hers, unknowing of the Joys I stole ;
 No Malady she found, but what she gave,
 A thousand Stings she shot into my Heart,
 Which since confess'd, her Scorn denies to cure.

Amy. What on the Instant follow'd this Proceeding?

Iphis. As to our Home we onward took the way,
 I fondly smiling own'd the happy Fraud,
 Exulted on the Joy her Lips had given,
 And, to excuse the Fact, impeach'd my Love !
 At this, a red Confusion flush'd her Cheek ;
 Quick Anger darted from her flashing Eyes.
 Till mute Concern distill'd a falling Tear,
 Nor Prayers, Excuse, or Penitence prevail'd :
 For, from that Moment, never would she speak,
 Regard, converse, or, unavoids'd, bear
 My Presence more.

A I R VII.

*I once believ'd, ere she cou'd hate,
 Kind Nature wou'd her Laws undo,
 That Doves wou'd with the Falcons mate,
 Or Falcons to the Doves be true.
 But, to my Ruin, now I see,
 The softest Heart is hard to me.*

Amy. ——— Nor can I blame her, *Iphis*;
 With Grief, I own thy Story has deceiv'd me ;
 Were these thy tender Motives for my Pity ?
 Fond Youth, thy wanton Fraud was too licentious ;
 What less, than Scorn, could Maiden Shame return,
 For injur'd Truth, and Innocence betray'd ?

Iphis. O ! *Amyntas* ! then I am lost indeed !
 Reprov'd by thee too, I myself condemn ;

To merit her Disdain is Misery
Compleat ———.

Amyntas. — Nay then I still must pity thee!
Thy Resignation yet recalls the Friend,
And sooths the jealous Brother to forgive.

Iphis. O then confirm it by the dearest Proof,
And soften, to my Sighs, *Iantbe's* Heart.

Amyntas. No, *Iphis*; to confirm the Friend sincere,
Against thy Love I must support thy Virtue:
Thy Duty, Honour, Interest, and thy Fame,
With Force invincible, oppose thy Hopes:
Therefore, in time, fond Youth, restrain thy Passion.
Fix on some Beauty equal to thy Birth.
Preserve the Fountain of thy Blood unstain'd,
And leave *Iantbe* to inferior Hearts.

Iphis. Thy Words, *Amyntas*, like a Ponyard pierce me.

Amyntas. Thy present Pain secures thy Future Peace.

Iphis. Can I have peace, without *Iantbe's* Love?

Amyntas. Canst thou be happy with diminish'd Honour?

Iphis. Where Virtue is, the proudest Birth may bow.

Amyntas. Take heed, rash Youth! thou hast an high-born Sister:
How, in her Heart, wou'dst thou approve these Precept?

Iphis. As thou wou'd'st if her Lover would applaud 'em.

Amyntas. As I wou'd! I mistake thee sure; explain.

Iphis. Suppose *Amyntas* for *Pastora* burn'd,
Suppose *Pastora* shou'd approve his Flame;
Then ask of Love, what wou'd *Amyntas* do?

Amyntas. Admit me frail—were that a Plea for *Iphis*?
He probes me to the Heart! sure he suspects not. { *Aside*.
I must avoid the Subject, and retire.

Iphis. Howe'er my Friendship is inclin'd,
Compassion must not cancel Obligations:
Thy noble Father is our House's Patron:
To serve thy Love were to invade his Honour?
Therefore be early warn'd, and rein thy Passion,
Return to Duty, and abjure *Iantbe*.

A I R VIII.

Fly, when she charms thee:

Virtue alarms thee:

Oppose her Beauty,

With Fame and Duty:

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

*Love without Honour's the Bane of our Joys;
 When Beauty's blasted,
 Love is soon wasted;
 Honour's a Blessing
 Out-lives possessing:
 The Laurel of Fame no Thunder destroys.
 Fly, when &c.*

[Ex. Amyntas.]

Iphis. Persuade the Seas in Tempests to be calm!
 Forbid the vernal Flowers to blow—their Sweets
 To smell, or Seasons to regard the Sun!
 Such is the Power of *Iphis* to recede:
 To change is the Relief of luke-warm Lovers:
 None can be happy, but who dare be wretched!
 Fortune may starve, but never change my Love.

AIR IX and X.

*No, no, my Heart!
 Indure the Smart;
 Whatever Pain
 Her Eyes ordain,
 My never-changing Love shall bear.
 From Charms so sweet
 There's no Retreat;
 So just her Scorn,
 I still must burn
 Tho' doom'd to sure Despair.
 What tho' her colder Eyes may grieve me,
 This Consolation still I find,
 That, from my Sorrows, to relieve me,
 Kinder Fancy forms her kind.
 There, disarm'd of coy Disdain,
 Her yielding Sighs reward my Pain.*

Amyntas returns.

Amyntas. *Iphis*, dispel thy Fears; *Amyntas* is
 With Joy return'd, to gratulate thy Love.

Iphis. What means my Friend?

Enter Arcas.

Amyntas. ——— Lord *Arcas* will inform thee.

Iphis. My Father! prostrate let me thus revere him.

Arcas. Arise, my Son ! recover so thy Heart,
And prosecute thy Love : Thy Friend *Amyntas*,
By my Appointment, tempting thy Desires,
With such fair Praises has adorn'd thy Truth,
That my fond Nature earns to indulge thy Vows.
And, as far as my paternal Sanction may,
With Honour, in *Ianthe* to compleat them.

Iphis. O kind *Amyntas* ! Didst thou thus deceive me ?

Arcas. I know the Treasures of her Mind, as thou
Her Charms ; I know that Happiness, in Love,
Is not the Gift of Fortune, or of Birth.
I know that Honour is adorn'd by Virtue,
That Title is, without it, but a Name :
Therefore when Virtue prompts thy Heart to love—
For worldly Views, I give them to the Air !

Iphis. How shall my future Life deserve this Goodness ?
O *Amyntas* ! I breathe again ! and my
Discordant Heart resumes its Harmony !

A I R XI.

*Away, away, Despair !
Leave me, Fear,
Fining Care !
Of Hope a dawning Light,
Kindly bright,
Dispels my former Woes :
Life is now soft Repose ;
When Fears to Love Relief deny,
By One subdu'd, a Thousand fly ;
When Hope is once in Sight,
All, all the rest is all Delight !*

Arcas. To give thee, *Iphis*, yet a farther Hope ;
Egon, her Father, knowing my Consent
Had ratify'd thy Love, with Joy receiv'd
The News, and warn'd *Ianthe* of her Conquest.
This Moment he prepares her for thy Wishes,
And brings her, blushing, to receive thy Vows.

Iphis. O sweet Relief ! O unexpected Joy !

Arcas. Now good *Amyntas* have I kept my Word ?

Amyntas. And doubly have rewarded my Obedience.

Iphis. And yet, alas, I fear. Now I may speak,
My Heart retreats, and trembles to be heard.

Arcas. Who fears t' offend, takes the first step to please.

Iphis. But I, in such high Nature have offended—

Arcas. Where the Offence is Love, the coldest Maid
Seldom exacts Repentance—see she comes!
By her fond Father's Hand conducted—cheer thy Heart.

*Enter Ægon leading Ianthe, who stands some time silent:
Iphis kneeling at a Distance.*

A I R XII.

Ægon.

*A lovely Nymph, and Swain,
At once adorn'd the Plain,
For whom the rest, in vain,
In Love were sighing.*

*No Lass, who saw the Youth,
But found her Heart in sooth
All over Flame and Truth,
And for him dying.*

*But Oh! the Boy
To all was coy,*

*For he but one desir'd;
The Nymph by all admir'd
Made him surrender.*

*The dainty Nymph, it seems,
Was farther, in Extreams;
For tho' 'tis true,
She could subdue*

*The Heart of every Swain:
Yet all pursu'd in vain;
None! none could bend her.*

Look there, my Darling—

Arcas. ————— Fair Ianthe!

Turn thy kinder Eye—

Amyn. ————— O lend thy pitying Ear.

Ian. Methinks I stand, like a poor hunted Deer
Within the Toil, by lifted Spears surrounded.
What is my Crime? Why am I here the Point
Of public Gaze, the Mark of chiding Eyes,

And general Reproach? Whom have I wrong'd?
Not *Iphis* sure! Unless my Friendship was injurious:
That once betray'd, could I do less than end it?
His Crime (Oh that my Memory could lose it!)
Sooner shall forget, than dare to pardon.

Iphis. *Iantbe*, oh my Heart pines after thee!
By all our playful Hours of Infant Life,
Which almost Arm in Arm, our Innocence
Delighted, and delighting has enjoy'd,
By these my conscious Pangs of Friendship lost—

Ian. Thou hast defil'd it, *Iphis*, by Deceit!

Iphis. O yet restore, restore me to myself;
Forgive, and call me to thy Friendship Home!

Ian. 'Twas once my Pride! remember'd, 'tis my Shame.

Iphis. Alas, our Friendship was the Bloom of Love!
And Love the Promise of the Tree perform'd.
Is then the Fruit less pleasing than the Flower?

Ian. Yes—the white Hawthorn in its bloom is fragrant,
Its Fruit neglected, or the Food of Herds.

Iphis. O yet forgive! and never shall ungovern'd Love,
In conscious Word, or Look, offend thy Virtue.

Ian. That thou hast wrong'd me once, is my Misfortune;
If I am twice deceived, the Guilt be mine. [Going.

Egon. *Iantbe*, stay— [She returns.

Iphis. ——— Are these, *Amyntas*, my
Deluded Hopes? [He rises, and leans on *Amyntas*.

Egon. ——— No, I compel thee not.
Thy Heart shall ever, in thy Love, be free.

Ian. Thus let my bending Knee be thankful!
Say but my Heart is free! I ask no more.

Egon. Free as thy Bosom-Thought—

Arcas. ——— Yes, fair *Iantbe*,
How'er my partial Fondness may regard
Thy Son distress, I shall esteem thy Virtue;
Nor, with thy Father's Power, would thwart thy Wishes.
If thou art injur'd, right thy Maiden Wrongs;
If Love wants Motives to compose thy Breast,
The Voice of Power, or Interest, shall be neuter,
And leave thee free to pardon, or resent.

Ian. If I were capable of hating *Iphis*,
This Goodness might remove it! No, my Lord,

I am not yet so blinded by Resentment,
 But that I can allow his Virtues still
 Diffusive to the World: Why then am I
 Distinguish'd by Offence? With Grief I speak it,
 Why are those Virtues only blameable
 To me?—

Iphis.—Could'st thou behold thy Eyes, *Ianthe*,
 Thy chiding Wonder of my Crime might cease.

Ian. Admit thy ill-plac'd Flattery were true,
 Is that Excuse for Fraud, and injur'd Kindness?
 For violated Faith, and sensual Insult?

Iphis. How can the Guilt of *Iphis* taint *Ianthe*?

Ian. O weak Reply! 'tis not enough, that Maids
 Are innocent; they must be Thought so too.
 And she, whose violated Modesty
 Forgives, resents with a dissembled Anger.

A I R XIII.

*No, no, to pardon, were but approving
 All that the Guilt of Love has done.
 Hearts that o'erlook Offences in loving,
 To their own Ruin blindly run.
 No, no, to pardon, &c.*

*Virtue relenting
 At humble repenting,
 Is but Inviting Offence to go on.
 No, no, to pardon, &c.*

*She that dispenses
 With first Offences,
 But makes with Delight the Crime all her own.
 No, no, to pardon, &c.*

Iphis Lions and Tigers might be sooner tam'd,
 Than one obdurate Maid! Some pitying God
 Look down, dissolve her frozen Heart, relieve
 A Lover's Pain, and give her Eyes Compassion.

A I R XIV.

*Cupid! Intreat her.
 Relentless Creature!
 Must I slighted yield my Breath?*

Ian. No.
 Iphis. Have I leave to love you?
 Ian. No.
 Iphis. Can my Ruin move you?
 Ian. No.
 Iphis. In Pity, give me Life, or Death!
 Ian. No, no, no, no.
 Iphis. 'O painful Station!
 Hard-fated Passion!
 Can Youth and Beauty, Nature defy?
 Ian. If Men have Right to Love, Maids have to fly.
 Iphis. Cupid! intreat her, &c.

[Iphis turning from Ianthe, dejected, leans against a Tree, while Amyntas seems to talk to her apart.

Arcas. I fear me, Ægon, we have gone too far!
 Ianthe seems to triumph in the Power
 We gave, and strains it to a Cruelty. [turn;

Ægon. Give Nature Time! This Tide of Power may
 Virgins grow seldom old, in Cruelty.
 Their Tyranny is but a poor, short-liv'd Flower;
 With Pride it blooms, but sooner fades, than Beauty.

Amynt. 'Tis true, Ianthe, thou art free to chuse;
 But some thing seems to that Indulgence due:
 Thou seest the generous Arcas, and thy Father,
 Though they impose not, recommend at least,
 And, in their Silence, chide thy Coldness.

Ian. Leave me to pause—Virtue! to thee, thus far,
 Implicit have I paid Obedience! Now
 Support, and cover with thy Wings my Weakness. [Aside.

Amynt. If ever, Iphis, now resume thy Cause.

Iphis. Ianthe! though my Fault confess'd despairs
 Of Pardon, let me hope my Punishment
 At least extends not to thy rooted Hate!
 Divide, if possible, the Lover from
 The Friend; and to remember, that I, once,
 Was unoffending Iphis—wear this Trifle. [Offering his Crook.

Ian. Accepted Presents, Iphis, are for Hearts
 In Amity, and therefore suit not me:
 Yet since, I find, the general Wish attends thee:

In Proof, at least, that I suspend Repentment,
One Gift I will receive, and only one.

Iphis. O! quick pronounce thy Pleasure, and relieve me.

Ian. Relieve thyself; on thee Relief depends!

Now, if thou canst, divine thy Life to come,
For thus our Goddess has resolv'd thy Doom!

Arcas. *Ægon!* *Amyntas*, hear—

Iphis. ————— My Soul attends thee! [Morn

Ian. Know then, impatient to redress my Wrongs, this
Before the Holy Shrine of chaste *Diana*
I prostrate threw me, and implored her Aid:
The Goddess smil'd propitious to my Prayers,
And to resent the Stains of *Iphis'* Love,
These Words her sacred Oracle pronounc'd.

“ That which he cannot have, shall *Iphis* give;

“ That, which thou canst no. give, or he desire:

“ That which he must not have, must thou receive,

“ That! that's the Right thy present Wrongs require.

Iphis. What jangling Paradoxes rack my Brain!

Arcas. Can Love thro' Riddles only reach
their Hearts? } [Apart.

Ægon. When I was young, I always found it so. }

Ian. “ 'Till this, from *Iphis* she receive,

“ *Ianthe* never shall forgive.

“ When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,

“ Then to his Wish, his Love succeeds.

“ Now turn thee, *Iphis*, to thy Art.

“ Mean-while, like Friends compell'd, we part.

Iphis. Can *Iphis* from *Ianthe* fly?

Ian. Will *Iphis*, what she asks deny?

A I R XV.

Iphis. Thus the plaintive Exile sighs,
Doom'd to leave his native Shore.

Ian. Thus the cheerful Merchant tries
Seas and Winds, for golden Oar.

Iphis. Winds, and Seas with gentle Gales,
Sometimes waft us to repose;
But the banish'd Lover sails,
Wreck'd with every Wind that blows.

Ian. *Danger past delights the Mind;
Life, if always calm, would cloy;
In our proudest Hours, we find,
Sweet Relief is all our Joy.*

Both. *Sweet Relief, &c.*

Iphis. *Death and Absence are the same.*

Ian. *Absence tries a constant Flame.*

Iphis. *Constant Love should find Reward.*

Ian. *Love should all Commands regard.*

Iphis. *Truth and Love sometimes persuade.*

Ian. *Love and Fate will be obey'd.*

Both. *{ Fate } and { Love shall } be obey'd.
 { Love } { Fate will }*

[All but Ianthe go off.]

Ian. 'Tis done! his tender Passion is reveal'd.
What I endure, lies here, a Load conceal'd.
Call not for pity, Iphis, of thy Pain;
Unless thy Thoughts conceiv'd what mine sustain.
My Love, by Pride suppress'd, was harder born
Than all thy Anguish, from Ianthe's Scorn.
Unequal, Nature, are thy Laws ordain'd!
By thee, we're taught to love, by thee, restrain'd:
While lordly Man no sooner feels thy Fire,
Than he, unblam'd, avows the soft Desire,
Melts with complaining Sighs our Hearts away,
Till what, with Pain, we hide, our conscious Eyes betray.
[Exit.]

A C T II.

ARCAS and ÆGON.

ARCAS.

O Ægon! how shall I requite thy Love?
Much for Amyntas' Virtue is thy Due;
But for Ianthe more! A Female Mind,
So greatly rais'd above her humble Fortune,

So justly jealous of her Maiden Fame,
 So warm, yet graceful, in her firm Resentment;
 So fearful to forgive, so sweetly loath
 To punish, where paternal Pity pleaded!
 A Heart so finish'd in the Mold of Virtue
 Raises my Wonder high as my Content!
 These, *Ægon*, these are Blessings, from thy Care
 Deriv'd, which *Arcas* never can repay.

Ægon. Has not your equal Care of my *Pastora*
 More than repay'd the Debt of your *Ianthe*?
 And does not *Iphis* ballance your *Amyntas*?
 Talk not of Obligations then, unless
 You would inquire, what *Ægon* owes to *Arcas*?

Arcas. Let them be mutual then: what Virtue gives
 Is always so: When Friends, on Friends, confer,
 To give, or to receive, is equal Pleasure.
 Now tell me, *Ægon*, speak thy real Thoughts,
 What must we judge of cold *Ianthe's* Conduct?

Ægon. That Education has assisted Nature,
 And given her Prudence to conceal her Love.

Arcas. Her Love! why was the Riddle then impos'd?
 For, if she loves, her Hopes are there in Hazard?
 If *Iphis* never should have Skill to solve it,
 On her own Heart her Cruelty recoils.

Ægon. 'Tis true: but Nature is, in female Hearts,
 So shy, they sometimes, will endure more Pain
 To hide, than to accomplish, their Desires.
 But here, alas! the Danger's soon remov'd.
 'Tis but her whispering some Bosom-friend,
 Who kindly may betray the Trust to *Iphis*.

Arcas. Suppose she never make that Trust!—

Ægon. ————— Know then,
 That I, myself, already have unty'd it.

Arcas. 'Tis more than I can reach; explain it—

Ægon. ————— No.
 Your Heart's so tender to conceal it long.
 You, on the first Distress of *Iphis*, would assist him.
Arcas. Well! take thy own Course, till proper time
 Now, *Ægon*, turn we to our other Care. [demand it.
Philautus is this Day arriv'd from *Corinth*
 In gorgeous Pomp, to make his Conquest sure;

The Fame, he tells me, of my Daughter's Charms,
Hath drawn him from the Crow'd of Courtly Beauties,
Whose Rival Hearts, in vain, have sigh'd to hold him,
To lay his Fortunes at *Pastora's* Feet.

Egon. This Froth and Vanity must yield us Sport.

Arcas. I leave his Follies, *Egon*, to thy Charge;
Thy Jovial Tongue will play upon his Pride,
And better sound the Shallows of his Heart.
But I must, as befits his Birth, receive him:
Nor, for his Father's sake, must slight his Weakness.
Pastora shall be inform'd of his Arrival:
Bring thou *Amyntas* to their Interview:

Where, when he sees, in form, the high *Philautus*
By my own Hand presented to *Pastora*,
Then shall we prove, how far his secret Flame
Can bear a Rival, or deserve a Mistress.

Egon. First, let me trespass on your gentle Patience:
This way I see old *Corydon* advancing:

He comes by my Appointment, to complain
Of some Abuse, that's offer'd to his Daughter;
And hopes, that your Authority will right him.

Arcas. 'Tis true! somewhat of this *Pastora* told me.

Egon. He's here, with all the Parties, to attend you.

Enter *Corydon*, *Phyllida*, *Cimon*, *Mopfus*, *Damon*, and
other *Shepherds*.

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the noble *Arcas*,
Lord of our Lands, and Flocks.—

Arcas. ——— Good Neighbours, welcome!
What seems amiss that may concern your Welfare?

Cor. Ah! my good Lord, I have no Skill to speech it,
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.

My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter,
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Would gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage.

And that she might not die a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one half of what I have
Her Dow'r, in present; at my Death, the rest.
'Tis true, 'tis little; but still, the Half is Half!
Now here, so please you, I have found her out

A pair of wholesome Youths, to take her Choice of:
 Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,
 'This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopsus*!
 Their Means, and Manners, suit her Breeding well,
 And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

Cim. Yes, and please you, both cruelly in Love.

[*Half crying.*]

Cor. Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

Arcas. A little Patience, Friend——

Mop.———Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!

That Fool my Brother's always in the wrong!

Cor. Fy! fy! *Mopsus*! now thou art worse than he.

Arcas. On with thy Tale——

Cor.———Now, Sir, these Lads, I say,
 Were nothing in the way to cross their Courtship,
 Might one or 'tother make her a good Husband.
 But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief!
 The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.
 And why? because, forsooth! she loves another!
 But how! how is her Love dispos'd? Why thus!
 This pranking gamefome Boy, this *Damon* here!
 With Songs, and Gambols, has I think bewitch'd her.
 His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds,
 And all the idle Day they toy and sing together.

Cim. Ay so they do, and please you——

Cor.———Nay, nay, *Cimon*!

Cim. Well, well! I've done: but I'm sure it's true tho'—

Cor. So nothing now will down with her but *Damon*.
 And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her!
 The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,
 Has little Hope to scape being made his Breakfast:
 For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,
 And openly defies my Power to force him.
 A hard Defiance to a tender Father! [*Weeps.*]
 Now, good my Lord! 'tis true you're not our King,
 And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you.
 But you've a stronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.
 The Man were branded here, that scorn'd your Pleasure.
 And the great good you do us every Day,
 Will make your Word go farther, than a Law:
 So if your Pity think my Case is hard,

I leave the Manner how, to your great Wisdom ;
And hope your Goodness will prevent a Father's Sorrow.

Arcas. O *Ægon* ! how affecting is the Tongue
Of plain Simplicity—The honest Wretch !

He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,
Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators.

Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart,
And, to my poor extent of Power, will serve thee.

But hear we now, what others may reply.

Damon, thou'st heard this good old Man's Complaint ;
Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection ?

Dam. My Lord, I mean the Lass no harm, not I :
'Tis true, I like her Lip, and so I do

Some twenty others, and twenty others may
Have all the same Demand to marry me !

But, 'las-a-day ! tho' Kissing goes by Favour,
A Man can't marry every Girl he kisses !

Were that a Claim, then she, that first was kiss'd,
Should first be married ; so I hope my Lord,

I shall not be bound to do one right, in wrong
To Hundreds, that should come, in turn, before her.

Ægon. Sirrah ! thou mak'st thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'st thy Wit excuses Wickedness.

Dam. Not so hard, good Master ; for Maids sometimes
Are slippery Bits, as well as we ; and he

That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Should fly, will find but sorry Sport a Shooting.

Ægon. Knave ! thou'rt a Nuisance ; all thy Neighbours
note thee

For a Poacher ; When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron-strings, around the Country.

Arcas. Gently, *Ægon* ; let us suspend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Disguise, his Thoughts.

Well *Damon*, what Amends to *Corydon* ?

What shall I say I've done to right his Daughter ?

Dam. Why let the Damsel please herself, my Lord :
If she's dispos'd to marry, there's her Choice.

If to make Life a Frolic—Here's her Man.

There's no great Hardship, where the Will is free :

As she must first consent, before she kisses,

I hope she'll first have mine, before I marry.
 For though some Men have hang'd themselves for Maids,
 Yet, I have known my Betters think a Wife
 'The worst of Halter; so whate'er betide me,
 I hope you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentence!
Arcas. Think'st thou a virtuous Bride, a Punishment?
Dam. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter still.
 And as the Song wisely says, my Lord,

A I R I.

*The Man, for Life,
 That takes a Wife,
 Is like a thousand dismal Things :
 A Fox in Trap,
 Or worse, mayhap ;
 An Owl, in Cage, that never sings.
 Dull, from Morn to Night
 He hates her Sight,
 Yet he, poor Soul ! must endure it.
 Bed of Thorns !
 Head of Horns !
 Such a Life !
 Rope, or Knife,
 Can only cure it.*

II.

*A Bull at Stake,
 To merry make,
 He roars aloud, and the Laugh is strong !
 Like Dog, and Cat,
 Or Puss, and Rat,
 He fights for Life, and it lasts as long.
 But the Man that's free,
 Is like the Bee,
 While every Flower he's tasting.
 Never cloy,
 With his Joys :
 Day or Night,
 New Delight
 Is only lasting.*

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd him falsely;
He owns himself more wicked, than I spoke him.

Arcas 'Tis true, as such we shall consider him.

Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propose

[To Cimon and Mopsus.

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mould.

There stands the Maid; if you have ought to urge,

That may prefer your Hopes to Damon's,

Take this Occasion to avow your Love:

You have her Father's Wish and my Protection.

Cim. Ah! Sir, an' like you, I've no Heart to speak;
She flouts, and glouts, at me, from Morn to Night.

See how she looks now! cause she can't avoid me. [ness.

Arcas. Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her maiden Shy-

Cim. D'ye think so, Sir? Why then I will take Heart!
If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her:

A I R II.

There's not a Swain,

On the Plain,

Would be blest as I,

O could you but, could you but, on me smile:

But you appear

So severe,

That trembling with Fear,

My Heart goes pit a pat! pit a pat! all the while!

When I cry,

Must I Die?

You make no Reply,

But look shy,

And with a scornful Eye,

Kill me with your Cruelty:

How can you be, can you be,

How can you be, so hard to me?

Ah! poor Cimon, thou art ne'er the nearer!

Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move her!

[Crying.

Cor. You see, my Lord, the Lad tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honestly dispos'd however.

Arcas. Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to Mopsus.

Ægon. Come, *Mopsus*, now for thee, thy Heart seems chearful.

Mop. Ay! 'twas always so: I love to laugh,
Let things go how they will: Why let her frown!
As long as *Cimon's* us'd as ill as I,
It gives one's Mind a little Ease however!
Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at!
So, as he's for singing an old Song sadly,
'Twill be but sad, to try a new one merrily.

A I R III.

*When Phillida milks her Cow,
How have I stood smirking?
Oh! the pretty Stream would flow,
With a Jerk, and a Jerk in!
Thy whiter Bosom too so heav'd
Half out, and half in!
That of my Breath I was bereav'd,
With a Fit of laughing!
I could not hold from lau——ghing!
Half out, and half in!
Oh! to see them fall, and rise,
I laugh'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and half in!
And it was the purest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I could ha' died, with laughing.
With laugh——ing.*

Ægon. Well said, *Mopsus*! Thou sing'st it from thy
And 'tis a merry one—— [Heart,

Mop. —— Better than crying.

Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words,
To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to.

Arkas. An honest Principle: Now, my good Friend;
Let us inquire into thy Daughter's Heart:
For that must guide us——

Cor. —— *Phillida*, come near!

Arkas. Well, my fair Maid! is there, within my Power,
Ought, that may contribute to thy Happiness?

Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse,
Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth, my Lord,
I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game;
I know my Father's Kindness means me well.
And I could wish I had the Power to please him;
But I am loath to lead a Savage Life:
And sure! these Lads were woeful Company.

Cimon. O scornful Maid! my Heart will burst with
Grief! [Cries.

Mop. Hoh! hoh! poor *Cimon's* in a bitter taking! [Laughs.

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse, from such extreams of
Damon, with all his Infidelities, [Folly!

Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible!
And I am more, than much afraid, I love him!
'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless!
And I have try'd a thousand, thousand times,
To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do!
When e'er my Heart is open, in he comes!
Again submits, and is again forgiven!
Again I love, and am again forsaken!
Yet still he fools me on; and when he's absent,
With Sighs, and Songs, I thus relieve my Folly.

A I R IV.

What Woman could do, I have try'd, to be free;
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, still he's the Man.
They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear:
When Vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?
So, when you have said all you can,
Still—still he's the Man.

II.

I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
When to him I ran.
He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid
So civil a Man?

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

*The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
I rated him soundly, he swore, I was blind;
So, let me do what I can,
Still—still he's the Man.*

III.

*All the World bids me beware of his Art :
I do what I can ;*

*But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man !*

*So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
Who can do more than they can ;
He—still is the Man.*

Arcas. Take Comfort, *Corydon* ; all yet may mend :
Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love
Persuades me, of her guarded Innocence !
And though licentious *Damon* may deserve
Severe Reproof ; yet for the Maiden's sake
(For what he suffers, her fond Heart will feel)
We will not harden him, by Punishment,
But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.
Of this bad Matter make we then the best.
If therefore *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,
By Suit or Service of his Love, can woe,
And win this gentle Maid, to be his Bride,
The Dow'r, which her kind Father has declar'd,
Myself will double, on her Marriage-day,
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.

Cor. May all the Gods preserve the bounteous *Arcas*.
A double Portion ! Now my honest Lads,
There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts !
Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest Fellow !
Now sing, and dance her down to your Desires !
Now, *Phillida*, let faithless *Damon* see
What Love, and Honesty have gain'd by Truth ;
And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

Phil. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon* ; now's our Time !

Cim. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted ; my poor Hopes
Will never blossom, while she looks so frosty !

Cor. Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou see'st he knows
No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.

Cim. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Cor. Well said, my Boy! Ah! this joyful Day
Has set my Heart upon the merry Pin!
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweetheart.

A I R V.

When I follow'd a Lass, that was froward, and shy,

O! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her comply!

*O! I took her so lovingly round the Waist,
And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast!*

When bugg'd, and ball'd,

She squeal'd, and squall'd;

And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain!

Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again!

Yet I pleas'd, &c.

Then doity toity!

Whisking, Frisking,

Green was her Gown upon the Grass;

O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!

O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!

Arcas. Well done, my merry Heart! Come, *Corydon*,
Now let us leave these Lovers free to woe;
And he that first subduing, and subdued,
Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r,
In farther Token of my Love, myself
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.

Ægon. Now for the Garland!

Mop. ————— Live the noble *Arcas*!

Arcas. *Ægon*! bring thou *Amyntas* to the Grove
Of Citrons, there *Pastora* shall receive

Philautus. [Exeunt *Arcas* and *Ægon* severally.]

Cor. ——— Let me but live to see that Knave,
That graceless *Damon* bobb'd! let him but wear
The Willow! I'll jump into my Grave
With Joy ———

[Exit *Corydon*.]

Dam. ——— So! now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again!

This double Dow'r, no doubt, will turn her
Brain, And set the Windmill of her Sex a going,

} *Aside.*

Mop. Now! Cimon, now!

Cim. ————— I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No, you are the Elder ———

Cim. ————— But my Heart misgives me.

Phil. Still Silent! no kind Offer yet from Damon?
Has Fortune no effect upon his Heart? [Aside,

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The Tune alone ———

Mop. ——— Well then, be sure you back me.

A I R VI.

*Tell me Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender?*

Cim. *Faith, and Troth! I love thee woundly,
And I was the first Pretender.*

Mop. *Of us Boys,*

Cim. *Take thy Choice:*

Mop. *Here's a Heart ———*

Cim. ——— *And here's a Hand too.*

Mop. *His or Mine.*

Cim. *All is thine.*

Both. — *Body and Goods at thy Command too.*

Phil. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd!

A I R VII.

*While you both pretend a Passion,
'T would be cruel to chuse either;
To preserve your Inclination,
I must kindly fix on neither.*

To be just

I now must

Make yours, and yours be equal Cases:

Therefore pray,

From this Day,

I never may behold your Faces.

Now be silent; if Damon is inclin'd
To speak, his turn is next, you've had your Answer.

Mop. Well! let him speak! mayhap your Face
May get as little good from him, as ours.

From you ; 'tishn't every Man will marry you ;
Don't cry, *Cimon* ; it only makes her prouder.

Cim. She has given me such a kick o' the Heart,
I shall never recover it——

Phil. Hark thee, *Cimon* !

I like thee better than thy Brother, far.

Cim. O ! the Gracious ! do you truly, and truly ?

Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Instant ! take him hence,
And keep him from my Sight, an Hour at least.
And when thou see'st me next, come thou without him.

Cim. Give me thy Hand on't——

Phil. ——Hush ! not now, they'll see us.

Away with him——

Cim. A Word's enough I'll do't.

Come, *Mopsus*, come away—for I have a thing
And such a thing to tell thee, Boy——

Mop. ——What ails

The Fool ! Thou'rt mad !

Cim. ——Mad ! Ay, and so would you
Be too, were my Case yours ; but come away.

Mop. Nay, not so fast, good *Cimon*——

Cim. ——Faster, *Mopsus*, faster.

[*Cimon hurries off Mopsus.*]

Dam. My charming Creature ! this was kindly done !
Never was Favour, to a Fool, so well
Dissembled ! ——

Phil. ——Yes, I have learn'd, from you, Dissembling.
And you'll again dissemble, to reward me.

Dam. Why so suspicious, *Phillida* ? Don't I love thee ?
Why all this Bustle at my Heart, when thus
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes !
Give me thy Lips, and see how thou'rt mistaken.

Phil. No, *Damon* ; Lips are but liquorish Proofs
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R VIII.

Dam. ——Away with Suspicion,
That Bane to desire ;

The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies ;

The Rules of Discretion

But stifles the Fire ;

On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

*What Folly to tremble,
Lest the Lower dissemble
His Fire?*

*Turtles that wooe,
Bill and Cooe :
While we enjoy,
We must be true !
And to repeat it, is all,
All we can desire.*

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my Heart!
Thou know'st I love, and therefore would'st undo me.

Dam. I know thou lovest, and therefore would secure thee.

A I R IX.

Phil. *While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you say-
To bring your toying,
Up to enjoying,
Call first the Priest, and name the Day ;
Then, then name the Day.
Lasses are willing
As Lads, for billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly prest.
Let holy Father
Tye us together,
Then bill your Fill, and bill your best ;
Then, then bill your best.*

Dam. What, not a Hand, a Lip, for old Acquaintance?
Not one poor Sample of the Grain, my Dear,
Unless I make a Purchase of the whole ?

Phil. No, Damon; now 'tis time to end our Fooling.
Consent to wed me, or forbear to love.

Dam. What! dost thou think to starve me into marriage?

Phil. I'll starve myself, but I'll avoid thy Falshood!
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

Dam. No—nor I won't be pounded, while I can leap.
A Hedge: So keep your Grass for Calves to graze on.
I need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame,
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

Phil. Do, leave me, do, and prove thyself a Traytor!
Faithless, inhuman *Damon*!—

Dam. ————— Mighty well!
This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain!
And thou would'st make me madder than thyself!
A Husband! Death! A Mill-horse! what, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeless Round of Life!
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, still
To plod the Path, I trod the Day before!
O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders!

Phil. Abandon'd *Damon*! now I begin to hate thee.

Dam. I'm glad, my Mistress, that you'll speak your
Mind!

Some Girls will Fool you on till one's Heart aches.
But since I know your Play, Forsooth, hang lag,
Say I, and so farewell, fair *Phillida*.

A I R X.

Dam. I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,
And scatter Love around the Plains.

Phil. I'll starve my Love, and rather part,
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.

Dam. The Frowns of This, I ne'er take ill:
Where One denies, there's Two that will.

Phil. Since Maids by Kindness are undone:
Adieu, Mankind; I'll sigh for none.

Dam. No frozen Lass shall hold me long.

Phil. No Swain, that's false, my Love shall wrong.

Dam. Farewell! farewell—'tis time to part.

Phil. Thus from thy Hold, I tear my Heart.

Both. Farewell! farewell, &c.

The SCENE changes to a pleasant Garden ad-
joining to the House of Arcas.

Enter Arcas, conducting Philautus, with Egon and
Amyntas.

Arcas. Once more you're welcome, to our Cottage, Sir?
And what is wanting in Magnificence,
Shall be supply'd in Will, and Wishes, to delight you.

Phil. Your civiliz'd Deportment still retains
The Courtier—that suffices—You are polite.

You know my Birth, and what my Rank requires.
And tho' my Life has always stream'd with Pleasures,
I love sometimes t' unbend from crowded Courts,
And snuff the Rural Air——Your Hounds are good?

Arcas. Of the old *Spartan* Breed: All staunch as Truth,
High-mettled on the Scent, and in full Cry
The jolly Chorus thunders in the Vale.

A sporting Stag will better speak their Virtue.

Phil. We'll find an early Day. And now, my Lord,
Nothing seems wanting to compleat my Welcome,
But fair *Pastora*, and the Field before me!
A started Beauty strains me into Speed,
And like the Greyhound sweeps me in the Quarry.

Arcas. Courtiers have Arts to make their Conquests easy;
But where the Skilful, and the Graceful join,
Our Rural Virgins must on fight surrender.

Phil. She will not find it easy to escape me.

Egon. Sure, she will not find it difficult to try! [*Aside.*]

Phil. In Court, our Dames have prov'd me to their Cost.

Arcas. She gains a Conquest, that's by you subdued!

Phil. Polite, and Courtly! finely turn'd, my Lord!
She gains a Conquest, that's by you subdued!
She does indeed! for I'm not easily pleas'd.

Egon. She is, I'm sure, that can be pleas'd with thee.
[*Aside.*]

Phil. I, sometimes, have been Nice to Cruelty.

Egon. If Modesty can charm, she's lost indeed!

Arcas. But we delay my Daughter's Happiness:
Your Leave a Moment, to conduct her. [*Exit Arcas.*]

Amy. What sudden Terrors have o'ercast my Heart?

Egon. Well, Sir, we now shall see your Courtly Skill!
But let me tell you, that our homebred Nymphs,
However easy to the humble Lover,
Can to the Heart, that comes assur'd of Conquest,
Assume a Pride, regardless as the Wind,
When on the Mountain's Head it bends the Cedar.

Phil. The Rural Bluntness, *Egon*, much delights me:
We sometimes have, in Court, a Droll like thee.
And when the Oddness of a Creature's pleasant,
We join the Laugh, and give their Humours way.

Egon. Just as we sometimes treat a Coxcomb here.

For now and then they come to steal our Daughters :
Though I ne'er heard their Sighs have much prevail'd.

Phil. But, honest *Ægon*, thou shalt find, we Courtiers
Have sharper Darts, than simple Sighs, to shoot with.
The Skilful do not *ask*, but *give* Relief. [Secret.

Ægon. Our simple Swains would thank you for that
For they are always humble, till the Nymph
Is kind ; and then they're simple grateful too.

Phil. O Rustick Notions ! No, dear *Ægon*, no.
A Woman's Pride is pamper'd by our Fear :
He only can reduce that dares provoke it.

Ægon. A Courage so determin'd must be sure
Of Conquest, Sir.—But see ! your fair Defiance.

Enter Arcas with Pastora.

Arcas. This, my *Pastora*, is the Noble Youth,
Whom my Approvement offers to thy Choice :
High is his Lineage, his Appointments equal :
But my weak Praise would wrong his full Deservings ;
Thou art thyself to judge of his Perfections,
For nothing is impos'd upon thy Will :
The brave *Philautus* scorns Advantages,
And leaves his Cause to Love, that thy free Heart
May rather soften, to his own Persuasions,
Than yield reluctant, with a cold Obedience.

Phil. Yes, lovely Maid ! compell'd Affection stains
The Lover's Glory, and degrades his Conquest !
The generous Heart disclaims all Aids, but Love !
Yet be compos'd, I'll use a gentle Power :
I know the Terrors that invade your Sex,
When Love first makes his Onset of Desire ;
Your Beauties tremble ! and your Charms retreat !
I therefore shall a while suspend my Vows,
'Till your own secret Wishes sigh to hear them.
All I, in present, shall propose, is first,
That with an Eye impartial you survey me ;
Hear with Attention, willing to admire ;
Then when you are inclin'd to speak—speak free !
Nor let your Virgin Coyness veil your Heart.

Past. Sir, I must own you have already cur'd
My Fears, those Fears that ere you spoke, oppress'd me.

At one short View, I read your Mind, and Person!
Which equally have given Surprize, and Wonder!
And since so generously you use your Power,
As not to enforce it, with a Father's Will;
The least I can in Gratitude return,
Is not alone to hear; but, on the Place,
To answer what I hear: you may proceed.
There seems no Terror in a Courtier's Love!

Phil. A Heart so dauntless stirs my Emulation!
But let me tell you Fair One, you have now
Before your Eyes no common moulded Lover;
A Man less us'd to ask, than to refuse
Your Sexes Favours! Beauty may have Eyes,
Yet Men have Arts to give alternate Wounds.
Thousands may hope, but few have equal Charms
To fix a curious Heart—and yet, methinks
Your Eye, my Fair, darts an unusual—something—
That calls for farther gazing——

[After a long Pause, his Looks rising gradually to a gracious
Approbation, he proceeds.

———Virgin! You
Have Beauty—I confess it; to be just,
I own your Charms are worthy of my Thought;
On your own Conduct, now, depends your Happiness!

Past. A Heart, that to our Sex has been so fatal,
Deters the Passion which its Worth wou'd raise,
Or leads th' Unwary to avoidless Ruin:
And, to be free, I dare not trust you with Esteem.

Phil. Agreeable Suspicion! but I'll ease
Your Fears; and make your Hopes, at once,
Your Sexes Envy, and your Swains Despair.
Come, come, I read your Soul! such tender Scruples
Never arise, but from the Heart inclining;
The Lover scorn'd is never tax'd with Falshood.
You see, my Fair, I know the Depths of Love,
And all your coy Meanders of the Heart.

Past. How can you triumph where you've won so little?

Phil. This Modesty alone were worth my Conquest.

Past. I find, Sir, I dispute your Happiness in vain.
And since I can't persuade you to Despair,
Thus let me warm our Sexes Vanity.

A I R XI.

No more, vain Virgins, boast your Power;
 For Nature is inverted:
 To be blest, you must adore,
 Or be by Swains deserted.
 Sweet Lovers now, at Sight, surprize,
 And give such wondrous Pleasure,
 That when the Nymph, despairing, dies,
 The Swain will deign to ease her.

Phil. Engaging Creature! what remains, is now
 The Means to make your Conqueror, your Captive,
 An easy Task—but I'll explain the Secret.

A I R XII.

Tho' you, perhaps, my lovely Fair,
 Have Charms that greatly move me;
 Yet all your future Pains, and Care,
 Must be, to make me love you.
 Your Fate alone depends on me,
 You are but what I make you;
 Divinely blest, if I prove true,
 Undone, if I forsake you. [Phil. turns to Egon.

Past. Nay then, 'tis time to undeceive his
 But it repays the Pain, to find Amyntas [Folly!
 Has been the Witness of our Interview:
 Sure the Contempt this Trifler has receiv'd,
 Will justify my Heart, and still preserve
 That soft Esteem, which he has ever shewn me. } *Aside.*

Arcas. Well, good Amyntas, tell me, and in Friendship,
 What are thy Thoughts of this Corinthian Noble?
 Would'st thou not wish Pastora to receive him,
 And give her Charms, th' Improvement of a Court?

[*Apart.*

Amynt. Your Wisdom, doubtless, had resolv'd before
 Pastora saw him, Sir—

[*Apart.*

Arcas. ——— Suppose it so,
 Yet I would gladly know how far thy Sense
 May recommend, or disapprove, this Union [*Apart.*

Amynt. Since you descend, to ask a young Man's Counsel,

That mine, Sir, may be better justified,
 Permit me to recite, what you yourself
 Have oft commended as the Virgin's Lesson.
 Tho' much, I fear, my Skill will marr the Music.

Ægon. No matter; thou at least, wilt give it meaning.

Amyntas. That, Sir, were worthy of *Pastora's* Ear.

A I R XIII.

Virgins, beware how you fix on a Lover!

Beds of Flowers, may harbour a Snake;

Gold and Silver gaily may cover

Heads that wander, and Hearts that forsake.

Courtly Rovers,

When bound for Life,

Seldom Lovers

Prove to the Wife.

But on the Plains poor Swains are true;

Nor love themselves, but die for You.

Phil. Poor Swains! some slighted Lover, I presume.

Ægon. A Lover favour'd, or my Eyes deceive me!

[*Aside.*]

Arcas. 'Tis well apply'd, *Amyntas*—follow me.

I have of Moment something for thy Ear.

A Lover, Sir, like you, that knows the Coast, [*To Phil.*]
 Needs not a Pilot, when so near the Shore:

I therefore leave you to compleat your Conquest.

Phil. Your Complaisance has made *Arcadia*, *Corinth*.

Arcas. Daughter, with Joy, I have beheld thy Conduct!

I see thou know'st to value Men by Merit.

And that thy Heart may act more open to

Thy Wishes, I retire———maintain thy Virtue.

[*Exeunt Arcas and Amyntas. Ægon following, is detain'd by Philautus.*]

Past. What can this mean? Is then my Father pleas'd
 With the Contempt I have thrown upon this Stranger,
 Whom he himself presented? Can it be?

'Twas by his Leave too, that *Amyntas* sung,

Encourag'd to address his Strains to me.

Take heed, fond Heart, nor flatter thy Desires.

Let Time, that undertakes thy Fate, confirm it. [*Apart.*]

Phil. Believe me, *Egon*, I desire thy Presence.
Without a Friend, a Mistress loses half
Her Charms. I love a Witness of my Power.
For what's a Triumph, where there's no Spectator?
All my Successes with the Fair are public.

Egon. Well, Sir, I'll stay, in hopes that your fair
May in her turn, have Cause to triumph too. [*Mistress*

Phil. 'Tis true, my Friend; my Favour is her Triumph;
Thou seest, we Courtiers know a shorter Way
Than fighting to the Heart———

Egon.———'Tis short indeed!
For I perceive not yet, you've said one Word,
So much to raise her Merit, as your own.

Phil. Why—no—not but I slightly own'd her Charms
Had Power, and that's enough! The Art of Love
Is not to praise your Fair one to a Goddess,
But to dissolve her Pride with Admiration,
And be yourself the Object of Desire.

Egon. Ay! there! you have, beyond Belief, succeeded.

Phil. But I have farther Subject for her Wonder.
Now, my fair Nymph! not that my Heart is vain,
But yet to shew the Value of your Conquest;
Permit me, to inform you of the Fate
Of a fam'd *Roman* Beauty, who at *Corinth*
Hearing of my intended Marriage, took
A mortal Draught, which ended, with her Hopes
Of me, her Life; and in her latest Pangs,
Turning her faint complaining Eyes upon me,
Farewell, vain faithless World, she cry'd! I die
A Victim to *Papilio's* Cruelty!

Past. Papilio!

Phil.———The Name her Fondness gave me.

Egon. Papilio!

Phil.———Yes; a *Roman* Appellation.
Observe its melting Softness——O! *Papilio!*
Sure, 'twas the gentlest Creature!——But however,
To give her, even in Death, her due Revenge,
And to immortalize her Passion, I
Compos'd an Ode, which the fam'd *Sappho* might
With Pride have own'd, and not have wrong'd her Genius.

Past. May we intreat the Favour, Sir, to hear it?

Phil. My Voice, I doubt, will ill commend the Lines;
But what that wants, Expression shall supply.

A I R XIV.

*Cruel Creature,
Must I languish!
Savage Nature!
See my Anguish;
Doom'd to love, and love in vain!
O Papilio!
Can you fly me?
Can you, will you
Still deny me?
O Papilio!
One kind Look, to sooth my Pain!
Cruel Creature,
See my Anguish!
Hear a dying Maid complain!*

Ægon. This is indeed a doleful Ditty, Sir.

Past. How could you let so soft a Creature perish?

Phil. Love, like Ambition, rashly seeks its Ruin.
Her Fondness set no Bounds to her Desire.
She grasp'd at more than was her Beauty's Due.
Was mine a Heart to be ingross'd by One,
Where a whole Court had equal Claim to Favour.

Past. Ye Powers! are these your Principles avow'd?
Are then the Laws of Honour, Nature, thus
Regarded?—

Ægon.—So! his Vanity, at last,
Recoils upon himself, and gives her Scorn
The fair Excuse of Honour, to renounce him.

Phil. And why, my Fair so suddenly transported?

Past. Could you then think, a Heart, like yours, so
Stain'd in Cruelty, could find Reception here?

Phil. I thought a Heart so eminently graced
With Conquests, only could deserve *Pastora*.

Past. No! to the *Manes* of your Roman Mistress,
That wretched Martyr of your cruel Nature,
My vengeful Hate shall make your Love the Victim.

A I R XV.

*How, inhuman faithless Creature!
 Could'st thou wrong such tender Youth?
 How, against all Sense of Nature,
 Kill such Innocence, and Truth?
 While thou sing'st her mournful Ditty,
 Base, remorseless, false Ingrate!
 Her Distresses move my Pity,
 And for thee, my mortal Hate.*

Phil. What new extravagance of Love, my Fair,
 Has chang'd thy Gentleness to Jealousy?
 Can a dead Rival's Charms disturb thee?

Past. ————— Yes!
 The Charms that had so well deserv'd thy Heart,
 Finding such cruel Treatment from thy Power,
 Confirm, what Charms inferior must expect,
 And warn the Wary to detest thy Love!

Phil. Nay now, thy Tenderness refines to Folly. [thee.

Past. Hence! from my Sight, lest worse than Scorn attend

Ægon. I doubt, Sir, here our Triumph has been pusht
 Too far——

Phil.—'Tis true! the Tender in her Heart,
 Prevails, and therefore, with the Tender, still
 Must be recall'd, and softned to her Wishes.

A I R XVI.

*Must I despair?
 Kill me, but kill me here!
 Here at your Feet I'll dye,
 But, from your Sight to fly,
 Is more than Love, or Life, can bear!
 Still cold and cruel be,
 Dart from your Eyes Disdain;
 Yet while those Eyes I see
 Some Pleasure still relieves the Pain.
 Kill me, but &c.*

Past. How, *Ægon*, shall I rid me of this Folly?
The more his Love's abus'd, the more his Pride
Perverts my Meaning, and evades the Scorn. } *Apart.*

Ægon. Give him a hearty farewell, and retire.

Past. He has, indeed, reduc'd me to explain.

Phil. 'Tis done, my Friend; again her softning Eyes
Incline to pardon, and resume Desire!

And to pursue my Conquest——thus——

Past. ————— Forbear!

Since, Sir, I find your high Opinion of
Yourself can take Aversion, for Esteem;
Enjoy your Happiness, but molest not mine.
Admire yourself, and shew a manly Spirit!
Despise my Frowns, and give me Scorn for Scorn.
Fly to some nobler Heart that tastes your Merit
And leave *Pastora* to bemoan her Folly.

Ægon. Troth, Sir, I think 'twould be a fair
Revenge. }

Phil. *Ægon*, I know what Measures will be-
come me. } *Apart.*

A I R XVII.

Past. How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty dear Person admires!
Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glass,

Where, in his sweet Face,

Such ravishing Beauties disclose;

His Heart on fire,

Is sure his Desire

No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,

Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!

How little a Thing will defend her

From one, that makes Love to himself!

While nice in dress,

And sure of success,

He thinks she can never get free;

With smiling Eyes,

She rallies, and flies,

And laughs at his Merit like me. [Exit *Pastora*.

Egon. Was ever such a strange Relapse!

Phil. ————— Surprizing!

Egon. I fear Disorder in her Brain!

Didst thou observe, how incoherently

She sung, and wander'd from her soft Deportment?

Egon. 'Tis plain, she is not what we thought her—

Phil. ————— No!

It must be Frensy! Love has strange Effects!

This is the strongest Arrow, that I ever drew!

Egon. So strong, I doubt, we have over-shot the Mark!

At least, I see, you have not touch'd her Wings!

A I R XVIII.

Phil. O! let her go!

Pooh! let her go!

Maids like wounded Doves will fly:

The pretty thing,

Tho' on the Wing,

Down must fall, and sure to die!

In her Heart,

The Dart

She flies with,

Has fixt her sure;

Now! now!

She's panting for the Cure?

No, *Egon*, no! 'tis now too late to fly me.

I know I've touch'd her, and my Shafts are fatal!

In the next neighbouring Grove, she drops of course!

There I shall find her helpless, in her Wounds,

And tame to my Desire: But I must follow,

And, like a skilful Woodman, save my Game.

Thy Presence, *Egon*, frightned her away!

'Twas too far carried, to have others see

The soft Confusion of her yielding Heart;

Which, if alone, had been with joy disclos'd.

Egon. Of what strange Stuff are Courtiers Heads
compos'd!

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to an outward Part of a Grove.

Enter Arcas and Amyntas.

Arcas. *Amyntas*, I have weigh'd thy best Excuses,
And find thy Modesty, that makes them, but
A stronger Motive to my Trust propos'd :
If thou would'st keep thy Place within my Heart,
Comply with my Desires——

Amyntas.———My noble Lord,
Since Diffidence no longer can dissuade,
My due Obedience with your Will complies :
To my poor Power, I will discharge this Trust.

Arcas. Now thou has gain'd upon my Love, *Amyntas*.
The present Hour employs thee : Here, within
This Grove, awhile amuse thee, 'till I send her !
There, in an instant, shall *Pastora* find thee. [*Exit Arcas.*

Amyntas. What will my Fate do with me ! O *Pastora* !
Is lost *Amyntas*, then, the chosen Wretch,
To point thee out a Lover worthy of
Thy Heart? Where shall this worthless World produce him?
And by the generous *Arcas* too, my Patron,
Is this high Task impos'd ! What Power can save thee?
Must I, if true to Love, be false to him?
Or true to *Arcas*, must I lose *Pastora*?
Nay, what would Falshood, if pursued, avail?
'Twere terrible, tho' guiltless, to avow my Love !
To meet her Scorn (for Scorn must sure attend it !)
Were sharper Pain, if possible, than to
Behold her, happy, in a Rival's Arms ;
Which Way soe'er I turn, Despair surrounds me !
Like the poor Pilot, while his Vessel burns,
I pause, to perish in the Flames, or Waves !

A I R XIX.

*Was ever, than mine, a Fate more severe ;
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair ?*

*Despairing, I languish a Lower conceal'd,
Yet the Cause of my Anguish gives Death, if reveal'd:
While her Birth is so high, my Fortune so low,
By her Frown I must dye, if I tell her my Woe.
Was ever, than mine, a Fate more severe,
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair?*

[Exit.

Enter Pastora.

Past. Sure, 'twas *Amyntas*' Voice and Love that run'd it.
A Sound ill-boding to the lost *Pastora*!
I fear some Nymph unknown has seiz'd his Heart.
It must be so! all but too well agrees
With what my Father, knowing, has enjoin'd.
Yet why is mine this Task? He could not, sure,
Suppose *Amyntas* sigh'd for me! Ah, no,
He would not then have sent me to relieve him!
For often has he warn'd me to regard
My Birth, and shun the humbler Swains beneath me:
Which, to this Hour, I have observ'd, with Sorrow.
How far this sweet Occasion, to reveal
My Pain, I may resist—I dare not think on!
Yet sure no Pain exceeds conceal'd Desire.

A I R XX.

*While Groves alone bear me complain,
Like the Lilly, when drooping I pine,
If silent, I languish in Pain,
How can his Heart ever be mine?
O Cupid! assuage what I feel,
Since my Fault is but loving too well:
O! let my Distress to conceal,
Be less than the Pain is to tell.*

Amyntas returns.

Amyn. Thus, while the warbling *Philomel* complains,
The list'ning Swain partakes her tuneful Sorrow.

Past. My Griefs, *Amyntas*, sympathize with thine.

M 3

Thy plaintive Strains have given my pensive Heart
Distress unfelt before—

Amy. ————— Are then our Griefs
So equally severe, as to deserve
Our mutual Pity? Sure a social Balm,
So sweetly healing, might assuage the Pain.

Past. Or may increase it, from the Cause mistaken.

Amy. Why are those Causes then conceal'd, since on
Our Cure, our future Happiness depends?

Past. That Question, thou, *Amyntas*, must resolve!
For, to that Purpose, has my Father sent me,
To search thy Griefs, and by Advice to heal them.

Amy. The same Injunction has he laid on me,
That I should give due Praises, to thy easy Scorn
Of vain *Philautus*' Love, and to thy Heart
Commend a Swain, whose Virtues might deserve thee.
But say, *Pastora*, did he tell thee, that
He knew, *Amyntas* lov'd?

Past. ————— Thy Strains confess'd it.

Amy. If that were Proof, thy Strains confess'd the same.

Past. We often sing of Sorrows not our own.

Amy. Of such, *Pastora*, might *Amyntas* sing.

Past. May we then hope, that neither of us love?

Amy. If both could love with Hope, 'twere happier still!

Past. But that, alas! for ever is deny'd to me!
Compell'd by frowning Honour to despair!

Amy. The same stern Brow affrights *Amyntas*' Hope.

Past. Do'st thou then love below thy Birth, *Amyntas*?

Amy. Were that my Fate, I might declare my Flame.
But Fears like mine can never reach *Pastora*,
For, in *Arcadia*, she has no Superior.

Past. And therefore is she doom'd to hide her Heart.

Amy. O Love! how equal are our Woes, and yet
How opposite their Cause?

Past. ————— Our Woes so like,
May in the same complaining Strains be told.

A I R XXI.

*Tho' my Grief is severe, it relieves me to see,
That the Swain who inflicts it, conceives not 'tis he.*

Past. That these kind Arms might save thee, O *Amyntas*!
 Our Happiness, our Ruin, from this Hour,
 Is one! And if *Pastora*'s yielded Heart
 Can pay the Pains thou hast endur'd for me,
 Let thy own Wishes form thy own Reward!
 The Joys I give *Amyntas*, I receive.

Amyntas. Immortal Pow'rs! may I believe my Sense?
 What hast thou utter'd? O *Pastora*! sure
 I dream! This heavenly Vision is too much
 For waking Life to bear! Amazement, Love,
 Tumultuous Joy, and Transport, swell my Heart,
 I fear, beyond the Limits of my poor Deservings.

Past. No, *Amyntas*! that sweet Humility,
 That distant Awe of unavow'd Desire,
 Has more prevail'd upon my yielding Heart
 Than all the Flatteries of protesting Love.

Amyntas. O! let me gaze, and languish on thy Softness!
 While Sighs on Sighs invoke thy Charms confess'd,
 And fault'ring Speech can only sound *Pastora*.

Learn hence, ye Nymphs your Lovers to surprize,
 Nor boast the trivial Conquest of your Eyes:
 The Vows your Charms inspire, with Charms will break,
 And teach the sated Lover to forsake:
 But when with Virtue aided, you subdue,
 Long will your Swains adore, and long be true!
 Then like *Pastora*'s, may your Flames be own'd,
 And each *Amyntas* in your Hearts be crown'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Arcas and Ægon in the Garden.

Arcas. YES, *Ægon*, I over-heard it all! conceal'd
 Within a Bower, which scarce the Sun or
 Winds
 Could pierce, my Ears were witness of their Love;
 I heard the equal Conflict of their Hearts,
 Which while unknowing that their Flames were mutual,

Alternate Duty labour'd to conceal:

Such Innocence and Virtue gave me Pain,
To see the dread Suspence of their Desires!

But when, to their Amazement, they discover'd,
How long, in Heart, for Heart, their Hopes had lan-
Their tender Transports even recall'd my Youth, [guish'd,
And gave my Eyes the Softness of a Lover.

Egon. Here, we perceive how Blood sustains the Mind.
Pastora's humble Passions with her Birth subside,
Her Heart is charm'd by Merit, in its Weeds;
While cold *Ianthe*, unsubdu'd by Fortune,
Maintains the native Station of her Race,
Nor bends her Merit to superior Birth.

Arcas. Her Coldness shews, at least, the honest Pride
Of Virtue knows its worth, and will be wooed.

Egon. Thus *Iphis* too, unheedful of her Fortune,
Shews he thinks Virtue is the noblest Dower.

Arcas. All, all, my Friend, advances to our Wishes.
And let me say the Merit of their Love
Were lost, had not these Tryals prov'd their Virtue!
And yet—the strongest, *Egon*, is to come,
The long-hid Secret of their Birth! How that
Discover'd may affect their Constancy—

Egon. My Lord, you nourish Fears, which I alone
Should feel; If alter'd Birth could change their Passions,
Yours might, indeed, despise the Race of *Egon*.
Lost *Iphis* and *Pastora* may be wretched;

Amyntas and *Ianthe* chuse their Fate. [firm?

Arcas. But dost thou think, their Hearts will still be

Egon. Suspicion cannot form a Fear against them!
Or if, at most, I grant, *Ianthe* may

A while for Form, retard the Hopes of *Iphis*,
That's the worst Consequence that can befall us.

Arcas. Thy sanguine Temper, *Egon*, always cheers me!
Be *Iphis* then our next immediate Care.
Is he yet Master of *Ianthe's* Riddle?

Egon. That's my least Thought! mere female Shyness,
To give her feign'd Resentment time to cool;
And save th' Appearance of offended Virtue.

Arcas. Where is *Ianthe* now?

Ægon. ——— In yonder Grove
I left her, skilfully collecting Herbs
Of sanative and virtual Power, which she
In Charity sometimes administers
To helpless Swains, when Sicknefs, or Mischance,
Confines them to their Cots, unfit for Labour.
But where has *Iphis* pass'd his lonely Hours?

Arcas. This Morn I was inform'd he had been seen
Before the Dawn upon the southern Cliff
Whose lofty Head looks down upon the Sea:
There pensive and alone, in studious plight
He lay, and warn'd the passing Swains to leave him.

Ægon. Love and the Riddle give him full Employment.

Arcas. Perhaps too much: I therefore have sent forth
Old *Corydon*, with others, to observe
His Purposes, and warn him homeward! — See!
Already he's return'd — Now, *Corydon*.

Enter Corydon.

What News of *Iphis*? hast thou found him?

Cor. ——— Found him!

Ay, my good Lord, he's found; but I much fear
He has lost himself — Oh! he has blown me bravely!

Arcas. Explain! be brief, good *Corydon* —

Cor. ——— Nay, nay,

I have not Breath to make long-winded Speeches.

Ægon. Speak, Man —

Cor. — Why then, in short — since short's my Breath,
He's mad.

Ægon. ——— Mad! ———

Arcas. ——— What mean'st thou —

Cor. ——— Even as I say:

He's not himself, that's certain: for his Wits
Have neither Sense nor Purpose! all his Talk
Is like a broken Instrument untun'd;

Notes without Harmony. —

Arcas. — Where was he found?

Cor. Beneath the Hill, where you directed us,
Runs a small Brook, that winds along the Vale:
There he sat weaving simple Wreaths of Willow;

One on his Brow he wore : at sight of us
He made dumb Signs that we should sit beside him ;
We did so, and not a Word was said to cross him :
(For by his Eyes we saw his Head was wrong.)
Then he gave Garlands round to every Swain ;
And sigh'd, and heav'd, as if his Heart were bursting !
Anon he drew some Papers from his Scrip ;
On which he por'd, and purs'd his studious Brow !
Then gave out Copies of the same, and cry'd,
Read ! read ! Expound, and be an Oracle !

Arcas. The Riddle, *Ægon*——

Cor. ——Ay, a Riddle penn'd
In Verse, but past our Skill (poor Souls) t'untye !
And then he laugh'd and sung light Madrigalls,
And talk'd as many mournful moving things,
He drew my Heart into my Eyes, tho' scarce
A Word of what he utter'd, was Intelligible.
Yonder he comes, and all the Swains about him.

Arcas. *Ægon* ! this Sight for ever will reproach us.

Enter Iphis musing on a Paper, follow'd by Cimon, Mopsus, and other Shepherds all crown'd with Willow.

Iphis. 'Tis done ! I've found it !—'tis the Rainbow !
Pour,

Pour down, ye pitying Clouds, your gentle Showers,
While, with his radiant Pencil, *Phæbus* paints
The glorious Arch upon your gaudy Bosom !

Cor. Look you there now—you see I told you true.

Arcas. I see it, and with sorrow—give him way.

Iphis. O heav'nly Sight ! Happy auspicious Omen !
It comes ! it forms ! delightful to the Eye !
Behold where mounted *Iris* sits aloft,
And offers me a Seat upon her Throne !
See ! see ! above her Head, *Iambe* fixt,
Like a bright Evening Star, with Beams unborrow'd,
Adorns the Sky, and calls for Adoration !

Do'st thou not see her——there—— [*To Corydon.*

Cor. ——Not I, in troth ! [*her !*

Iphis. Why there ! look there ! the Moon turns pale at

Cor. Yes, yes, the Moon is pale indeed ! —alas !

Poor Soul, his Words are like a Ditty in
A Foreign Tongue to me—Music without Meaning.

Iphis. Now let us catch the Rainbow, and demand her
From the Skies—ah! me! she frowns! she flies me!
Down! down! ye gentle Virgins, and assist
A Swain's Despair! melt her obdurate Heart,
And bend the Goddess to a human Pity!

A I R I.

O gentle Orpheus! tune harmonious,
To my Song, thy Lyre!

Kneeling.] Teach me, Goddess! to adore thee!
Help a Lover void of Art.

Let his streaming Tears implore thee,
To relieve a bleeding Heart.

O remit thy dreadful Sentence
On a Crime, that call'd thee Fair!
If that Sin requires Repentance,
Death is kinder than Despair.

If for Love, my Doom is dying,
Tender Pity let me crave;
If a Tear should fall complying,
Gently drop it on my Grave.

[He sinks into the Arms of Arcas.

Arcas. O piteous Youth! O *Ægon*! where is now
Our Foresight? Our paternal Care? Our Hope?
All lost, and ruin'd by too refin'd a Prudence!

Ægon. Do not think so! this Malady may pass,
And *Iphis* yet recover to our Comfort.

Arcas. 'Tis now no time to hesitate on Forms.
When Life's in doubt, Extreams must be apply'd;
Iantbe must be found; on her alone
Depends the Ruin or Relief of *Iphis*.

Ægon. While you, Sir, lead him to repose,
Myself and these our Friends will search the Groves,
And bring her, with relenting Tears to save him.

[Exit *Ægon*, with others.

Arcas. Ha! he revives! assist me, *Corydon*!

[They raise him.

Iphis. *Ianthe!* where! O my deluded Sense!
 She's fled! she's lost! the mould'ring Clouds disperse,
 And the gay liquid Phantome is no more!
 Such are the visionary Smiles of Woman!
 A Silver Morn—a Shower—a transient Sun!
 A driving Storm—a Tempest of Despair.

[*Exeunt Areas and Corydon, leading Iphis.*]

The SCENE changes to a Grove.

Enter Ianthe with a Servant bearing the Greens, &c.
they have been gathering.

Ianthe. These, *Chloe*, may suffice for present use;
 Now hie thee Home, and sort them as directed.
 I shall but rest a while, and follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*]
 At length I am alone, and my free Thoughts,
 Uncensur'd now, may send a Sigh to *Iphis*.
 Yes, lovely Youth, with Sorrow I conceive
 Thy Pains for me; yet thine give thee no View
 Of those *Ianthe* on herself imposes!
 For sure to bear Disdain unmerited,
 Is less Compunction to the generous Mind,
 Than to disguise, with Scorn, a yielding Heart.
 Thy Pains, tho' grievous, yet implore Relief
 Even of the Wretch, that wants the Beggar's Pity.

A I R II.

*No more, ye happy Swains, upbraid;
 Or of our Sexes Scorn complain;
 One Conflict of the love-sick Maid,
 Is far, than yours, severer Pain!
 The Wounds we give, your Tongues may tell,
 No Self-Reproach attends the Shame;
 But Oh! what Torture must we feel,
 Who burn, and yet conceal the Flame?*

But soft! some Swain advances through the Grove:
 The waving Boughs so break upon the View,
 I scarce discern—it is not *Iphis*—no—

This is some Stranger———by his stately Port,
 It must be the great *Corinthian* Courtier,
 The new-appointed Lover of *Pastora*!
 What can have drawn him hither, thus alone!
 But be his Purpose as it may, it must
 Be mine t' avoid his Sight——but where—or how?
 This way I meet him——here——behind these Alders
 Conceal'd a while, perhaps he may o'erpass me. [*Retires.*]

Enter Philautus.

Phil. This way the sorrow-sounding Voice directed:
 It can be only she, the sad *Pastora*!
 Soothing with Melody her fond Desire!
 I knew her Female Coynefs was too faint,
 To breathe intended Scorn—my amorous Arrows,
 When ever drawn, are punctual to the Mark!
 The gentle Fondling!—how her Sighs inchant me!
 Methinks I see her, on some flow'ry Bank
 Repos'd and languishing with Love conceal'd!
 Her lilly Hand supports her pensive Head,
 Her drooping Eyes, as conscious of my Conquest,
 Refuse the Light, that gazes on her Shame!
 Now with Desire her downy Bosom heaves,
 While Sighs diffused enbalm the ambient Air.
 And yet I see her not——she cannot far
 Be hence——perhaps a soft condoling Strain
 May raise her from her Woes, to wakeful Joy.

A I R III.

*Lovely Turtle! once more Cooe!
 Call thy Mate, and find him true!
 Gently murmur to my Ear!
 Tell me, Charmer,
 Tell! Oh! tell me where
 Love may find, and kill thy Care.
 O call me!
 With thy mournful Strains allure,
 Cooe, and call me to thy Cure.
 O call me!
 Cooe, and call me, Cooe, and call me
 To thy Cure.
 Call me to thy Cure.*

And yet she answers not ! where ? where, *Pastora* ?
It must be so——Her conscious Solitude,
At my Approach, collects her Virgin Blushes,
And Love lies silent, fearful to encounter !
Now Fortune guide me——Ha ! transporting Vision !
She's found ! she's found !——

Ianthe comes forward.

Ian. ——Sir, I am not *Pastora*.

Phil. By all my Hopes, a Beauty far more charming.

Ian. If you would find *Pastora*, Sir, from hence
A Bow-shot westward, lies a Rivulet ;
There with my Brother, in the flow'ry Mead,
I left her list'ning to his Melody.

Phil. And who, fair Nymph, may be the happy Swain
That calls thee Sister ?——

Ian. ——Sir, the son of *Ægon*,
Young *Amyntas*——

Phil. ——Is *Ægon* then, thy Father ?

Ian. That I'm his Daughter is my Happiness.

Phil. And what too cruel Care, my lovely Maid,
Has drawn thee to this Solitude ? For by
Thy plaintive Sound, I know thou art unhappy.

Ian. My slight Sorrows are of my own creating.

Phil. Can Love in all its Tyranny, find Cause
Of Sorrow, for such blooming Beauty ? Say,
What sullen Swain, insensible of Joy,
Has wrong'd thy Innocence : If Love's thy Grief,
Behold this Champion-Arm, this kinder Heart,
Prompt to revenge or to relieve thy Wishes.

Ian. Your generous Offers, Sir, are lost on me,
I have no Thoughts like those to gratify :
Permit me to retire——This fruitless Talk
Intrudes upon those Hours you owe *Pastora*.
This way directs you ——

Phil. ——Yet you must not pass.
These amorous Shades, my Fair, were form'd for Love !
And soft Desire, resistless as thy Charms,
Compels me thus to seize the fair Occasion !

Ian. If you are Noble, as Appearance speaks you,
You can't but know these guilty Sounds
Are insult to a Helpless Maiden's Ear,

But now you offer'd to revenge my Wrongs :
 Make good your Word, and be your own Reprover ;
 Revenge upon your self, what Innocence
 O'erborn wants Strength, to punish, or avoid.

Phil. Can Love be Insult, when so gently offer'd ?

Ian. Constraint and Gentleness but ill agree :

If you are gentle you'll permit me pass,
 And free my Virtue from a needless Terror.

A I R IV.

Phil. *Why so cold, so coy, my Fair ?*

Ian. *Nature teaches Maids their Fear.*

Phil. *Tender Love thy Fear shall chase.*

Ian. *Name not Love——*

Phil. *—————One soft Embrace !*

Ian. *No, no, no ! you press my Heart in vain :*

Can you be pleas'd, while you give me Pain ?

Phil. *Yet bear me—nay, weep not——*

Ian. *O, Sir, you are born above me !*

Phil. *Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.*

Ian. *Leave me to my lowly Fate.*

Phil. *——What can move you ?*

Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.

Ian. *Leave me to my lowly Fate,*

If you love me !

Phil. By Heav'n, a Beauty even of Nature's
 forming !

If Gold, or golden Promises can wooe,

From hence to *Corinth*, will I tempt her Virtue,

And leave *Pastora* to repent her Coyness.

Why, my fair Virgin, thus o'ercast with Sorrow ?

Look up, and meet thy Happiness in Smiles !

In me, kind Fortune waits upon thy Wishes :

To raise thee from these humble Plains to Affluence,

To Pomp, to Pleasures, and luxurious Life !

Apart.

A I R V.

Ian. *Bright Gold may be too dearly bought :*

Ah ! then how vain the Show !

Content and Virtue be my Lot,

Tho' ne'er so low.

Phil. Mistaken Maid, thy rural Life obscur'd
Has shewn thee nothing of the greater World!
Our Palaces of Joys unknown to Groves!
One circling Round of Splendor and Delight
Fills up the dalliant Measure of our Hours!
The menial Sun himself attends our Pleasures,
With bright Meridian Beams begins our Morn;
And when, with Night, our dusky Noon comes on,
Tapers resplendent blaze another Day!
Till sated with the various Midnight Revel,
Uprising *Phæbus* lights us to Repose!
Then folded in the happy Lover's Arms,
Each amorous Dame hides from excluded Light
Her glowing Blushes, 'till the Noon-tide Morn.
Such are the Joys, fair Nymph, reserv'd for thee.
Fly then these abject Plains, and seize thy Fortune.

Ian. What shall I say? how answer, or avoid him?

[*Aside.*

Phil. Think well, my Fair, who and what Grandeur
courts thee.

Ian. To tell him how my Heart detests his Love,
May irritate his Pride to Insolence!
Better to tempt his Pity, than his Anger. } [*Aside.*

Phil. Hast thou no Heart, or is it form'd of Marble?

A I R VI.

Ian. My simple Heart is fled away,
Nor was it made of Stone:
You come too late, alas the Day?
Too late by One.

Phil. What bold presuming Swain shall dare
To stand the Rival of my Flames avow'd?
Away; this artful Story is but feign'd,
To stir my yielding Heart to Jealousy,
That with a softer Fondness it may wooe thee?

A I R VII.

Ian. Alas! I own with weeping Eye,
Your softest Vows are vain!
The more you sigh, the more must I
In Tears complain.

Phil. Impossible! thou dost not know thy Heart?
To fly, and tell me, 'tis thy Grief to fly,
Implies thy fearful Wishes would relieve me,
Could I but find Excuses for thy Kindness:
Here then, behold them, sparkling as thy Eyes!

[Offering Jewels.

While these, my Fair, adorn thy radiant Charms,
Reproach will, cringing, gratulate thy Fortune;
And envious Censure rival thy Desires.

A I R VIII.

*Fly fond Nymph, these rural Plains;
Thou wert born, in Courts to shine:
Waste not then thy Charms on Swains,
To a nobler Love incline.*

A I R IX.

Ian. In Pity, O! my Pain relieve!
Nor press a Heart, not mine, to give!
Should I, for you, inconstant prove,
Too soon might Scorn succeed your Love.

*How could you bear a Maid untrue?
Whose wavering Heart
From Truth must part,
And first be false, ere kind to you?*

Phil. Has Cupid, then, no Sway among your Plains
Or, are you all to Vestal Flames devoted,
That Dignity and Merit thus are slighted!
Shall I return to Corinth a rejected Lover;
Without one ruin'd Heart to mourn my Parting?
Have I, in Courts, been sated with Success,
And here, must, like a low born Shepherd, pine,
In want of what were honour'd by Acceptance?

Ian. O! then be conscious of your Worth, and scorn me

Phil. No, froward Maid; I know your Sexes Wiles
These painted Terrors would excite Compassion,
And sooth my Fervour into ling'ring Hope;
But I'll cut short those cold Formalities
Of Love, and force thee to immediate Joy.

Ian. What mean you, Sir?

Phil. ————— To give you what your Pride
And Coyness, in your warmest Hours, expect;
The kind Excuse of Violence, to hide
Your Blushes in a feign'd Resistance——

Ian. ————— Help!
Ye guardian Powers of Innocence protect me!

[*Iphis rushes in, presenting his Spear to Philautus.*]

Iphis. Hold! ravisher! forego the frightened Maid,
Or, to thy Traitor's Heart, receive my Vengeance!

Phil. Confusion! am I by a Stripling brav'd?

Ian. Hold, *Iphis*, I conjure thee! O! expose not,
To his unequal Strength, thy precious Life!
Since his foul Purpose is prevented, leave
To the avenging Gods his Punishment.

Iphis. The Gods by me demand it——

Phil. ————— Hold! rash Boy!

Thou art some fighting Lover, whom her Scorn,
Perhaps, has held a Vassal to her Pride:

As such, I give thy Fate Compassion——There!

Take and deserve her by thy seeming Service!

If after what these conscious Groves may tell thee,

I have possess'd, thy gross contented Heart

Can feast on thy Superior's Waste of Riot;

Enjoy thy Wish, and rid me of Satiety!

Iphis. Thou lyest, infernal Traitor——

Phil. ————— Ha! so brave!

Iphis. More impotent in Malice than Pretension!

Her spotless Fame defies thy stand'rous Tongue;

I heard her shrieking in thy horrid Gripe!

I saw Aversion sparkling from her Eyes,

And pale Abhorrence shuddering at thy Touch,

As if some writhing Serpent had embrac'd her.

Phil. 'Tis well, fond Youth! then be it so! she still

Is chaste——Me she avoided——right! believe so!

I only boasted to insult thy Love!

Her virtue still reserves her Heart for thee!

Iphis. Insinuating Slave! would'st thou, to gain

Belief, confess thyself a Villain? No!

That she reserves for me her Heart requires

Almost thy Vanity to hope: But this

I know, Whoever may deserve her Favour,

Thy Russian Insult, on her Sex and Fame,
 Deserve my Boar-Spear quivering in thy Heart.
 But Cowardice, like thine, would shame Resentment;
 To kill thee were to hide thy Infamy!

To let thee live abhorr'd, is nobler Vengeance!

Phil. Bold Minion! thou shalt hear of this severely!

Iphis. Away! thou Vaunter of thy own Dishonour!
 Hence! with thy Safety! let my Scorn forget thee!

Phil. Such Insolence——no Temper can support.

[Exit Philautus]

Iphis. O fair *Ianthe*! do I once more meet
 Thy Eyes, and unoffended, at my gazing?

Ian. That I have Eyes to see, or Tongue to speak,
 Is owing, *Iphis*, to thy timely Virtue!
 Had not thy Arm, from worse than Death, preserv'd me,
Ianthe had, ere this, been seen no more!

Even yet I tremble at the instant Horror!
 And scarce have Life to breathe my Gratitude,
 O *Iphis*, how! how shall my Heart repay thee?

Iphis. Be but to thy own Injunction constant,
 Comply with what thy Vows have sworn,
 And make thy *Iphis* blest, by Heaven's Decree.

Ian. What means thy Transport?——

Iphis. ——Mark! mark well thy Words!
 “When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,
 “Then, to his Wish, his Love succeeds!

Ian. Hast thou then solv'd it, *Iphis*?

Iphis. ——Hear my Fortune.

Ian. My Hopes, my Heart attends thee——

Iphis. ——O, *Ianthe*!

Were I to tell thee, how my tortur'd Brain
 Had labour'd, ev'n to Madness, for the Sense
 Of thy obscur'd Decree upon my Love,
 Thy Tenderness would pity my Despair.

Ian. As *Iphis* would the Sorrows of *Ianthe*,
 Had he conceiv'd their Cause——

Iphis. ——Saidst thou, their Cause!

Ian. Nay, those are Thoughts for future Hours——
 proceed.

Iphis. Let it suffice then, that my Father's Care
 Soon brought my wand'ring Senses to Reflection.

When hopeless still, and, to my Fate resign'd,
Like thee, to chaste *Diana's* Shrine I flew,
Implo'ring Succour to my Heart's Distress.
When, from her awful *Tripes*, thus the Goddess,
Inverting her Decree, explain'd my Fate.

That which she cannot *Have*, the Fair shall Give.
" That which thou canst not Give, or she Desire.
That which she *must* not have, shalt thou receive.
" That, that's the Cure thy present Woes require.

Ian. Hasten to expound, and ease my Heart's Impatience.

Iphis. " O then repay my Woes, with happier Life,
And give me what thou canst not have—a *Wife* :
And in Return, *which thou canst never Give*,
" *Ianthe's* Heart a *Husband* shall receive !

Ian. O never was a Heart so justly given !
This, *Iphis*, is a Marriage made by Heaven !
Canst thou forget my Sexes coy Regard ?
Iphis. Can Love look back from such a sweet Reward ?
The fond and easy Maid is kind in vain ;
Pain is the Bliss, that never pass'd thro' Pain.
Beauty, by Nature, timorously coy,
By Grievs impos'd, refines the Lover's Joy :
Thus blooming Roses have their native Power,
To wound the Hand that pulls the fragrant Flower.

[*Exeunt*.]

Damon Enters alone.

Dam. How ! *Iphis*, and *Ianthe*, hand in hand ?
'Twas but this Hour, I heard he had lost his Wits
For Love ! Nay, *Ægon* now is in the Woods
Seeking his Daughter too—Ah ! ha ! my Mistress !
You've found yourself, it seems, the way to cure him !
Your dainty Coyness is come down at last,
And Love, on second Thoughts, is not so frightful !
But why do I pretend to laugh at her,
When *Phillida* has made a greater Fool of me,
Than ever held the Sexes Power in Scorn ?

AIR X.

Dam. *Around the Plains, my Heart has rov'd:
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd:
The Pert, the Proud, by Turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And ere the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd,
The Coy resign'd her Charms.*

*But now, alas! those Days are done:
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd, by one,
Who, like a frightened Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.*

*O! could I, yet, her Heart recall,
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
And, for her Sake, forsaking all,
Would fix for ever there.*

Could I have ever thought to have seen this Day!
That I should fold my Arms, and sigh for one?
Nay one that in her turn has sigh'd for me!
And only could subdue me by her Parting!
How could the Gypsy muster such a Spirit!
The Pertness of her Pride has so provok'd me,
I shall never rest in my Bed, 'till she
Lies by me—Here she comes, and with her—ha—
Her Father! soft—I'm out of Favour there!
Lie close a while, and mark what Nail's a driving.

[Retir.

Enter Corydon with Phillida.

Cor. And I say, think no more of him——

Phil. ——— That's hard!

Is't not enough I see him not!

Cor. ——— I say,

Avoid him as the wildest Beast of Prey!
He uses Girls like Carrion: Not the Wolf
In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
Can make more Havock, than that wicked Rogue
Among the Wenches Hearts——

Dam. ——— That must be me ! [Behind.
But what says *Phillida* ?

Phil. ——— Suppose this true !
Yet could he, still, be wrought to marry me !
Cor. My Patience ! has he not refus'd to marry ?
Phil. And therefore I have declar'd against his Love.
Cor. Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your Heart !
And 'till you drive him thence——

Phil. ——— I strive to do it ;
And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.

A I R XI.

*A thousand Ways, to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet can't remove him.
And tho' for Life, I've sworn to part,
For Life, I find I love him.
Still should the dear false Man return,
And with new Vows pursue me,
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,
And still, I fear undo me.*

Cor. Consider, *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,
(And thou hast choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopsus*.)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee ?

Phil. I do consider, Father, so should you !
As a low Fortune with the Man I love,
Can't make me rich ; so Riches with the Man
I hate, can't make me happy——

Dam. ——— Gallant Girl !
O ! I could eat thy very Lips that spoke it. } Behind.

Cor. See ! yonder's *Cimon* coming ! for my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at least a Smile ;
A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy
In time to please thee——

Phil. ——— Well ! since you desire it.
But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too.

Send him to make his equal Claim,
And, 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.
Cor. Ah ! *Phillida*, thou gain'st my Heart, I'll send him.
[Exit Corydon.

Dam. Now shall I measure, by their Hopes, my own.

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

To her Cimon singing.

A I R XII.

Cim. Behold, and see thy wounded Lover!
 Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
 O let my Tears, at length, discover
 One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart!

Phil. Were in the World, no Man but Cimon,
 None of the Female Kind but I,
 With me should end the Name of Woman,
 With thee the Race of Man should die.

Cim. O cruel Sound! false-hearted Phillida!
 Didst thou not say, thou lovedst me better than
 My Brother Mopsus?

Phil. ————— Yes, but 'twas
 As of two Evils, I would chuse the least;
 Stay, 'till I'm bound to chuse, and then reproach me.
 Thy Crying makes me laugh, his Laughing makes
 Me sleep—There's all the hopeful difference.

A I R XIII.

Cim: O what a Plague is Love!
 I cannot bear it!
 What Life so curst can prove,
 Or Pain come near it!
 When I would tell my Mind,
 My Heart misdoubts me;
 Or when I speak, I find
 With Scorn she routs me.
 In vain is all I say,
 Her Answer still is Nay:
 O dismal, deleful Day!
 Phillida flouts me.

Enter Mopsus singing.

A I R XIV.

Mop. Ab! poor Cimon! Dud a cry?
 Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! Ofs, Phillida!

To treat him so scornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully!

Phillida, fy!

Phil. No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!
Simpleton, Paperskull! I for ever shall
Think thee far the greater Fool;
Therefore will give thee Cause
With him to cry.

Cim. Toll! loll! loll! doll!—Now I pray,
Who has Cause most to cry, ah! well-a-day?

Mop. What care I! why let her scoff.
I can laugh; play her off, better than you.

Cim. Ah! poor Mopsus, thou'rt a Fool!

Mop. I say, you're a greater Owl.

Cim. Nay, now I'm sure that's a Lye.

Mop. What's a Lye?—

Cim. ———That's a Lye!

Mop. I say, 'tis true.

A I R XV. [The AIR changes.

Phil. Give over your Love, you great Loobies,
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too;
Did ever a Brace of such Boobies
The Lads that detests them, pursue?

Mop. How!—

Phil. ———Go!—

Cim. ———Oh! I'm ready to faint!

How are you?

[To Mopsus,

Mop. Why truly, she treats us but so, so.
For my part, I think she's a Devil.
A Woman would scorn for to do so.

Cim. O fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.

Phil. Prepare then, to hear my Last Sentence.
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance,
And wait for my Bantling a Father.
Go!—

Cim. ———Oh! Woe! I'm ready to faint;

Mop. And I too.

LOVE in a RIDDLE.

*Was ever a Slut so inhuman!
Odszooks! let us take down her Mettle!*

Cim. *I dare not——*

Mop. *———Let me come! pshaw warw, Man.
She only has water'd a Nettle.*

*In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen!
For one of us Two you must now chuse.*

Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on;
And you——are the Fool I refuse.*

[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.

Cim. *Wounds!*

Cim. and Mop. *Go! The Devil would fly such a Spouse.*

Phil. *If there's a Joy comes near recovering those
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.*

*When Cimon and Mopsus are gone, Damon presents
himself to Phillida, singing.*

A I R XVI.

Dam. *See! behold and see!
With an Eye kind, and relenting,
Damon, now repenting,
Only true to thee;
Content to love, and love for Life!*

Phil. *If you, now sincere,
With an honest Declaration
Mean to prove your Passion,
To the Purpose swear,
And make at once, a Maid a Wife.*

Dam. *Thus for Life, I take thee,
Newer to forsake thee,
Soon, or late,
I find our Fate,
To Hearts astray,
Directs the Way,
And bring to lasting Joys the Rover home.*

Phil. *Ever kind and tender,
Conquer'd, I surrender;*

*Prove but true,
As I to you,
Each kindling Kiss
Shall yield a Bliss,
That only from the constant Lip can come.*

A I R XVII.

*Dam. To the Priest away, to bind our Vows,
With our Hands and Hearts united.*

*Phil. To reduce the Rover to lawful Spouse,
Is a Triumph my Heart has delighted.*

*Dam. If I never could fix,
'Twas the Fault of the Sex,
Who easily yielding, were easy to cloy.*

*Both. { But in Love we still find,
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In one, only one is the Joy.
But in Love, &c.*

The SCENE opens to the House of Arcas.

*Arcas and Ægon come forward, and at some Distance stand
Iphis with Ianthé, and Amyntas with Pastora.*

*Ægon. Now, Sir, applaud my Foresight, and confess
That what I promis'd has not fail'd our Hopes.*

*Amyntas and Pastora own their Love;
And Iphis has at length deserv'd Ianthé.*

*Arcas. Yes, Ægon, now I see the secret Care
Of Providence, that forms our Happiness,
By Measures unforeseen to human Eyes.*

*Had not Philautus prov'd an impious Ruffian,
Iphis might never have produc'd his Virtue.*

*Nor fair Pastora, but by Scorn of him,
Have shewn a Spirit worthy of her Birth.*

*But where shall my Indulgence find Excuse,
To ratify thy Flame profess'd, Amyntas?*

Or thine, Ianthé, for the Son of Arcas?

*How may I answer to the World my Conduct,
In mixing such unequal Blood, and Fortune?*

Amyntas. My Lord, if private Happiness must rank

With what is practis'd in the sensual World,
 My hopes are blasted; and I stand condemn'd,
 Even by my own Confession of a Crime
 Might lay an Imputation on your Pardon.
 But if (as I have often heard you say)
 Man only has his Value from his Virtue,
 And that where Food and Raiment are provided,
 Health and Integrity of Heart is all
 That's needful to compleat our Happiness:
 Then, Sir, my pleading Love has this Excuse;
 That tho' beyond a Life of Innocence,
 I boast no Virtues, to support my Claim;
 Yet by your own Prescription, I may say
Pastora chose me; therefore I deserve her.

Ægon. An Answer worthy of thy Father's Son!
 Fear not, *Amyntas*, I'll support thy Love.

Arcas. *Ægon!* Thou more than Father to my Boy!
 [Aside to *Ægon*.

'Tis well *Amyntas*, When *Iantbe* has
 Reply'd, at once on both I shall determine.

Ian. My noble Lord! the Time has been, when you
 Yourself reproach'd my cold Regard of *Iphis*;
 And, like a tender Father, gave him to my Pity.
 Was it no Merit that my bleeding Heart
 Refus'd to gratify its own Desires,
 And starve my Love, to feed a just Resentment?
 If that Resentment since has been appeas'd
 By Obligations greater, that even Life
 Preserv'd, can you reproach my Gratitude?
 If then a Heart, so tempted, seems aspiring,
 Let this Reflection, Sir, excuse my Love;
 That *Iphis*, tho' adorn'd with every Grace
 That might deserve and charm the proudest Beauty;
 Though my Superior far in high-born Blood;
 And of a Fortune boundless as your Bounty,
 Yet all these Gifts from Heaven and Nature's Hand
 Were Charms too weak to reach *Iantbe's* Heart,
 Till Truth, and Love, had more than once deserv'd her.

Arcas. O! *Ægon!* *Ægon!* my Contentment grows
 Too strong to be conceal'd! I thirst, I burn
 To clasp my blessed Children in my Arms,

And pour out all the Fondness of a Father.

Amyntas. Whence this affecting Passion?

Egon. ————— From a Cause
Will raise you Wonder equal to your Virtues.
Nor from the sweet Rewards he now intends
Your Love, can spring a Transport more sublime,
Than what a tender Father feels to find
His Children have deserv'd them —————

Amyntas. ————— Ha!

Ianthe. ————— His Children!

Egon. What then remains, my Lord, but that you call
Their Merit from obscure Adoption forth,
And let *Amyntas* and *Ianthe* know,
What noble Blood now claims and crowns their Virtues.

Arcas. Hear then, ye happy Lovers, and attend
The Story of your strange inverted Fortunes.
You often have been told that *Egon*, and
Myself, whose Friendship from our Youth grew up,
In one same Year (such was the Will of Heaven)
Buried the Bosom-Partners of our Hearts.
Our mutual Grief soon drew us from the gay
And tasteless Pleasures of a Court, to pass
In rural Solitude our future Days,
Accountable to Sense, and Nature's Law.
It happen'd, in our Course of friendly Talk,
One Day reflecting on the anxious Cares
That tender Parents feel for infant Children;
Observing too how seldom high-born Blood
And Riches add to real Happiness;
How often head-strong Youth, depending on
Hereditary Rank, have sunk their Virtues in
Excess, and from elated Pride have mock'd
Those Morals that should grace Nobility:
Those Fears, I say, revolving in my Breast,
To *Egon* I propos'd this strange Precaution:
That mutually our Infants should exchange
Their Father; and having no Mother's Fondness,
That might oppose our Scheme, we thence agreed
That thou *Amyntas*, and *Ianthe* thou,
As *Egon's* Son and Daughter should be train'd:

That, to your seeming humble Birth and Fortune,
 Your Hopes restrain'd, might level your Desires;
 While *Iphis*, and *Pastora*, to my Care
 Assign'd, might from Imaginary Birth
 Imbibe the higher Sentiments of Honour.
 Now mark! how happily the Consequence
 Succeeds!—let your Amazement still be mute,
 While my paternal Care prevents your Wishes,
 And doles you out the Blessings you deserve.

Ægon. Now, Children, form your Wishes and receive them.

Arcas. *Amyntas*, to reward his Love conceal'd,
 Now enters on a Fortune, which expected
 Had lost the sweeter Relish of Possession:
 And to exert his Gratitude to *Ægon*,
 Whose Precepts taught him to deserve *Pastora*,
 He lays that Fortune at his Daughter's Feet.

[*Amyntas* and *Pastora* kneel to *Ægon*,
 While *Iphis*, of *Ianthe*'s Heart possess'd,
 Receives the Fortune which his Love bestow'd,
 And by Alliance makes me twice his Father.

[*Iphis* and *Ianthe* kneel to *Arcas*, &c.
Amyntas. O where shall Duty, Gratitude and Joy
 Find Words to utter what our Hearts conceive!

Iphis. Amazement, Praise, and Admiration, fill
 The Soul with Transports too sublime for Speech!

Arcas. Continue, by your Virtues, to deserve your
 Fortune;

You give me then not only Praise, but Triumph!

Iphis. *Amyntas*!

Amyntas. ———— *Iphis*!

Iphis. ———— Friend!

Amyntas. ———— My Brother now.

Past. O kind *Ianthe*!

Ian. ———— O *Pastora*! How!

How shall I thank thee, for *Amyntas*' Joy?

Past. Excel me, if thou can'st, in Love
 to *Iphis*?

Amyntas. Do that, *Ianthe*, and *Amyntas*' Truth
 Shall emulate thy Kindness to *Pastora*.

} Embracing.

} Embracing.

Iphis. Do that, *Amyntas*, then shall *Iphis*' Love.
Redouble thy Endearments on *Ianthe*.

A I R XVIII.

Ian. Thus we to Virtue give
All that we thence receive.

Iphis to Amyn. Be to *Pastora* kind,
Amyntas here shall find
What there he gives,
Ianthe here receives.

Amyn. to Iphis. Be to *Ianthe* kind,
Kind *Iphis* here shall find
What there he gives,
Pastora here receives.

Past. to Ianthe. Be to thy *Iphis* kind,
Ianthe here shall find
What there she gives
Amyntas here receives.

Ianthe. Thus all receive
The blended Joys we give.
Now say the Nymph is cold:

Iphis. Who calls the Lover bold?

Past. and Amyn. While kind, and true?

Ianthe. Now every killing Care,

Past. Of Jealousy, or Fear.

Ianthe and Past. Adieu, adieu!

Omnes. Adieu, adieu!

[End with the first Part.]

Ægon. Why, ay, my Lord, here Love appears in
Triumph!

Speaks from the Heart, and flames with Innocence!
Where shall we find, in pompous Courts, or Cities,
Desires so Cordial, so refin'd by Virtue?

Arcas. Where ever Pride, Deceit, or sordid Views
Are banish'd, *Ægon*, we shall always find them.
Let us not think our Children only bless'd,
Because the general World makes light of Virtue,

Could Millions taste the same exalted Bliss,
It rather then might heighten our Contentment.

Ægon. Why be it so, my Lord: But since Mankind
Shew, by their sensual Practice, their Mistake,
Let not us grieve because we can't reform them.
Let us exult upon our Choice, and leave
Vain glorious Greatness to its gilded Wishes.
This Day, at least, we'll dedicate to Mirth,
And give our rural Swains a Jubilee.

Arcas. A Day like this, indeed, demands our Joy!
Hast thou provided, *Ægon*, for th' Occasion?

Ægon. A Moment's Patience, Sir, you'll find I've not
Been idle——— [Exit *Ægon*,

Arcas. —Soft! what Swains are here advancing?

To them *Corydon*, *Damon* and *Phillida*.

Cor. Long live the ever-noble House of *Arcas*!
May his high Race, from endless Heirs to Heirs,
Make many more such Holidays as this.

Arcas. We thank thee, *Corydon*——

Cor.———Nay, my good Lord,
The Joy's not all your own: For I myself
At last have found a Father's Comfort too:
Your kind Benevolence has done the Deed.
Your double Dowry has reduc'd the Rover,
And *Damon* now is dubb'd a Downright Husband.

Arcas. And *Phillida* his Bride?——

Cor.———Even so, my Lord.
I saw the Priest this Moment join their Hands.
As for their Hearts, why Troth! they e'en must do
Like other honest Folks, and take their Chance.

Arcas. In earnest of my Promise, *Damon*, wear
This Ring; and be a Partner of our Joy.

Ægon returns laughing.

Ægon. Ha! ha!
I'd like to 'ave brought you here, a Guest, my Lord!
That might have added to our Pastime——

Arcas.———Whom?

Ægon. *Philautus*: but his Modesty, it seems,
Thought it became him better to decamp.

I met him mounted, with his tawdry Train,
All on their Palfries prancing Post to *Corinth* :
And when I ask'd th' Occasion of his Haste,
He scornfully reply'd——Our Women, here,
Had neither Sense of Merit, or of Love.

So spurr'd his Horse, and staid not for his Farewell.

Arcas. In Courts, perhaps, he may have better Fortune.

Ægon. With all my Heart! There he'll find Beauties that
Deserve such Husbands——But now to our Pastime.

I've brought you, Sir, a Troop of jolly Swains,
Who promise all their Skill to please : Let us
Sit down, and take Well-meaning for their Merit.

[*A Dance, and Chorus of Shepherds, &c.*

Arcas. Now, *Ægon*, nought remains, but nuptial Rites
To consecrate our Childrens Happiness.

In theirs, methinks, our spring of Youth returns :
While Transport flows in Veins, almost our own,
We share the Harvest which our Cares have sown,

E P I L O G U E.

Sung by ÆGON.

SINCE Songs, to Plays, are now-a-days,
 Like to your Meals, a Sallad;
 Permit us then, kind Gentlemen,
 To try our Skill by Ballad:
 While you, to grace our Native Lays,
 As France has done before us,
 Belle, Beau, and Cit, from box and Pit,
 All join the jolly Chorus.

Chorus. While You, to grace, &c.

Poor English Mouths, for Twenty Years,
 Have been shut up from Music;
 But, thank our Stars, Outlandish Airs,
 At last have made all You—sick.
 When warbling Dames were all in Flames,
 And for Precedence wrangled,
 One English Play cut short the Fray,
 And home again they dangled.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, all make a Noise,
 As France has done before us:
 With English Hearts, all bear your Parts,
 And join the Jolly Chorus.

Sweet Sound on languid Sense bestow'd,
 Is like a Beauty married
 To empty Fop, who talks aloud,
 While all her Charms are Buried.
 But late Experience plainly shews,
 That common Sense, and Ditty,
 Have ravish'd all the Belles, and Beaux,
 And Charm'd the chaunting City.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, &c.

With New Delight, we've try'd To-night
 Our utmost Skill to win ye;
 Our only Pray'r, is that you'd spare
 Poor Signior CIBBERINI.
 If what b' has done can warm the Town
 To set up English Ditty,
 You'll all confess, b' has not done less,
 Than had his Muse been Witty.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, &c,

PEROLLA and IZADORA.

A

T R A G E D Y.

—*Faber Imus, & Ungues
Exprimet, & Molles imitabitur ære Capillos,
Infelix operis summâ, qui ponere totum
Nesciet : Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso
Spectandum, nigris Oculis nigroque Capillo.*
Horat. de Art. Poet.



[Faint, illegible text]

EROTICA and INADORA

Y E O G A R

1900

6. *Explain the importance of the following:*

1911

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES Earl of Orrery,
Knight of the most Antient Order of
the THISTLE.

THE Story of *Perolla* and *Ixadora* was the Product of the Earl of Orrery, your Lordship's Noble Grandfather's leisure Hours in the fam'd Romance of *Parthenissa*; which I found so irresistibly inviting, that I cou'd not help aspiring (beyond what some People are pleas'd to call my Talent) in this Attempt of forming it into a Tragedy: For I saw so many beautiful Incidents in the Fable, such natural and noble Sentiments in the Characters, and so just a Distress in the Passions, that I had little more than the Trouble of Blank Verse to make it fit for the Theatre; so that the Faults in the Figure it now makes are wholly owing to its present Dress, and not an original want of Beauties. Just before I hurry'd it upon the Stage, your Lordship did me the Honour of Adjusting its Garniture, the Expression; wherein I must own my Vanity was sufficiently mortified, to see after all my flatter'd Hopes and Care, how little I had been doing. But my Disquiet from the Criticism was soon allay'd by the Advantage of the Instruction: And tho' I dare not yet say, 'tis wholly excusable, yet I am bound to acknowledge, that your Lordship's Perusal has left it several secret Faults fewer than it had: By the good Fortune of which Assistance it has been the better able to make its Way through a favourable third and sixth Day, to claim its farther (I might say native) Right to your Lordship's Protection. Nor can I repent in the Possession of that Hope, which perhaps first drew me into *Helicon* a little out of my Depth; tho' I never thought it in Danger of sinking, after I found your Lordship thought it worthy your Correction: For as I

D E D I C A T I O N.

knew it impossible to make Faults, that your Judgment wou'd not find; so I knew your Understanding wou'd not find any, if the Whole were incorrigible. This will easily be believ'd by those who know your Lordship's Strength in Poetry, to which your Genius is not only great and easy, but inherent. And tho' it is the Misfortune of Poetry to stand in the Rank of neglected Arts, and to make few Men considerable, who have no other Quality to recommend 'em; yet in our Account of Mankind (tho' the greatest Men have follow'd the Muses, yet) History tells us of a thousand Heroes for one great Poet. But your Lordship makes a right Use of the Art: You have the Power of writing well, tho' you now forbear it, and rather choose to be eminent according to the Age's Understanding. The Field is now in Fashion, and your Lordship has prudently stept into the Ranks of *Mars*, when due Occasion shall call you forward to share in the Defence of your Country. And as late Experience tells us how discerning Her Majesty's Judgment has been in the Distribution of her Favours; so we may Modestly conclude, that her Foresight does not a little rely on the Promises of your Lordship's growing Reputation, by the late Honours done your Lordship, enrolling you a Companion of that Order, which carries a peculiar Veneration in its Title, *The most Antient Order of the Thistle*. But I am drawing myself into a Subject, that less needs a Panegyrick, than I should your Lordship's Pardon, shou'd I continue it. I will therefore beg Leave to subscribe myself with all Submission,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

PROLOGUE.

SINCE Otway's Scenes, how few have found the Art,
 To touch the Passions, and command the Heart?
 And yet from much inferior Pens, we know,
 That Tears from happy Tales ill told will flow:
 How gross the Error then——
 To think in Plays, that Language is the whole?
 The Stile is but the Body——Fable is the Soul;
 We boast no Beauties, nor from Faults are free,
 Yet we dare promise what you shall not see;
 And when we others Faults with Caution shun,
 'Tis the first Step t' have fewer of our own:
 First then our Muse has clipt her Wings to-night,
 Our Pegasus, as made for Speed, not Flight,
 Strains fairly o'er the Turf, nor soars from Nature's Sight. }
 No big-mouth'd Words the want of Thought supply,
 Nor scale the ransack'd Heavens for Simile;
 No Scene for Talking's sake's brought useles on,
 Nor main Design concludes before the Play is done.
 No soft-soul'd Monarch pines for slighted Love,
 While the coy Nymph his Humours to remove
 Can't bear t' account, but lumps him out her Charms,
 And with a gen'rous Jump flies rampant to his Arms:
 No ranting Heroes with loud Glory swell,
 Nor build their Fame on Deeds impossible:
 No parlying Armies battle on the Stage,
 While wrangling Chiefs in Wars of Words engage;
 Nay, we've neglected too, tho' much in Fashion,
 To murther Innocence to move Compassion;
 Nor yet to raise your Terror can we boast,
 One dreadful Rising of a meal-fac'd Ghost:
 No Thunder roars, nor Lightning gilds the Sky,
 To usher down a dangling Deity.

Wonders like these we have not chose to shew,
 For nothing's Great, that's not in Nature True:

PROLOGUE.

*The Scenes we chose to shew you, only crave
 They may at least a friendly Sentence have;
 For what Severity might kill, Advice may save:
 Let 'em your Warning, not your Censure see;
 For 'twou'd, methinks, a kind of Justice be,
 To give the Muse a safe Retreat to Comedy.*



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Hannibal,</i>	{	General of the Carthaginians,	}	Mr. Williams.
<i>Blacius,</i>	{	Romans and Mor-	}	Mr. Mills.
<i>Pacuvius,</i>	{	tal Enemies,	}	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Prolla,</i>		Son to Pacuvius,		Mr. Wilks.
<i>Portius,</i>	{	A Roman Allied to Blacius,	}	Mr. Keen.
<i>Izadora,</i>		Daughter to Blacius,		Mrs. Oldfield.

The SCENE, *Salapia.*

PEROLLA and IZADORA.

A C T I.

SCENE *Blacius his House.*

Enter Blacius and Izadora.

Bla. **P***acuvius' Son! Detested Thought! is he—*
(*The only Wretch I've warn'd thee to avoid!*)

Is he the Choice of thy abandon'd Love?

How cou'd thy vile degenerate Heart,

At horrid Mention of *Perolla's* Flame,

Forbear to call up all thy vital Warmth

Into thy fierce disdainful Eyes,

And look him dead with a victorious Scorn?

O that I live to think my only Child

In Thought but mingles with *Pacuvius' Blood!*

Iza. [*Kneeling*] O my offended Father!

By all my past Obedience, by my Mother's Truth,

And by th' Endearments of paternal Love,

I do conjure you give my Crimes a hearing,

And if in all my Conduct to *Perolla*,

My Actions or my Thoughts stand blameable;

Nay, if the Conflicts of my struggling Heart

'Gainst his compulsive Virtues, that engag'd it,

Merit not at worst your Pity of my Fortune,

Then shut me forth an Exile from your Care,

To wander branded with a Parent's Curse

Of unforgiven Disobedience.

Bla. I take thee at thy Word: And let me warn thee
well,

[*Raising her.*]

Before I lend my Patience to thy Cause,
That thou abuse it not with weak Defences,
Lest my Resentment shou'd with double Right
Be just to thy Undoing.

Iza. So may I justly meet it, or avoid,
As my Defence shall censure or acquit me.

Bla. Then tell me, say, how cam'st thou first to set
Thy watchless Eyes upon this fatal Wretch,
When I, thou know'st, with such revolving Care
Still bred thy Youth in Courts from him remote,
To keep it (if 'twere possible) beyond
The working Power of Fate to join you ever?

Iza. Lend yet your Patience, and the Fact will prove
Not *Izadora*, but her Fate to blame.

Bla. Proceed, while yet my Temper holds to hear thee.

Iza. When conqu'ring *Hannibal's* vindictive Arms
In *Cannæ's* fatal Field had late prevail'd,
A few press'd *Romans*, who escap'd his Sword,
Retreated to the Town (where you t' avoid
Perolla's Sight, had plac'd me with my Uncle *Magius*)
It chanc'd, a Party of *Numidian* Horse
Pursu'd these flying *Romans* to the Gates,
Which in victorious Pride they ent'ring said,
They wanted not to seize, but kindly came,
They vaunting, cry'd, to mend the *Roman* Breed
On their young Wives and Daughters. On the Word,
Strait to the Temple (where our Fears had shut us
T' implore the Gods) the cruel Victors came,
And from our Orisons with brutal Force
The Wives and Virgins dragg'd relentless forth,
Whose piteous Cries and Shrieks so pierc'd the Hearts
Ev'n of the lost and conquer'd *Romans* there,
That Rage, Despair and Horror, at the Sight,
Gave 'em a new and treble Courage to protect us;
When strait they fierce as darted Lightning flew
With swift Destruction on the Ravishers:
And in the Front of our Deliverers,
A Youth with straining Fury in his Eyes
Seizing the Wretch, whose impious Hand was bound
Fast in my folded Hair at one bold Stroke
Unlock'd his horrid Hold,

And laid him gasping at my Feet :
 At length this brave Example and the Cause
 Prevail'd ; Half the *Numidians* slain,
 The rest in Fear retreated to their Camp :
 So great, so generous an Action——

Bla. Hold !

Your Praises may be spar'd, the Action speaks
 It self ; and to be just, I will suppose *Perolla*
 Unknowing who you were, was your Preserver.

Iza. It was indeed *Perolla* ! Yet my Heart
 Not more was pleas'd with Life so greatly sav'd,
 Than griev'd to find the Obligation due
 Where your Commands had told me I must hate.

Bla. Thus far thou art my Daughter still : But say
 What at *Petilia* past : For there I find
 Thy childish Heart was flatter'd to thy Ruin.

Iza. Know then, that there he was a second Time
 His Country's brave Deliverer, and mine :
 From our Escape at *Cannæ*, to *Petilia* next
 His Arms conducted us, where scarce arriv'd
 But *Hannibal's* pursuing Force besieg'd us :
 At which the fearful Magistrates alarm'd,
 Conclude on shameful Terms to yield the Town ;
 But He *Perolla* firm opposing them,
 They secret plot without him to surrender,
 And knowing too me yet neglectful of his Love,
 Propos'd upon my Woman's Fears, that I
 Shou'd by my Person promis'd to his Vows
 Engage his Vote to yield in their Design ;
 Or if I'd then betray him to their Hands,
 They'd full revenge me on his painful Passion,
 And send him Captive with their Terms to *Hannibal*.

Bla. Most impious Traytors ! But I hope you yielded
 To such Proposals, tho' my mortal Foe, [not
 I wou'd not hurt him with my Country's Ruin.

Iza. O far from such a Thought ! I held in just
 Abhorrence their disloyal Fears, and to
Perolla strait their vile Proposals told,
 While he upon the Instant fir'd to see me place
 So kind, unhop'd a Confidence in him,
 Secures in Chains the false Conspirators.

And from th' Example of his glowing Virtue
So warms the Soldiers to exert their Arms,
That (on a Counsel held) they sally forth,
And in one glorious Action raise the Siege.

Bla. And He, on this slight Victory presuming,
Tells his big Tale, pleases your Female Pride,
And, 'cause he sav'd *Petilia*, you were taken.

Iza. Yet hear my Fortune,
And in your utmost Prejudice you'll own
I yielded not till storm'd
By farther Obligations to surrender.
For at his glad Return from that victorious Sally,
The Wives, the Matrons by his Sword preserv'd;
The grateful Virgins too,
More tender of his long neglected Love,
In his Behalf came kneeling to my Feet,
And in such soft Persuasions urg'd his Passion,
Sung with such moving Notes his Godlike Virtue,
With their Necessity of now rewarding it,
So gently too reproach'd my Heart's Delay,
That I too conscious of my own Demerits,
Striving in vain to hide my speaking Blushes,
In Tears fell prostrate to the Earth, and beg 'em,
That they'd reproach no more my Virgin Fears;
But if they Thought this Trifle of my Person
Were a Reward for any one that had
Deserv'd my Country's Favour, to dispose it
As they shou'd please——
At this they caught me in their friendly Arms,
And press'd me with a thousand thankful Kisses,
While some transported to *Perolla* flew,
Whose doubtful Heart cou'd scarce believe their Joy:
But when for Proof approach'd in Sight of me,
Seeing my Tears, my Trembling, and my Blushes,
He rush'd like frightened Life to its Protection,
Flew to my yielded Hand, and fainted at my Feet:
Thus, Sir, you see 'tis to the Cause of *Rome*,
And not *Perolla*'s Charms, that I have given my Heart.
Nay, he *Perolla* too at my Request,
Now from *Petilia* having sent me first
To render both our Duties to a Father, [*Gives a Letter.*

In just Obedience waves all nuptial Hopes,
Till your kind Sanction shall confirm him happy.

Bla. My Daughter! O my dearest *Izadora*!
Well hast thou wrought thy Tale to melt my Temper,
Nor can I call thy fatal Love thy Fault,
But thy Misfortune. Now——
Find but another Name for lost *Perolla*,
And he were yet, in spite of Prejudice,
The first of Men I'd offer to thy Wishes:
But as he is the false *Pacuvius*' Son,
The hateful curst *Pacuvius*, who before
His treacherous Revolt to *Hannibal*,
Was still thy Father's mortal Foe: As such
I must detest him, cou'd he prove his Blood from *Jove*;
Has not for nine Descents our House implacable
Held out to his a fix'd hereditary Hate?
And shall we now, by so abhorr'd a Union,
Basely disdain our great Fore-fathers Honour?
Shall that expended Blood, which never yet
Has mix'd with theirs, but on the reeking Earth,
Flowing from mutual Wounds of unappeas'd Revenge,
At last now ebb to the tame Quality
Of a supine and listless Love?
Dishonour! Death! and Tortures!——

——And yet my *Izadora* is undone!
By Obligations bound, that conscious Honour,
(And O I fear more punctual Love!)

Can never see unpaid! What will the Gods do with me?

Iza. My dearest Father, on my Knees I beg,
Let not your Fears for me divide your Breast
With this Perplexity of Thought: For tho'
My Soul can witness, that I'll sooner die,
Than wrong the Friendship that I owe *Perolla*,
Yet rather than forego my Duty,
I wou'd resist my greatest Happiness.

Bla. Preserve that Thought, as thy first Hopes of
Or losing it, expect resistless Ruin. [Peace,

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman call'd *Decius*, and
In Haste intreats to be admitted,

Bla. Conduct him——

We must defer this Cause, my *Izadora*,
Something Superior now demands my Thought:
If thou canst quit *Perolla*, I am happy;
If not, when I can crown thy Wishes
With a Reserve to my untainted Honour,
Depend upon a Father's Love.

Iza. I ask no more, or of the Gods, or you. [*Exit Iza.*]

Enter Decius.

Bla. Thou'rt welcome, *Decius*, doubly welcome; now
What says the Consul to our new-born Hopes?
Are they approv'd, or are we Slaves to *Carthage*?

Dec. Matters, I hope my Lord: But how those Hopes
Go forward, am I sent to learn of you.
Are the *Salapians* still resolv'd?

Bla. All firm, and restless to receive, or to
Revenge their Honour, and their Freedom lost,
Which daily now th' insulting *Hannibal*,
Regardless of the Bonds on which he enter'd here
Most Tyrant-like incroaches on: For know
The false *Pacuvius*, tho' he wrought indeed
A spleenful Faction to betray the Town,
Yet with his utmost Skill cou'd on no easier Terms
Deceive the Populace t' unbar the Gates,
Than first of twenty Days compleat allow'd
For ev'n those Votes, that had oppos'd his Entrance,
To make their Choice for *Rome*, or *Hannibal*,
Which is indeed for Death or Slavery,
As my wrong'd Brother *Magius*' Blood severe has prov'd.

Dec. How! *Magius* dead! as a Delinquent dead!
Are these his Proofs of Faith? Of what accus'd?

Bla. I'll tell thee, *Decius*.

My Brother seeing of late the Slave *Pacuvius*
Fawning, and supple to the imperious Nod
Of *Hannibal* (whom he five Days before
Had call'd his Country's execrated Foe)
His boiling Heart, in Horror of the Sight,
Ev'n to the *Carthaginians* Front burst forth
Into such sharp Invectives on *Pacuvius*,
Urging how much a Hero's Soul shou'd scorn

The abject-Friendship of so vile a Wretch, [Traytor:
That tho' he lov'd the Treason, yet shou'd hate the
Stern *Hannibal* incens'd as much at what his Sword
Had done, as what his Tongue then talk'd against him,
Swore on the Instant he shou'd kneel, and ask
Pacuvius' Pardon, or that Instant die :

Which *Magius* answering with a scornful Smile,
That Moment by the Guards was dragg'd along,
And on the common Shambles lost his Head.

Dec. O most unhospitable Deed !

And how, my Lord, do the *Salapians* take it.

Bla. As you may guess, by what I know from them
Have to the Consul late propos'd : They hate
This Deed, and by this Town restor'd to *Rome*,
Resolve immediate to revenge it.

Dec. And right at once the Cause of *Rome*, and *Blacius*.

Bla. For me it matters not : My pleas'd Despite
Is Half by Fortune acted on *Pacuvius*.

I've liv'd at last to see him false and perjur'd ;

False to his Gods, and hateful to Mankind :

For what can more deserve to be abhorr'd,

Than the vile Slave, that dares betray his Country ?

Dec. The greatest Justice that his Crimes can meet
Were from his greatest Foe to find his Punishment ;
And that I hope the Gods reserve for you.

Bla. Lift but my Eyelids up, ye Powers, to see

That Day, and let the Hand

Of Fortune close 'em then for ever—

We talk away the Time :

How near's the *Roman* Army to *Salapia* ?

[Distance,

Dec. Six Leagues this Morning was their utmost

And that their last Advances may be made,

The Consul first has sent me for Advice,

To know what Numbers here were firmly yours,

How soon they cou'd be ready to receive 'em,

What Gate wou'd easiest open to his Force,

And if To-night he may begin his silent March ?

Bla. First for our Numbers, our Accounts—but hold,

It won't be safe too far to charge your Memory ;

I better shall dispatch my self in Writing.

You'll pardon, Sir, a Moment's Trespass on
Your Patience——

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, *Pacuvius* stays, from *Hannibal*
He says to treat with you.

Bla. *Pacuvius*, ha!

'Twere too much hazard, *Decius*, shou'd he find
You here——Retire a Moment——

I guess his Business, which I'll soon dispatch,
And then return to our Affair.

Dec. My Lord, I shall attend your Leisure.—[*Ex. Dec.*

Bla. Where is he?

Ser. He walks, my Lord without, upon the Pavement;
And when I ask'd him if he'd please to enter,
He stern reply'd me, No! I'll here see *Blacius*.
If he won't come, I'm answer'd in his Silence.

Bla. Now our Design's so near a Head, it won't
Be safe to slight a Thought from *Hannibal*,
'Tho' my swol'n Heart disdains the Converse of
This Traytor——Shew me—— [Ex. *Bla.* and *Ser.*

*The SCENE drawing, discovers Pacuvius alone in a
Piazza before Blacius's House.*

Pac. Fool that I am! I've hazarded too far!
Shou'd *Blacius* now embrace the Offers I
Must make, again my weak Revenge might fail me:
For rather than partake one Cause with him,
I wou'd again revolt from *Hannibal*,
Since more my Spite to *Blacius*, than Regard
To *Carthage*, has reduc'd me false to *Rome*—'Tis true
I've promis'd *Hannibal* to tempt his Faith——
—I'll keep my Word——but keep the Statesman too,
Who order'd to solicit what himself dislikes,
Takes care his Manner of Persuasion may
Prevail to get the Thing refus'd——He comes.

Enter Blacius.

Bla. Thou hit'st me well, *Pacuvius*, and I'm glad
Thy Pride refuses thee to enter here,

Where Custom wou'd, I own, have bound me up
To hospitable Forms, which my Sincerity
Disdains to pay the Man I hate.

Pac. And to avoid Civilities from thee
Have I disdain'd to enter, and be these
The only Forms that ever pass between us?

Bla. I greet thee with an equal Scorn,
'Tis well——Deliver now thy Message? [thee,

Pac. My Message! What! think'st thou I am like
A Slave to be commanded?

Bla. —————No:
For to thy Fears and Falshood thou'rt a Slave,
By *Rome* abhorr'd, whose Cause thou hast betray'd;
By *Hannibal* despis'd, to whom thou art
A Slave, while I am only Captive from
The Chance of War, or rather not-of War——

Pac. But me—I hated thee, and I betray'd thee;
And 'tis indeed my Soul's most comfortable Thought,
To know that I have ruin'd thee.

Bla. On to thy Business.

Pac. To Business then——From *Hannibal* I come
To know, if yet thou hast resolv'd thy Choice;
'Twelve of the Twenty Days allow'd are past,
And much he wonders at thy cold Regard
Of all those courteous Liberties, which he
Unbound allows: No Guard upon thy Doors,
No Persons question'd in Regress or Entrance,
Confin'd in nothing but thy Word for Residence;
And in return to all these Favours, thou
Not only do'st delay thy own Alliance,
But with thy best Persuasions do'st retard
Others inclin'd from their declaring——Now
I have discharg'd my Trust to *Hannibal*:
But to be honest to the Hate I owe thee too,
I plain confess I wish thee still his Enemy;
Nor wou'd I be a Monarch in that State,
That wou'd accept a Friend in *Blacius*:
I've said, and now——thy Answer.

Bla. —————This:
Tell *Hannibal*, tho' Twelve,
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Yet not the Twenty Days agreed are past ;
Till then he's bound in Honour not to urge
My Choice, which yet it lifts me not to make ;
And for the boasted Courtesies he does me,
I've little tasted them since *Magius'* Death.

Pac. I had forgot—That too was wrought by me.
Magius had offended me, and I destroy'd him.

Bla. O ! give me Patience ! Thou ! the honest Truths
He spoke of thee consider'd in his Death,
Wou'd'st thou ascribe what *Hannibal* before
Resolv'd, as done i' th' least Regard to thee ?
Away, thy little Spleen was never thought on ! Thou !
Audacious Vanity !

Pac. I tell thee, it was I—I gave thy Brother Death :
But thou'rt in Passion, and thy peevish Pride
Is touch'd to find thy Sorrows due to me.

Bla. Is Passion then a Crime, when such as thou
Escape *Jove's* Thunder, and infest Mankind !
If Rage, or generous Resentment, be
For Wrongs yet unreveng'd, a Crime ; 'tis sure
The only one thy Soul yet never knew.

Pac. 'Tis false ! Nor is there in the horrid Scroll
Of Deeds facinorous a Crime, at which my Soul
Wou'd stop to prove my pointed Hate to *Blacius* :
Nay, if thou think'st 'tis Tameness makes me cool,
I on Occasion can be loud as thee ;
My Blood, as soon as thine, can boil to Passion,
My Eyes with equal Fire confront thy Rage,
My Sword with a superior Fury meet thee.

—But as thou art the Man I'm born to hate,
Whose anxious Life I rather shou'd preserve
To feed my Gall upon thy ling'ring Woes,
Methinks, 'tis more tormenting to thy Spleen,
T' insult thee thus—with calm deliberate Malice.

Bla. Hear this, ye Powers !

Pac. One Thing I farther too shou'd tell thee of,
(For I confess it is a feeling Pleasure
With such Excesses to afflict thy Soul)
Letters this Morn inform me, that my Son *Perolla*
In a late Sally at *Petilia's* Siege,
Has push'd his youthful Gallantry so far,

That in thy Daughter *Izadora's* Eyes
 The Action had such sweet romantick Charms,
 Sh'as quite forgot our Family's fierce Hate,
 Disowns her Father, and pursues his Love.
 I cannot say indeed she sigh'd in vain,
 But I believe his Longings may be over,
 For I am told the Boy's Satiety
 Has since dismiss'd her Home again to thee.

Bla. Notorious! damn'd, invented Falshood!
 But that I've now a better way to gall
 Thy Heart, my Sword should right her injur'd Fame.
 See there, the Stab to thy retorted Malice;

[*Gives him Perolla's Letter.*
 Read there, who most forgets the Father's Hate:
 From his own Hand thy conquer'd Son's her Slave,
 In Terms submissive, begs he may espouse her,
 He burns, he dies with Horror to enjoy her;
 And let him perish, die and rot with lean Despair,
 For cou'd (which is impossible) my Rage suppose,
 That after my accumulated Wrongs,
 And now thy spotted Malice to her Fame,
 My Child cou'd think in Favour of thy Son,
 Perdition seize me, but these honest Hands
 From her degenerate Breast shou'd rip her Heart,
 And dash it in the Face of curs'd *Perolla*.

Pac. Damnation! marry her! [*Having read the Letter.*

Bla. What, is thy Pride confounded at the News?
 Nay, then at once to strike thee dumb for ever,
 My *Izadora*! Ho! come forth, thy Father calls!
 Now thou shalt see that dire Revenge so long
 Delay'd of our contesting House's Hate,
 In conquering *Izadora's* Eyes at last
 To ample Expiation is reserv'd—

[*Enter Izadora.*

I call thee, *Izadora*,—Mark me well!
 There stands the Man, whose Ancestors to thine,
 As thine to his, for now two Hundred Years
 Have liv'd, and glorified in a ceaseless Hate;
 The Man, to whose perfidious Spite thou ow'st

Thy Father's Bondage, and thy Country's Ruin ;
 The Man who to my Face this Instant now
 Has thrown such vile Aspersions on thy Fame,
 Thy Modesty wou'd sink shou'd I repeat 'em.
 Now then consider well——

That on thy just Resentment of these Wrongs
 Depends our House's Honour, and thy Fame's Revenge:
 I think thou art my Daughter, and it were
 To doubt thy Virtue shou'd I urge thee more.
 But as thou'rt conscious of no Stain deserv'd,
 I now conjure thee by thy Mother's Tomb,
 By her most dread Regards to spotless Fame,
 And by thy Father's Pangs of injur'd Honour,
 Let thy disdainful Eyes exert their Art

T' avenge our mutual Wrongs on curs'd *Perolla's* Heart,
 [Exit *Blacius* with *Izadora*.

Pac. What grinning Fury from invidious Hell
 Has plotted with this Fiend to grate my Soul !
 My Son ! *Perolla* ! O abandon'd Boy !
 Do I behold my Treasure of Revenge,
 Which I in Avarice of Hate had like
 A Self-denying Miser hoarded up
 For my Support in feeble Spleens, old Age
 At last exhausted by a Woman's Smile,
 Consum'd in Folly by a spendthrift Boy,
 And drain'd in Riots of degenerate Love !
 Nor stops the Horror there, but forms new Fears :
 What if in spite to me, as I to him,
 The vengeful *Blacius* shou'd comply with *Hannibal*,
 Become his firm Ally, and then perhaps
 His servile Arts, as they prevail'd with *Rome*
 To get himself in Scorn preferr'd to me,
 May possibly alike succeed with *Carthage*,
 And so a second Time insult my Fortune !
 Ten thousand Ponyards are within me,
 —Be hush'd my Heart, a Beam of dawning Thought
 Darts to my Brain, and forms reviving Ease——
 —The Means I have—why not resolve the Deed ?
 'Tis done——my vengeful Heart's at Rest, and *Blacius*
 dead. [Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE, a Garden to Pacuvius his House.

*Enter Pacuvius, and three Romans.*Pac. **Y**OU saw how *Hannibal* receiv'd his Answer.*1st Rom.* Be sure it stung his Pride to be so slighted.*2d Rom.* *Blacius* methinks from *Magius'* Death
Might better have been warn'd,
Than to insult his Conqueror.*3d Rom.* What hinders *Hannibal* to use him then like
Magius?Pac. Why this? *Magius* was hot, a headstrong Foe;
But *Hannibal* in *Blacius* hop'd a Friend,
And therefore gave his Honour when he enter'd here
To be himself his Guard——Now that's the Bar:
But shall we think, that *Blacius'* Death wrought by
Some private Means unknown to *Hannibal*
(Whatever Face in Show he might put on)
In his close Heart wou'd not to the last oblige him?*1st Rom.* Impossible! but so.*2d Rom.* It must of course.

Pac. When great Men frown upon a stubborn Foe—

3d Rom. They seldom count him such, that ends him.Pac. Right—All Actions can't have publick Thanks,
But this I know,

That Minister, who lays up no Rewards

For secret Service, will have little done,

Or in the Camp or State: Shall I be plain?

I think you are my Friends, I'm sure I've cause

To think you are, since at my Suit the Cause

Of *Rome* with me disdaining you've deserted;

Which Thought alone consider'd, 'twere in me

The worst Ingratitude, shou'd I neglect

To push your friendly Fortunes with my own:

What need I Words? You've now th' Occasion in

Your Hands: One Blow compleats your Wishes;

Shew yourselves Men, and I'm in Honour bound
To whisper your Desires to *Hannibal*. [each

3d Rom. My Lord, you have propos'd us well; but
Man speak his own Opinion: For myself,
I ever thought in Actions desperate
Long Pauses shew'd a cold Consent.

Pac. My Friends—you see—I'm plain—who likes the

1st Rom. I. [Offer?

2d Rom. And I.

3d Rom. Then all of us.

Pac. *Pacuvius* then's the Agent of your Fortunes;

[Bow'ing to them all.

You know the Platform, where his own House stands,
There every silent shiny Night alone
He moody walks, and chews his Discontent,
The properest Place, I think, to end his Cares;
I need not say he's sure: For you are Three,
The Fact once done, and you unknown escap'd,
With secret Pleasure *Hannibal* receives
The News: Yet in his seeming Rage proclaims
Rewards for them that bring th' Assassins forth,
On which I smiling tell him in his Ear,
That were these barbarous honest Fellows known,
The Troops now vacant need not want Commanders.

3d Rom. If I don't head one soon, it shan't be want
Of Merit.

2d Rom. ———— Push, as far as any Man.

1st Rom. I long to meet this *Blacius*.

Pac. I long to bring you all Commissions.

3d Rom. Why do we loiter then?

Pac. 'Tis now about his Hour.

3d Rom. His last, my Lord—you'll hear of us.

Pac. Here at my own House I shall expect you—So!
Now *Blacius*, our Accounts are even, [Ex. Romans.

Enter a Servant with a Light.

Ser. My Lord, a Roman now without presents
You this, and begs your speediest Answer:

Pac. Give me the Taper——Ha! *Perolla's* Hand:
(Reads), 'Forgive me if my Heart confesses Grief,

'To find my Safety doubtful at your Doors:

' I've been too firm a Friend to *Rome* t' expect
' Protection from the Friend of *Hannibal*;
' And yet, whate'er the Gods or you design,
' I'm still *Pacuvius*' most obedient Son,

Perolla.

Give him this Signet with my Honour for
His safe Return : The Virtue of this Boy [*Ex. Serv.*]
Stirs me to think how far I'm his Inferior.

Yet——why Inferior?——Say I've chosen wrong,
If I believe it right, I hold my Virtue still :
'Tis not the Truth or Error of his Cause,
But as a Man defends the Choice h' as made,
That crowns his Fame, or brands him with Dishonour.
If in the Cause of *Carthage* then I err,
My Judgment, not my Virtue is to blame.
Here's one that comes, I guess, to question me :
But I'm prepar'd——Approach, my Son, 'tis I,
Thy Father, speaks : Thou'rt private here, and safe.

Enter Perolla.

Per. In Thanks thus bending, I receive your Love;
The Time has been when I durst meet you free
In open Day, and unassur'd Protection :

Why are these hateful Forms between us now ?

Pac. Those Times are chang'd.

Per. And not *Pacuvius* ?

Pac. No——for I was always constant to the Cause
Of Honour ; therefore left the Cause of *Rome*.

Per. Therefore !

Stupendous Paradox ! Now chang'd indeed !

Pac. *Rome* basely did me Wrong, and what I've done
Was a Revenge my Conscience ow'd my Merit.
The frosty Sieges, and the scorching Camps,
Which I had felt in her ungrateful Cause,
Deserv'd a better Treatment, than to see
My mortal Foe prefer'd before me, *Blacius* !
Why was not I *Salapia*'s Governour ?

Pac. In Posts of such Concern
Sometimes the high Distempers of a State
Necessitate a Wrong like what you think one ;

The Inclinations of the Senate were,
 I dare affirm, more fond of you than *Blacius*;
 But at that Time, as *Phyſick* to its Fever,
 To purge a Faction, which diſturb'd the State,
 They were content the Clamours of a Party ſhou'd
 Extort Preferment for their Leader *Blacius*.

Pac. Mean Slaves!

Per. — But ſince the fatal Conſequence,
 With what Sincerity 'tis now repented,
 This from the Senate better will convince you.

[Offering a Letter.

Pac. Ha! Is't poſſible! What! treat with me? Alas!
Perolla, thou miſtak'ſt the Man, *Pacuvius*! No!
 No matter, he's a tame unthinking Wretch,
 Contented with the Burthen of Diſhonour! Dogs!
 I hate 'em more for Fawning, than their noiſy Bark;
 Yet 'tis a Transport to my Soul to ſay
 I have diſdain'd to read their ſervile Offers;
 And thou too now, as well as they, ſhalt find
 I am the ſame, the conſtant *Roman* ſtill,
 Whoſe fix'd Reſentment of my Honour's Wrongs
 Has made Revenge my Virtue.

Per. If not for *Rome*, for my ſake yet at leaſt,
 Peruſe the Terms: For by my Honour's Life,
 They're ſuch as you with Honour may receive:
 To my Diſcretion did the Senate yield
 And gladly offer, what your Son (I hope
 Your Friend) propoſes.

Pac. Nor yet for thy ſake will I deign to read 'em:
 Canſt thou too think thy Father's Soul ſo tame,
 As to ſuppoſe their Provinces cou'd bribe me back?
 What! Bow to Shame! With humble, downcaſt Looks,
 Repent a Crime of which my Heart is proud!
 And in the Vote of an imperious Senate, live
 A branded, poor, forgiven Rebel! No!
 Tell 'em, I ſcorn their Friendſhip and their Power,
 And will with *Hannibal* chaſtize their Insolence.

Per. Nay then I ſee, all Hope to move you's vain;
 A ſateleſs Paſſion eats your Reaſon up,
 And leaves you but the Fragment of yourſelf:
 Loſt is the Father, and the *Roman* deaf,

Rome and Perolla bid you now farewell for ever:
 Farewell ye Pleasures of exalted Virtue,
 Whose generous Effects my flatter'd Youth
 Propos'd shou'd give a new and vital Joy
 To my declining Father's Age: Now I
 With Dread shall draw my guilty Sword in War,
 Since every Drop it sheds of hostile Blood
 Must flow from an offended Father's Wounds!
Rome too farewell; thy Cause is desp'rate now!
Pacuvius that supported thee, is lost,
 Firm leagu'd with *Hannibal* to lead thy Sons
 In Chains, and lay thy Towers in Ashes——
 ——The Gods can tell——Perhaps it may be so,
 And your prevailing Arms Success in Time
 May bring the hoary Senate at your Feet
 Bound, and imploring Pardon of your Wrongs,
 Which you triumphant possibly refuse:
 Suppose this done, and your best Hopes accomplish'd,
 Yet where's the Pleasure of this dear Revenge?
 To see the Partners of your happier Life
 In their Estates, their Wives, and their Posterity,
 From a Caprice of your impatient Temper, made
 Hereditary Slaves? Can Human Sense
 Retain a Taste of Joy, that flows from such a Spring?
 Is the loud World's Applause and Censure priz'd
 Alike? Or has it more of Happiness
 To live mistrusted 'mong her cautious Foes,
 (For your Revenge, and not your Interest serves 'em)
 Than in your Country's Cause be try'd a Friend,
 And end your Days in native Honour?
 O! when to future Time our Story shall
 Be told, how will it stun the Faith of Men
 To think *Perolla* had a *Roman* Father?
Pac. *Perolla!* O what wou'd I not endure
 One Moment to enjoy thy honest Mind?
 Thou'st found (I know not how) the wakeful Means
 To rouse me to a Sense of my Condition;
 I'll strive a while to man my Virtue forth,
 And if I find thee act the like, if thou
 Like me canst starve thy most voracious Passion,

To feed the joint Revenge of our insulted Honour,
'Tis possible, I yet may read the Terms of *Rome*.

Per. Give me a Proof, my Honour's touch'd with
My greatest Joys were tasteless to Revenge. [Wrong.

Pac. There spoke th' inspir'd Soul of my *Perolla*.

I'll tell thee then, 'tis not so much, I own,

Revenge to *Rome*, as to my mortal Foe,

Curs'd *Blacius*, that has made me leave her Cause:

On him and his, the Drowth of my Revenge

Is never to be slak'd, but in avow'd Perdition:

Now if in that thou prove'st but half my Son,

To *Rome* and thee I'm whole a Friend and Father.

Judge by the Violence I do my Heart,

When this to *Blacius*, from thy Hand, I pardon.

[Gives him his Letter to *Blacius*.

Per. Thus let me bend in Thanks, and beg to know

(For that's the Rock from which you'd steer my Virtue)

Wherein my Honour's so concern'd t' avoid

My Love! O tell me! for the Thought's a Rack.

Pac. (*Aside*) He warms to my Design.

Not then to mind thee of our House's Hate——

Per. That's old, I know it, Sir; but on——

Pac. To tell thee then

What I this Day from *Blacius* have endur'd,

When I presuming on thy honest Hate

Smil'd at the Fondness of his Blood subdu'd,

And urg'd how light thou mad'st of *Izadora*,

Had'st thou beheld with what insulting Spleen

That Letter to my Pride's Confusion he produc'd,

With what transported Eyes, and big Disdain,

He warn'd his Daughter's Scorn t'avenge his Hate on thee;

That! that alone might start thee into Madness:

It stabs me but to think, that I need Words

T' inflame thee to be foremost in thy Pride,

And from this glorious Hour to leave with Scorn

Th' abandon'd *Izadora*.

Per. Foremost wou'd I always be in Starts of Honour:

But have you Proof, that *Blacius*' dread Commands

Prevail'd upon his perjur'd Daughter's Faith?

Did she, did *Izadora* yield her Love,

And join his Fury in pursu'd Revenge?

Pac. I cannot say I saw her, but be sure
His Prayers or Vows against her threatned Life
By this Time must have mov'd her to abjure thee.

Per. If I believ'd, that Prayers or Threats, that Bribes
Or Dangers, cou'd unlock the Treasure of her Faith,
This Heart, disdainful of her worthless Charms,
Shou'd turn her loose, the Mistress of Mankind,
To sate the gross Desires of vulgar Love :
But as she is, as now my grateful Heart
Supposes her, unshaken in her Truth,
Tho' with her Father's fatal Rage pursu'd,
Methinks I see him 'gainst her Life resolv'd !
Now, now perhaps th' obdurate *Blacius*' Hand
Furious directs his lifted Dagger's Point
To her unchanging Heart, while she in Complaints
And Tears successless begs for Mercy ; then
Looks up in Sighs submissive to his Rage,
Swells forth her beauteous Bosom to the Stroke, (down.
When to her Charms Distress——he drops the Ponyard

Pac. Suppose, what but thy Fancy paints were true——

Per. Shall I for such Extremities endur'd
Turn recreant Rebel, and desert her Love !
Shall she, whose Temper like a Rock withstood
The forceless Onset of the tend'rest Passion,
Crown'd with the Merit of her Life preserv'd ;
Yet when her Country's Cause requir'd the Change,
When at her Feet the grateful Virgins kneel'd
T' implore her Pity on my Love's Despair,
With what Confusion for her Heart with-held,
Broke she through all the Bars of ancient Hate,
And at *Petilia* on my Sword's Success
Resign'd the vast Profusion of her Charms ?
Shall she in Bloom of Beauty too be left ?
Such matchless Virtues, and such Love forlorn ?
O ! 'tis an Act so horrid to my Sense,
It starts my Reason into Fury at the Thought.

Pac. No more, I charge thee on thy Life, no more !!
Canst thou suppose my Sense is pleas'd to hear
Thee chaunt the Raptures of thy hateful Passion ?
Are thy vile Bonds to one my Blood abhors,
Yet stronger than thy boasted Zeal to *Rome* ?

Is my Alliance too so low esteem'd,
 'Thou'lt rather lose it than abjure my Foe ?
 What can'st thou hope, but in these Thoughts provok'd,
 I too like thee confin'd by Honour now
 Shou'd seize the lawful Captive of the War,
 And in the Prisoner chain the headstrong Son ?
 Be dumb ! lest I should yet forego my Mercy :
 For spite of all thy obstinate Desires,
 There's something in the Folly of my Pride,
 That's pleas'd (tho' drawn against thy Father's Cause)
 To see the young Successes of thy Sword ;
 And tho' I now shou'd hold thee as a Foe,
 Yet Nature pleads, and Father—bids thee go.

[*Ex. severally.*]

The SCENE opens to the Street : Blacius crosses the Stage, and at some Distance, the three Romans observe him.

1st Rom. Yonder he walks, let's take him while his Back
 Is towards us.

3d Rom. ——— That's not so well :

At least dispatch him with the Face of Honour :
 First hold him in Discourse a while,
 Provoke him with Affronts beyond his Patience, then
 In Heat of his Resentment end him.

2d Rom. I like that Thought—it gives my Con-
 science ease.

1st Rom. Hark ! I hear the Tread of some approach-
 ing us.

Let's on before they reach us.——

[*Ex.*]

Enter Perolla, and Strato his Page.

Stra. Must we away To-night, my Lord ?

Per. To-night, my Strato,
 My Business disappointed, so requires :
 Thou know'st not where the House of *Blacius* stands.

Stra. Not I, my Lord ; for tho' I serv'd her long,
 My Lady *Izadora* never once
 Was then within *Salapia's* Walls : But you,
 My Lord, I thought had long resided here.

Per. When I was young, I am inform'd, I did;
But since my Memory can witness, never.
Where do the Horses wait us?

Str. Near half a Mile without the Town, my Lord.

Per. On then before, my *Strato*, and prepare 'em:
I'll walk a Turn, and overtake thee.— [Ex. Page.
I know not why, but cannot leave this Place;
And tho' apparent Danger's in my Stay,
Yet where my Love resides, my Heart will hover.
Fain wou'd I stay, if possible to learn
How beauteous *Izadora's* Prayers succeed,
How far they're lost, or may have gain'd on *Blacius*.
Ha! What sudden Clash of Swords! This way it comes!
Either the Moon's pale Light deceives me too,
Or I perceive in shameful Odds three Men
With Points determin'd upon one retreating!

Enter Blacius, retreating before the three Romans.

Perolla draws, and interposes.

How now! What means this Midnight Outrage? Hold!

Bla. Fortune, I thank thee, yet there's left an Hope—

Per. If you are Men that hold your Honour dear,
For shame lay by these most unmanly Odds,
And singly Hand to Hand decide your Difference.

3d Rom. Presumptuous Slave, retire, lest on thyself
Thou draw'st a Fate design'd alone for him.

Per. Nay, then his Cause is worthy of my Sword;
Take Courage, Sir, you're stronger than you were,
They now have me to kill, before they reach you.

Bla. O generous Stranger! see how thy Fire has
warm'd me. [They fight.

Per. There, Sir: [Kills one.

Now, Slaves, we are of equal Force. [now

2d Rom. No, Sir, your Courage we have prov'd, and
'Tis Time to try your Speed. [They run off.

Per. Notorious Villains!

Bla. O Godlike Youth! This generous Act demands
More Thanks than this poor Life preserv'd can pay.

Per. The Action, Sir, rewards itself: I must
Believe you wrong'd, because your Enemies
More trusted in their Numbers than their Cause.

Bla. The Gods defend you, Sir, you bleed——

Per. 'Tis nothing, Sir, I feel no Pain.

3d Rom. Oh!

Bla. Ha! What Voice was that?

Per. One of th' Assassins dying, I suppose.

Bla. 'Tis so indeed—If thou would'st hope Relief
From him, whose Life thou hast attempted; speak,
Who set thee on?

3d Rom. With large Rewards and Promises deluded,
Pacuvius wrought me to attempt thy Life!

Bla. *Pacuvius*! Damn'd infernal Treachery.

Per. My Father! Ha! O shameful Thought! [*Aside.*

3d Rom. As I am dying, what I've told you's true.
If this Confession can deserve Forgiveness,
(For all Relief's too late) O *Blacius*, pardon! [*Dies.*

Per. Ha! *Blacius*!

O my transported Heart! Well have I lost
My dearest Blood, if the last Drops of Life
Have sav'd the Father of my Love. [*Aside.*
Ha! What means this Flood within my Bosom?

Bla. How is it, Sir? you tremble, and your Cheek
turns pale.

Per. I doubt I'm hurt to Danger.

Bla. Now all good Stars forbid: My House is near,
Be pleas'd a while to make it, Sir, your own;
There Surgeons shall be call'd to your Relief.

Per. In my Condition, Sir, the Favour's not
To be refus'd.

Bla. ————Recline upon my Arm. [*vice.*

Per. I thank you, Sir.—This Care o'er-pays my Ser-
The Hope's too great! my pulsive Heart lie still,
If *Izadora*'s there, the Wounds I feel,
Tho' deeper, yet her beauteous Eyes wou'd heal. [*Ex.*

Enter Pacuvius alone, with a close Light.

Pac. The Noise of clashing Swords is hush'd, and now
The faucy *Blacius* I presume's at Peace.

What's that!—By my fierce Flood of Joys, 'tis he!

[*Treading against the dead Roman.*
Supine and speechless as a Dunghill Dog!

My Blades, I see, have well perform'd their Work:

How now, Friend *Blacius* ! liest thou at last so low !
 Cou'd not thy churlish Breath one Moment more
 Have lagg'd to let me feed my glutt'd Ears
 On the last Groans of thy expiring Life ?
 This all the gather'd Fruit of my Revenge,
 To see thee senseless at my Joy ? I want
 To have thee know my Transport at thy Death.
 But let me see, perhaps there's left a Grin
 On thy distorted Face, may flatter me
 Thou dy'dst in Curses on *Pacuvius* living.

[*Opens his Light, and looks on his Face.*]

Distraction ! Tortures ! Hell ! What is't I see ?
 Not *Blacius* ! but the Coward Carcass of
 The Slave that shou'd have kill'd him. Sure no Wretch
 Was ever torn by Fortune like *Pacuvius* !
 As if the Gods had vow'd my vain Revenge
 To this excessive Violence shou'd swell,
 To be itself it's greater Punishment !

Enter Decius.

Be hush'd my Thoughts, some one approaches.

Dec. This must be sure the House :

'Tis near th' appointed Hour—yet he's not come :
 He said himself would privately walk forth,
 And here expect an Answer from the Consul ! Ha !
 I think I see him ! Hift ! Lord *Blacius* !

Pac. Who's there ?

Dec. 'Tis I, *Decius*.

Pac. Ha !

Dec. This from the Consul : All goes well :

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Be punctual, and the Consequence will thank you.

Pac. Stay, Sir.

Dec. It may be dangerous, my Lord, and needs not,
 You'll find it asks for no Reply : Farewel. [*Ex. Decius.*]

Pac. 'Tis certain he intended this for *Blacius*,
 And by his fear to stay some close Design,
 Some secret Practice for the Cause of Rome,
 (Wherein perhaps curs'd *Blacius* is concern'd)
 Lies lurking in this Scroll—my Soul's impatient.

[He reads by his Light.]

- To-morrow, near the Midnight Hour,
- Three lighted Torches from the Citadel
- Let be the Sign, that then the *Brutian* Gate
- Is open to our Force's Entrance ;
- *Pacuvius*, for *Perolla's* Sake, we first
- With friendly Offers by his Son have try'd
- To call again into our Cause, who not
- Complying shares the Fate of *Hannibal*.
- Be careful of thy Health : Farewel. The Consul

' Fabius.'

This goes to *Hannibal*, whose Rage alarm'd,
In durant Chains confines my Traitor Foe,
Whose wisest Thought to free him from this Snare,
Will work in vain : For well Experience proves,
When great Men Justice against great Men crave,
Their Step's but short from Prison to the Grave. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E *Blacius his House.*

Blacius and Perolla : Servants attending.

Bla. NOT that I've scap'd my disappointed Foe,
Transports me more, than that my kind Pre-
server's Wound

Appears without a Mark of Danger.
And that my abler Gratitude may know
To whom the future Service of my Life
Is due, your Pardon, Sir, if I presume
To ask the Name of my Deliverer.

Per. Not for the World's Dominion dare I own it:

[*Aside.*

The Service you've receiv'd (in being, Sir,
So much, what Man for Man in Honour's bound
To do] shou'd hope no more Return, than what's

Already paid ; therefore I beg I may
Conceal my Name, lest I shou'd seem to put
You on the Thought of farther Gratitude.

Bla. Your Title to command me, Sir, may thus
Deprive me of the Means, tho' not the Will to thank you.
Yet let me, tho' unknown, thus far intreat you,
That till your urgent Business calls you hence,
You'll please to make this humble Roof your own.
Call forth my Daughter, [To his Servant.

Ser. My Lord, I hear her coming.

Per. Keep down my busy Heart ; nor let thy Joy
Confest, betray thee to thy Hope's Undoing. [Aside.

Enter Izadora.

Iza. My Father ! Let the Gods for ever thus protect
I have been told the Dangers you've escap'd, [him!
And my transported Heart can bear no Bounds.

[Embracing his Knees.

Bla. 'Tis well, my Daughter, and I thank thy Love ;
But as thou still wou'dst have me think my Life
To thee is dear, to the kind Author of
Thy Joy, assist me in my Thanks—to this
Most generous Stranger pour thy Praises forth,

[Perolla bows to Izadora.

Whose Life endanger'd has preserv'd thy Father.

Iza. O all y' indulgent Powers ! *Perolla !*

[Aside, and over-joy'd.

Bla. So only shall I judge of thy Regard to me,
As to his timely Virtue thou art just :

'Tis now our mutual Cause of grateful Honour,
Therefore I charge thee by that sacred Thought,
Tune all thy Sex's sweet harmonious Charms,
Exert the thrilling Softness of thy beauteous Eyes
To sooth his Soul, lose no Attempt to gain
The honest Power of ev'n relieving Gratitude.

Per. What do the Gods intend me ? [Aside, and pleas'd.

Iza. (To *Bla.*) Sure, Sir, in such a Cause, howe'er
My Ignorance may err, you cannot doubt my Will :
For judge me, O ye awful Powers ! If ever Act,
That human Virtue yet might boast, cou'd more
Oblige my Sense, or fill my Heart with Half the Joy,

As what this generous Stranger has perform'd:
 Now, on my Soul, it was a Godlike Deed;
 And since by your Instruction, Sir, I speak,
 Forgive me, if my grateful Heart confesses,
 M' unwearied Tongue cou'd dwell for ever on its Praise.

Bla. Ha! [Pleas'd.]

Per. (To *Iza.*) Such Praises sung by such inchanting
 Might lift the Coward to aspiring Thoughts: [Notes,
 Therefore take Heed, thou bounteous, lovely Maid,
 Lest what thy Virtue may intend me well,
 My vainer Hopes shou'd wrest to my Undoing.

Bla. By all my Joys he kindles to my Wishes!

Iza. O never can I reach thy Due of Praise!
 Most glorious Youth, thou Darling of the Gods!
 For after this, so unforeseen a Chance,
 That led thee forth to so renown'd a Deed,
 How many great and glorious Actions more
 Must we conclude their providential Care,
 For thy sole Virtue has reserv'd?

Bla. She too delighted in her Sex's Pride,
 Exerts her pointed Charms, and like
 Th' ambitious Hero in his Arms Success,
 Feels no Remorse, or Conscience in her Conquests. [*Aside.*]

Iza. Such Actions make the tend'rest Gratitude—
 A Duty. [To *Perolla.*]

Bla. Thou God of Love! God of resistless Fires,
 Who oft in female Hearts with Triumph seest
 Th' unlook'd-for Changes of thy wanton Power,
 Now to thy aged Votary lend thy Ear,
 O! to the Follies of her former Love
 Add yet one more, that may atone the Guilt!
 Grant her vile Passion for *Perolla's* Charms,
 The nobler Flame of this superior Youth
 Surmounting may efface, and end my Fears;
 Let what her seeming Virtue wou'd destroy,
 Her more implor'd Inconstancy preserve,
 And on *Pacuvius's* Blood exert my full Revenge. [*Aside.*]

Per. Now then's the Proof of this avow'd Compassion,
 The Gods at last in Pity of my Love [To *Iza.* *aside.*
 Have giv'n thee now most providential Means
 To elude thy Father's Hate, and crown my Wishes;

Thou seest he courts thee to engage my Passion,
 Let then what his Injustice wou'd refuse
Perolla, be at once the Cause and just
 Excuse of thy Compliance. O! my Heart!
 If now thy Hopes are lost, not *Blacius'* Hate,
 But *Izadora's* Cruelty destroys thee.

Iza. Dismiss these vain and groundless Fears: For by
 The endless Obligations which I owe thee,
 No Bonds, no Bribes, or Threats of Power oppos'd,
 Shall shake my Firmness of protested Faith;
 Therefore methinks thy undiscourag'd Love,
 Which yet untir'd has trod the rocky Paths of Honour,
 Shou'd not at last desponding change its way,
 Or use th' inglorious Limbs of low Deceit
 To climb the Mountain Summit of its Joy:
 Since thy enduring Virtue has in me
 Subdu'd the Force of an inherent Scorn,
 Why shou'd the Complaints of our persisting Duty
 Despair of Pity from the conquer'd *Blacius*? —
 You shan't reproach me with that grieving Look,
 Since what I mean's but to deserve *Perolla*.

Per. Thou art my Fate, and must dispose me.
 (To *Bla.*) I hope your Favour will Excuse my Fault,
 If the Engagement of your Daughter's Charms
 Have made me, Sir, forget my self to you.
Bla. Your Actions, Sir, so far have bound me yours,
 There's no Way left you to increase the Debt,
 But to inform me how some Part I may repay.

Per. Not that I think my Service can deserve
 The friendly Freedom I wou'd beg to take;
 Yet not to slight your Generosity,
 Vouchsafe me then your Leave to know, how far
 This Fair One's Heart, on your consider'd Thoughts,
 In promis'd Love or Marriage stand engag'd?

Bla. How far the ripening Folly of her Sex
 May secret have inclin'd her Heart, were hard
 To say — But for my self, my Promises
 Are yet unmade, and were it possible
 Thy least inclining Thought had made thee curious,
 By all the flatter'd Hopes of my Ambition,
 Most generous Stranger, I am yet to know

The Man my Wishes wou'd prefer to thee.

Per. Take Heed, nor flatter into Hope a Wretch,
Whose Heart wou'd burn in unoffending Fires.

Bla. To give thee then a Proof, I mean my Words:
If as thy Deeds have spoke thee, thou canst prove
Thee born of noble Blood, this grateful Hand
(Regardless of thy Fortune, tho' depress'd)
With Joy, shall yield thee up a Father's Right,
To urge Obedience, or persuade her Love
To crown thy Wishes with deserv'd Possession.

Per. If then my Birth and Fortune both I prove
Not, equal to the noblest Roman's Boast,
Let, Sir, at once your Scorn destroy my Hopes,
And spurn me as my Arrogance deserves.

Bla. Thus then to what my Honour has propos'd,
Thus kneeling to th' attesting Gods I swear——

Iza. Oh! hold! My too kind Father, yet forbear
Your Oath——

Bla. —Too kind! What mean thy riddling Tears?

Iza. With Joy to give you now a Proof severe,
How tenderly my trembling Heart prefers
Your Quiet to its own: To let you see
No Thought of Happiness can yet surmount
The honest Passion of my filial Love:
Tho' now, what you with Oaths have offer'd to perform,
Perform'd wou'd crown the utmost Wishes of my Soul;
Yet let me rather starve my Hopes for ever,
Than by a Wile of guilty Silence bind
Your cheated Honour to reward my Love.

Bla. My startled Thoughts!

Iza. For know, this generous Stranger, whom the Gods
(In kind Addition to his Flame's Desert)
Had sure decreed shou'd save my Father's Life,
Whom you, unprejudic'd, so high have prais'd,
Whose glorious Actions have o'er-priz'd my Heart,
Whom your Commands have press'd me to receive,
(O! hear me with Compassion) is *Perolla*. [Kneeling.

Bla. Ha!

Iza. The same *Perolla*, whom your anxious Fears
So strict have warn'd me to avoid; yet he,
Whose Love our Fate seems since to have resolv'd

Shou'd prove, at last the medicinal Balm
To heal the Rancour of our House's Hate.

Bla. Distraction ! has my Error's Dotage too

[*Walking thoughtfully.*

Consenting sooth'd him in his fatal Love?

Per. My Lord, I find you are, as I foresaw you, stung
To feel your Honour plung'd in such Extreams ;
But yet——if Modesty might speak——

Bla. *Pacuvius'* Son ! Remorseless Powers ! Why was
That hateful Hand reserv'd to give me Life,
From which my Death had been the easier Pain ?

Judge me yourselves, in all that Life's whole Course,
Cou'd ever yet Reproach confront me with

An Act, that ought t' have dy'd my Cheeks with Shame.

Why then this dire Distress upon my Soul,

That to my Bosom I must either take

The Man, whom to incessant Rage I hate,

Or to the World's inquiring Tongues expos'd,

Must stain my Fame by foul Ingratitude ? [*Walks disorder'd.*

Iza. (To *Per.*) Give him his Thoughts, and let his Pass-
His Temper ne'er was long oppos'd to Pity. [*sions cool.*

Bla. No ! no ! [*Beating his Breast.*]

I'm not so wretched as my Fancy makes me,

The self-same Hand, that sav'd, unthank'd, this Life,

Has robb'd a Father of his ripe Revenge !

Pacuvius' murderous Hope's not only lost,

But by his Son defeated ! He, whom his Heart's Pride

So fondly loves, protecting me has prov'd

His greatest Curse, and rakes his harrow'd Soul.

Nay he, *Perolla* too has now himself undone :

Had I been kill'd the Bar had been remov'd ;

Then unoppos'd he had enjoy'd his Love,

And o'er m' insulted Grave had danc'd his Joy ;

But he has sav'd his Foe to blast those Hopes,

And dash his Passion with pursu'd Despair.

Per. Despair's the surest Stab to reach my Heart,

Or if you think I may outlive that Wound,

Since my dire Father's undefended Crimes

So justly have provok'd your due Revenge,

Let your keen Sword now wreak it on the Son,

Behold my Breast unguarded to your Rage,

To meet the Cure of my resistless Ruin.

Bla. Yet trust me not too far: For tho' thou sav'd'st
My hated Life——Thou'rt still *Pacuvius*' Son.

Per. I neither can deny, or dare defend my Birth:
But e'er your Justice lifts her fatal Hand
To cut this Gordian of dissolveless Love,
To the chaste Memory of its purer Flame,
Be in your conscious Heart this Truth recorded,
That had the tender *Izadora*'s Soul

Not priz'd your Mind's dear Peace beyond her own,
This cruel Rage, that now destroys our Hopes,
Had in dispenseless Oaths been bound to crown 'em.

Bla. O my Soul's Joy! My ~~pious~~ *Izadora*! [*Embracing.*

Iza. My Father still, and still belov'd as ever. *her.*

Bla. Which way shall my Indulgence thank thy Love's
So dear Concern for my endanger'd Honour?

Iza. O! ask not that dire Question of my Fears,
Unless your conquer'd Passion cou'd, like mine
Subdu'd, resolve to answer its Engagements.

Bla. O bleeding Conflict of resisted Nature;
O Godlike Youth! [*Throwing himself at Perolla's Feet.*

I bend me blushing to the Earth, I sink,

I burn with red Confusion at my Shame;

For I confess thou not deserv'st my Hate;

But there's a Bar in my fierce Nature's Pride,

An inborn Horror of *Pacuvius*' Blood,

That will not be subdu'd in thy Behalf:

Therefore by all my Wrongs to thy apparent Merit,

I now conjure thee rouse thy generous Soul,

And turn thy fruitless Love of me and mine

Into the nobler Fire of blameless Scorn.

Per. Now, by my Hopes in *Izadora*'s Truth,
My friendly Heart bleeds inward at your Pain,
And melts in Pity of your erring Passion. [*Raising him.*

Bla. O lend a Thought to my worn Age's Woe!

Weigh but the vast Extreams of my Distress;

And be thyself the Judge of my Misdoing.

Speak, I conjure thee, from thy conscious Heart,

Is't fit, that he whose Father sought my Life,

The Son of him that has betray'd the Cause

Of *Rome*, and since has wrought my Brother's Death!

Shou'd from my Hand receive my Daughter's Heart,
And make, by my enduring, such vile Crimes my own?

Iza. Is't fit your wild Revenge thou'd blind pursue
The Guiltless, and the Friend of *Rome*?

Bla. Shall *Blacius* be allied to an Assassin's Son?

Iza. That Son, whose Sword oppos'd his Father's Crime!

Bla. Mix with that Blood my native Honour hates?

Iza. The gen'rous Blood that stream'd in your Defence!

Per. Yet bows submissive to your full Revenge!

Bla. O cruel Honour! that my Arms refus'd
The honest Means to take it.

How now! what means thy breathless Haste?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your Pardon for this bold Intrusion!
Passing just now by Lord *Pacuvius*' Gate,
I saw the Guards of *Hannibal* come forth,
When strait an Officer o'ertook their Speed,
And told 'em, they must make a Moment's Halt,
For that th' intended Search of *Blacius*' House
Was now refer'd to Lord *Pacuvius*' Care.

Bla. What can this mean? Art sure thou'rt not
deceiv'd?

Ser. I'm sure, my Lord, and as they march'd along
I heard one, smiling, to his Comrade say,
Pacuvius were a Friend indeed, if to
The Cause of *Carthage* he cou'd force his Son.
More I had heard, but that I thought my Haste
Might better serve you by this timely Notice.

Bla. I thank thy Care: Bar fast the Gates, to gain
If possible a Moment 'fore their Entrance.

But on your Lives resist 'em not—away.

And now, *Perolla*, thou shalt see—

Per. That your Revenge has found at last
The fated Ruin of my Fortune, and
My Love—This Search I know is made for me.

Iza. O lost *Perolla*! O for Pity yet
My dearest Father—

Bla. Yes! yes! my Daughter now again I'm free,
My painful Honour is at last reliev'd;
He sav'd my Life, and I in double Thanks

Return him his : For he defending mine,
Found his Reward ; but I now saving his,
Foreknow that I may meet my Punishment.

Fierce *Hannibal* be sure will full resent
The dar'd Concealment of his greatest Foe ;
But yet to let thee see my Honour scorns,
Tho' on the Man I hate, a base Revenge,
This Way lies thy Safety ; what Horses or
What Servants for thy Flight are requisite,
Freely command, and thank me in thy Speed.

Iza. Must he then go despairing of your Friendship ?

Bla. Ungrateful Girl ! does not thy Lover's Life
Reward thee well for my prevented Oath ?
Nay, if thou'rt fond to meet thy Ruin, stay, [To *Perolla*.
A Life for Life is all thou canst implore,
But never think of *Izadora* more.

Per. Recal that Thought, or Life's not worth receiving ;
If Death's my Doom, here wou'd I chuse to meet it.

[Kneeling to *Iza*.

Iza. O yet, *Perolla*, save thy latest Hopes,
By all th' Endearments of our Friendship past,
I do conjure thee fly, and ease my Fears,
My Obligations yet are unreturn'd,
And I must have thee live for *Rome*,
And *Izadora*'s Peace. Use not a Wish
In a Reply : But haste, while yet the Gods can save thee.

Per. Who wou'd not trembling fear his Death,
When beauteous *Izadora* wou'd preserve him ?
Supported in that Thought, I fly my Fate,
To save my Hopes of conquering *Blacius*' Hate. [Ex. *Per*.

Bla. You *Izadora* now retire, I wou'd
Alone receive *Pacuvius*.

Iza. The Gods
Defend my Father, and the Friends of *Rome*. [Ex. *Iza*.

Bla. At length my anxious Honour is reliev'd,
The Combat now with Justice is determin'd,
And o'er *Pacuvius*' Blood I'm still victorious—Soft !
He comes in Smiles to meet his Disappointment.

Enter Pacuvius.

Pac. So Blacius !

Thou see'st at last I've deign'd to visit thee.

Bla. My Pride too is in Part abated : For I own thou never cou'dst to me arrive More welcome.

Pac. ——— If thy Life's so burthensome, Perhaps from ancient Friendship I may yet Think fit to make thee bear it longer.

Bla. When Hannibal shall know (as I besure Will soon inform him) that thy Fears In private Spite have dar'd t' assassins those, Whom he's firm bound in Honour to protect, Thy feeble Power of Life or Death from him Deriv'd, thy weakest Foes secure may laugh at.

Pac. Be not so joy'd to think thou'st escap'd my Hand.

Bla. There must be Joy, where there's such sweet Re- For know yet more to gall thy fester'd Soul, [venge ; Thy own lov'd Son Perolla was the Man, Whose friendly Sword preserv'd thy mortal Foe, And laid thy bleeding Malice at my Feet.

Pac. This News is stale—and the sharp Pang it gave me's He knew thee not, and therefore I forgive him : [past. But thou, I hear, as ignorant of him, To thy own Mansion brought'st him bleeding Home ; And wer't in that, 'tis more than probable, Thyself the Pandar to thy Daughter's Flame.

Bla. 'Tis false, For when I knew his hateful Name, he found That Scorn reviv'd which to his Blood was due ; But when I heard his Services to me Had stirr'd thy Fury to pursue his Life, I wav'd a while my prudent Hate to him, And let him 'scape to disappoint Pacuvius.

Pac. Poor shallow-sighted Man ! Pacuvius thanks thy For I wou'd have him live when thou art dead, [Care ; (Which soon will be) to keep thy restless Ghost In wakeful Terrors of thy Daughter's Honour : Mean while (for thy slow Brain, I see, divines

Not yet the Cause that brought me hither) Guards,
Appear. 'Twas not *Perolla*, but thyself [*Enter Guards.*
I came to seize, and as a Traitor to the Trust
Of *Hannibal*, demand thee forth to Justice.

Bla. Traitor's a Name that better fits
Pacuvius' Morals: *Blacius* scorns thy Slander.

Pac. I know thou'rt proud; but we shall prove thee
Traitor!

This Letter from *Rome*'s Consul shou'd have come
To thee; 'tis better as it is: And now
Whene'er his dreadful Army shall think fit
T' approach *Salapia*'s Walls, I say again
The Traitor *Blacius*' Head upon the *Brutian Gate*
Shall be the Signal of *Pacuvius* arm'd to face 'em.

Bla. O fatal Chance! *Rome* then and *Blacius* are no
more!

Tell my Daughter what has happened. [*To his Servant.*

Pac. Now! wretched *Blacius*! Art thou yet convinc'd
Pacuvius has redeem'd his lost Revenge,
And wrought at last thy more assur'd Destruction?

Bla. What Office dost thou hold of *Hannibal*?
For this to me seems so contemptible,
It speaks the Spirit of *Pacuvius* lost.

Pac. This Insolence I yet shall humble.

Bla. Thou! thou tir'st me—perform thy Office.

Pac. Since thou'rt in haste for Death—Conduct him
Guards.

Thus hopeless by the Hand of Justice seiz'd,
The hardiest Traitors will affect a Smile.

Bla. And Village Curs thus bay the Lion in the
Toil. [*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter Portius, meeting Izadora.

Port. **T**HOU hapless Daughter of my dearest
Friend,
Hard-fated Offspring of my Sister's Love,
Forgive this rude Intrusion on thy Griefs,

That begs to join thee in a kindred Woe :
 In thee, methinks, dread *Marcia's* Looks revive,
 Such were thy Mother's youthful Charms, that Bloom,
 The same distressful Lustre in her Eyes.
 In such Heart-wounding Grace of Woe she mov'd,
 When the victorious happier *Blacius* then
 From dear-bought Conquest Home return'd, in Tears
 Ran through the Battle past, and clos'd it with
 The mournful Story of her Father's Death.

Iza. O fatal Omen ! Is then *Blacius* dead ?

Port. Not dead, but dying——doom'd to die !

Iza. Heart-breaking Thought !

Port. Fierce *Hannibal*, to make his Rage appear
 More the Effect of Justice, than Revenge
 Against his Life, in all the cruel Forms
 Of seeming Law proceeding has condemn'd him,
 Tho' the sole Proof of his pretended Charge
 Was a late Letter from the Consul sent
 To *Blacius*, by *Pacuvius* intercepted : [knew
 But where's the Need of Proof, when his vile Judges
 That Innocent or Guilty found of this,
 They for his cordial Constancy to *Rome*
 Had pre-resolv'd his Death.

Ev'n now I heard his bloody Sentence given,
 Which e'er the Morrow's Noon decrees him dead,
 And (which the fell *Pacuvius* mov'd) his Head
 Upon the *Brutian* Gate erected on a Spear to stand
 In vengeful Terror to the Friends of *Rome*.

Iza. O rueful Sound ! O Deluge of
 Redundant Woe ! O *Blacius* ! *Blacius* !
 Where's now the pitying Hand that can redeem thee ?

Port. Can we not start a Thought to his Relief ?

Iza. Alas ! I fear 'tis now too late : But yet
 (For I too well foresaw what since has fall'n)
 Last Night, when first my moderated Tears
 Wou'd give my ebbing Reason leave to flow,
 By a near Friend, a Letter I dispatch'd
 To brave *Perolla*, in the *Roman* Camp,
 In hope t' avert my wretched Father's Fate,
 Tho' what it begs I fear's too late propos'd.

Port. But is there yet no Answer to these Hopes?

Iza. None yet's arriv'd, which makes me now despair.

Port. Have you inform'd my Brother of this Letter?

Iza. Alas! I durst not yet, lest it
Shou'd more incense his disappointed Rage
Against my vain Assurance in *Perolla*.

Enter a Page to Izadora.

Page. Madam, the Messenger, whom you last Night
Dispatch'd, is just return'd, and brings you this. [*Gives a*

Iza. My trembling Fears! *Perolla's* Hand. [*Letter.*

Port. Good News! Dear Fortune!

Iza. Quick let me read, it can't be worse to know;
Now *Portius*, for our Hope's Relief or Ruin!

(*Reads*) 'For *Blacius* as the cordial Friend of *Rome*,
'I've gain'd o' the Consul your propos'd Relief.
O joyful Tidings!

'But as I knew him *Izadora's* Father,
'I thought my Friendship was but half perform'd,
'Till I had farther begg'd to be myself
'The sole commission'd Envoy in his Cause.

Generous *Perolla*!

Port. A Friend indeed!

Iza. 'This first Advice not long will reach you, e'er

'You'll hear *Perolla* is arriv'd to ask
'Of *Hannibal* his Audience, and Dispatch.'

Yes, cruel Father, now my Heart grows bold,
Now I with Courage can reproach that Rage
That cou'd so ill repay thy wrong'd Preserver's Love.

Port. What in this Juncture can my Care perform
To help my Brother's Fortune?

Iza. To Lord *Pacuvius*' House, where *Hannibal*
Resides, instant repair to meet *Perolla*:

Your Entrance on th' Occasion will be free
'To hear his Audience, and their whole Debate:
While I to my afflicted Father fly
To raise his sinking Spirits from Despair.

Port. I'm gone, and hope t'overtake you soon
With his confirm'd Relief—— [*Exit Portius.*

Iza. O Godlike Youth! O truly great *Perolla*!
Who tho' my cruel Father's Hate to thee

Had render'd thy Neglect of him too just,
 Yet in this second Service to forget that Wrong,
 Has so excus'd my endless Gratitude to thee,
 That what his Passion late miscall'd my Disobedience,
 His Reason must at last confess my Virtue.—— [Exit.]

The SCENE opening, discovers Hannibal on a Chair of State giving Audience to Perolla; Pacuvius, Portius, and others attending.

Han. Renown'd Perolla! 'Tis with Grief we see
 Such early Virtue erring in its Sword;
 Methinks th' Example of thy Father's Care,
 Whose early Application to our Friendship,
 Has wisely sav'd his Fortunes from our Spoil,
 Might better have instructed thee to act,
 Than blindly thus to hold thee in a Cause,
 Whom neither Gods besfriend, nor Arms can save.

Per. My Lord, great Hannibal
 Admit but what your Hope suppose were true,
 Can Honour find my Virtue an Excuse
 To leave my Country for its sinking Cause?
 Which most distress'd then most commands my Sword.

Han. When pleading Nature, or when filial Love,
 Bespeak you to regard a Parent's Peace,
 Th' Excuse were not so difficult to find.

Per. I wou'd be just to both, and hope I am;
 I love my Country, I revere my Father;
 And while I bleed for Rome,——I weep for him.

Han. Yet draw your Sword, resolv'd against his Cause.

Per. I cannot leave my Country, if I wou'd,
 'Tis to forsake myself, or to suppose me born
 But for myself, and not in general Good
 Of my defended Fellow-Creatures Lives.
 Creatures irrational, the Birds, the Beasts,
 For common Safety flock and herd together;
 Wou'd it not start ev'n Nature to behold
 The home-bred Dove forsake her fruitful Nest,
 And fetch the Vulture to destroy her Young?

The horned Ram t' o'erleap the Ev'ning Fold,
 And call the Wolf to prey upon his Kind?
 Such seems to me the startling Horror of
 Forsaken *Rome*: I know not if I err:
 My Father sent me early to the War,
 Perhaps but half instructed in the World:
 For if for Interest, for Fear, or Love,
 A Man, unsham'd, may leave his Country's Cause,
 'Tis, I confess, a Depth in Politicks,
 His eager Fondness never taught my Youth.

Han. Now then be better to thy Good inform'd.
 Our Friendship to thy Father's Merit has
 Inclined our Mercy to preserve his Son:
 Thy Terms, *Perolla*, shall be honourable,
 Rewards far nobler than thy Sword can gain,
 If thou'lt in Time embrace our Cause, and not
 By vain Resistance make thy Ruin sure.

Per. That's yet to know, or say 'twere known, so much
 I prize the warlike *Hannibal's* Esteem,
 I'll not derive it from another, but myself,
 Not my great Birth, but Virtue shall deserve it:
 For *Rome* successful, as she seems, shall find
 She's then a faster Friend of firm *Perolla*.
 In all our Camp there's not a *Roman* Heart,
 But thinks his single Sword a better Guard
 Than the best proffer'd Mercy of our Foes:
 But that my Vanity no longer may
 Seem pleas'd to see you court my Sword in vain,
 To all your Greatness has or can propose,
 This is the final Answer I shall make:
 That Death's not half so terrible to me,
 As Life in Friendship with the Foes of *Rome*.

Han. Since to our proffer'd Mercy thou'rt so deaf,
 I've said; and leave thee to thy Fate deserv'd.

Pac. (*Aside.*) O! that Revenge without a Pang wou'd
 Me love the stubborn Virtue of this Boy! [*let*

Han. Nor hope, when soon thy Ruin falls, that then
 Thy Birth or thy Submission shall arrest [*Turning short*
 The vengeful Fury of our Sword defy'd. *to Perolla.*
 Proceed we now to the Affairs in hand.

Discharge thee strait, we are prepar'd to hear,
What in the Consul's Name thou wou'dst demand.

Per. Thus then, [Takes his Chair.

From *Fabius*, Consul of the *Roman* Arms,
To *Hannibal* his martial Foe renown'd,
Have I in fair Commission to propose:
The Consul late inform'd, that *Blacius'* Life
On some Pretence stands forfeit to those Laws,
Which thy new started arbitrary Force
Upon the enslav'd *Salapians* has impos'd;
Yet waves the Wrong, or Justice of his Cause,
Presuming that thy Will condemns his Life,
And from his grateful Sense of *Blacius'* Virtues,
Knowing his Faith to *Rome* has stirr'd thy Rage,
To bribe thy Fury from the Brave in Chains,
He yields thee offer'd for his Life preserv'd,
Thrice fifty *Lybian* Captives free, restor'd,
Which by the Morrow's Dawn shall join thy Force,
From their disgraceful, swordless Bonds redeem'd,
New arm'd for Battle to retrieve their Honour:
This, if approv'd, shall now be ratify'd;
If not, I'm farther bid to tell thee then,
Such Mercy, as thou shew'st to *Blacius'* Life,
Will he, thy Brother *Asdrubal*, with all
That now are Captive to his Arms, afford;
Who when this wrong'd *Patrician* bleeds, shall fall
With him reveng'd, a mutual Sacrifice.

Han. Tell the warm Consul, *Hannibal* presumes,
That when his Rashness sent so bold a Message,
He thought not sure of *Canæ's* fatal Field,
Forgot the measur'd Rings from the dead Hands
Of *Roman* Knights despoil'd sent thence to *Carthage*;
Or had he ponder'd our victorious Arms
Near fam'd *Trebeia's* Flood, or *Thrasimene*,
At late *Ticinum*, or *Salapia*, now
He'd known that *Hannibal* might smile when threatned,
We'll give the *Romans* Proof, that we our Laws
Due Course and Execution more regard
Than all the Threats of their Presumptuous Arms:
Nor if we fear'd cou'd we those Lives deplore,

Who being Captives will deserve their Fate.
 For *Blacius*' Death, it stands irrevocable,
 Nor shoud'st the Fate of *Hannibal* prevent it.
 My Lord *Pacuvius*, give our Orders strait
 T' erect a Scaffold in th' Alarum Place,
 On which, before the Morning Sun declines,
 The Traitor *Blacius*, as condemn'd, shall bleed.
 For thee, *Perolla*, four Hours are thy Time allow'd
 For thy Departure to the *Roman* Camp;
 And those expiring, thy Protection ends:
 Found in *Salapia*, then we treat thee as
 The Foe of *Carthage*, and the Spy of *Rome*.
 Thus tell the flatter'd Consul we resolve:
 And so farewell.— [*Ex. Hannibal and his Officers.*]
Per. I've yet a Life which can't be better lost,
 Than in the Cause of *Rome* and *Izadora*.
 —It shall be so—and *Hannibal* may yet
 Repent those Hours allow'd me for my Stay. [*Aside.*]
 My Friends, before we leave *Salapia*, I
 Shall want your ablest Counsel, and your Courage.
 [*To his Followers.*]

Pacuvius Returns.

Pac. I know not why—but cannot part, methinks,
 'Till, as I ought, I've shewn this wilful Boy
 My glad Resentment of his Hope's Defeat. [*Aside.*]
Per. But soft—my Father!
Pac. Now violent *Perolla*, art thou yet
 Convinc'd, the Gods assert *Pacuvius*' Cause?
Blacius, my hateful Foe, thou see'st at last
 Not all thy disobedient Friendship cou'd
 Preserve: His Life now bleeds within the Law,
 And with the Morn expiring, gluts my full Revenge.
Per. The Gods, that gave me Sense of Right or Wrong,
 Gave me my Virtue to abide my Choice;
 And Virtue tells me, they alone shou'd fear,
 Who know the wilful Errors of their Hearts;
 But there's a native Courage in the Life
 Of Innocence, that never knows Despair.
Pac. Know then at once to crush thy Hopes for ever,
 This Moment I from *Hannibal* receiv'd

Repeated Orders for curs'd *Blacius*' Death,
For which myself am going now to bar
Him close, and bid his ebbing Hours prepare.

Per. And can you think, while he's of *Roman* Blood,
But it must fill his Heart with Pride and Joy,
To hear you bring the News that tells him of
His own full Glory, and his Foes Dishonour!

Pac. Honour from thee! Thou Son of *Blacius*!

[*In Passion.*

Per. Of lost *Pacuvius*, and deserted *Rome*! [*Tenderly.*

Pac. Remember *Izadora*!

Per. *Carthage*!

Pac. *Izadora*!

Per. *Rome*! Dishonour!

Pac. Love!

Per. Forfaken *Rome*!

Pac. Revenge! Revenge! [*Exeunt severally.*

Blacius in Prison, and Izadora.

Bla. Why wilt thou still on this ungrateful Theme
Pursue my latest Hours with new Disquiet?

Iza. Is it such Pain to lose your Hate for one
That has to such Extremes deserv'd your Love!
O! hard Severity!

Is what your own Instructions have advanc'd
In my Observance urg'd to my Reproach?
That I'm a little grateful, where so far oblig'd?
Oft have you said, 'Twas Honour rul'd your Hate:
Still be that sacred Principle obey'd,
And Honour now as full demands your Love.
Such Obligations, and such Friendship prov'd,
'Tis now impossible your Hate can slight
Without that Stain, which most I know you loath,
The hateful Stain of scorn'd Ingratitude.

Bla. Fond thoughtless Girl! have I
Not giv'n him, for my Life preserv'd, his Life!
And for this second Service, which thou boast'st,
What is it more than Honour binds him to?
Am not I fetter'd in the Cause of *Rome*?
Which he (in Care of me) but justly serves

His Country serv'd is Service to himself.
 Had he not come my Advocate for Life,
 The generous Consul still some other wou'd
 Have sent more welcome to my grateful Thoughts:
 Now, on my Soul, I rather think in him
 To ask the Office, seems the close Result
 Of brooding Malice, and insulting Pride.
 He knew my Temper was not to be mov'd
 By ought his Soul was capable to act,
 And therefore thought his Glare of Friendship wou'd,
 If slighted, sink me in the World's Esteem,
 And so revenge him on my honest Scorn:
 But he shall find, ev'n in these humble Chains,
 My Mind's yet free, nor bends to tame Dishonour:
 While I have Sense, I still with Pride shall shew
 My Hate to curs'd *Pacuvius*' Blood, which never shall
 But with my last breath'd Life expire.

Enter Pacuvius, with the Provost.

Pac. Why then, before the Morrow's friendly Noon,
 Expiring *Blacius* is no more my Foe!

Iza. Some Guardian God protect my Father!

Pac. I come to take of thee my last triumphant Leave:
 Thy Hope in vain, *Perolla*'s Friendship's lost,
 This Moment *Hannibal* has warn'd him hence
 With fruitless Labour for thy Life's Reprieve;
 And to compleat thy Woes, *Pacuvius* comes
 With prosperous Power to warn thee to thy Fate.

Iza. Support me, Heav'n!

Bla. ——— Why then, farewell, *Pacuvius*!
 Nor cou'd my Fate more please my parting Soul,
 Than to conceive how dear thy Hate to me
 Hast cost thee in thy Fame: Thy Honour lost,
 Thy native Country's Weal betray'd, have made
 Thy Vengeance mine, in thee abhorr'd to Ages;
 My Triumph's purchas'd with inferior Blame,
 I've held my Hate, and yet preserv'd my Fame.

[*Ex. Blacius with the Provost.*]

Iza. O! whither is my wretched Father borne?
 If to devouring Death, support me to

His aged Arms, to bathe his Bosom with
My latest Tears, and with his Hopes expire.

Pac. You cannot pass——let me survey thee full——
Art thou the flatter'd Beauty, that presumes
With subtle Arts t' enslave the stubborn Son
Of wrong'd *Pacuvius*, and debase his Blood?

Iza. Not so: Tho' I'm that wretched Maid forlorn,
Whose long obedient Hate to you and yours,
The forceful Virtues of *Perolla* have
Dissolv'd: I cou'd not with relentless Eyes
Behold his Passion, and his Faith to *Rome*;
Tho' less the Lover than the Hero mov'd me.
Oh! had our jarring Parents Feud not been
To the last Sense of Nature deaf; their Hate
Like ours subdu'd, had made lost *Rome* victorious,
Their Children happy, and their Fames immortal.
But that remorseless Fury now has plung'd us all
In one inevitable Ruin: *Blacius* dies,
The bleeding Heart of *Izadora*'s broke:
Perolla, hopeless in the Cause of *Rome*,
Resign'd to Sorrow, drags a wretched Being,
And lost *Pacuvius*, if he's human, must despair.

Pac. Despair's a Passion, that such love-sick Minds
As thine in Disappointments only feel;
Weak Souls, that from their Fears are Slaves to Virtue;
Pacuvius' Heart is warm'd with nobler Fire,
And owns no Passion but untam'd Revenge;
Revenge insatiate to curs'd *Blacius*' Blood;
A Rage, that now demands thy Vows revok'd
From lost *Perolla*'s vile deluded Love;
Give me this Instant back his recreant Heart,
Or to thy own receive our Shame reveng'd.

[Offering a Dagger.

Iza. Strike home, and stamp me with immortal
Fame;
To die in Proof of Vows preserv'd to him,
Of Faith unshaken to *Perolla*'s Love,
Adds unexpected Glory to my Death:
Yet when this mortal Blow is given, your Arm
Must strike again to reach me in *Perolla*'s Heart;
Ev'n after Death, I there shall haunt you still.

And in his pining Grievs insult your Peace.

Pac. I thank thee, Sorceress, for that hateful Thought,
Which fires me now to an improv'd Revenge.

I see thy Soul from young *Perolla* has
Been taught unmov'd to meet the Frowns of Death :
I'll therefore try if Smiles can stir thy Fears ;
My smooth Revenge now wears a softer Look,
And more t' exert my Hate has put on Love :
Receiv'd or slighted, by Consent or Force,
Enjoy'd alike, my End is serv'd : I know
That either spoils thee for *Perolla's* Taste ;
So take thy Choice, on one I am determin'd.

Iza. You cannot mean so horrible a Thought !

Pac. And why so horrible ? Thou hast confest
The Son belov'd, why not as well the Father ?
Perolla's but the Stream that flows from me,
And I the Fountain's Head of thy Desire.

Iza. If you've a human Soul——

Pac. None of thy Sex's little Arts to me ;
I fathom all your shallow Wiles, and know
You'll use Resistance to be more desir'd.
But such Attempts on me are vain : Thy Beauty
Adds not one Spark to my inflam'd Desire,
I'll taste thy Sweets, and yet despise 'em too :
For hadst thou all thy Sex's Charms, yet know
My Raptures not from Love, but sweet Revenge wou'd
flow.

Provost. [*Within.*] What ho ! my Lord ! *Pacuvius* ! help !

Enter Provost bleeding.

Pac. Audacious Slave ! is this a Time t'intrude ?
Be gone, or——

Prov. —— O ! my Lord ! we're lost ! undone !
Some *Africans* disguis'd have seiz'd the Prison ;
Forc'd ope' the Dungeon, where doom'd *Blacius* lay,
His Fetters loos'd, and arm'd him to escape ;
Myself disputing to resign the Keys,
Receiv'd this ghastly Wound, and fled to warn you.

Pac. Confusion ! O ! my lost Revenge !

Iza. O double Joy ! O my transported Hopes !

Pac. Say Slave, are none alarm'd t' oppose 'em ?

Prov. None but our menial Servants were at Hand :
For they, before they enter'd, had secur'd
The Centinels ; the rest surpriz'd,
They, desperate, drive before 'em.

Pac. ————— Ha ! They're here.

Enter Perolla, and others in African Habits mask'd, driving several before them. Pacuvius draws, and presents his Point to Blacius.

Hold Traitor ! yet there is a Sword to reach thee.

Bla. Fortune, I thank thee now ! Thou giv'st at least
A Chance for my Revenge. [*While they fight, Iza. kneels.*

Iza. Immortal *Jove* ! to thee I bend for Aid,
Be now the Stayer once again, again
The dire Avenger of the *Roman* Cause —
My Prayers are heard, and *Blacius* has prevail'd.

[*Blacius closes with Pacuvius, and gets him down.*

Bla. Now Traitor ! Have the Gods o'erta'en thee ?
[*Blacius offers to stab him, and Perolla returning, interposes.*

Per. Hold ! hold ! Disarm, but hurt him not : Your
Life

Preserv'd is all we fought, and that's secure.

Bla. You, Sir, have Title to command me.

Per. My Friends, this Lady too must be our Care.
'Tis now no Time to talk : Bar fast the Doors
On those that are within, that none may 'scape
T' alarm the Guards——Come, Sir, here lies our Way !

Bla. Such Actions are above the Reach of Thanks.

Iza. The bounteous Gods reward 'em.

[*Exeunt all but Pac.*

Pac. The horrid Furies from remorseless Hell
Revenge it on the curs'd Conspirer's Head !

Why do I bear this Burthen of a Life,
That weighs me down with Disappointment ?

No Means ! no Thought ! that can redeem my Hopes !
Dull Brain ! not to pursue 'em all this while ;

They cannot far be fled, I yet may forth [*Goes to the Door,*
T' alarm the Streets, and overtake their Flight !

Confusion ! bolted ! barr'd again to my Despair ! [*Finds it*
My Foe set free, and I his Pris'ner ! Help, ho ! barr'd.

Without there! Treason! Murder! No one hear!
 If I mistake not, yon dark Avenue leads
 Me to an open Court—Call there aloud!
 This is no Time for Thought, but Execution. [Ex. Pac.]

The SCENE changes to Portius his House. Enter Portius, Perolla still disguis'd, Blacius and Izadora.

Port. My Brother from his Chains redeem'd: By what Strange Turn of Fate is our Despair reliev'd?

Bla. O *Portius*! Here! see here's the Arm that sav'd me.

Port. Such Obligations, and conceal'd, create my Wonder.

Per. Here Sir, my Service ends—you now are free:
 But for the farther Means of your Escape,
 I must commend it to Lord *Portius*' Care;
 You'll pardon, Sir, my Haste to leave you here,
 Since my own Safety and my Friends require
 Our speedy Flight, and Change of our Disguises.

Bla. Hold, Sir! the Pleasure of my Freedom's lost,
 Not knowing whom to thank for my Deliverance.

Per. Not to disturb that Pleasure, I must still
 Conceal my Name: But if you will suppose
 Your Freedom worth a grateful Thought: Then there
 'Tis due! To *Izadora*'s filial Love,
 Whose Piety alone engag'd me to attempt it:
 And my Reward is paid in Thanks from her.
 Your Pardon, and your Leave—— [Ex. *Perolla*.]

Bla. So blunt a Virtue never have I seen!
 He own'd himself to thee reveal'd, my Daughter,
 On thy Obedience I conjure thee speak;
 Be just to his Desert, and let me know him;
 Be just to me, and point me to be grateful.

Iza. You heard my Father, he but ask'd my Thanks;
 Leave then to me your Care of Gratitude:
 Remember once *Perolla* sav'd your Life;
 But when discover'd, what was his Reward?

Bla. His Actions ought not to be nam'd, compar'd;
Perolla, but by Chance preserv'd a Strahger;
 But this design'd to save the Life of *Blacius*.

Iza. And whom cou'd *Izadora* most engage
 To save it?—— [Weeping.]

Bla. — Ha! my Daughter! O! I find thy Fears!
 Well might'st thou warn me from my curious Search,
 A thousand recollected Thoughts convince
 Me now, it must, it can be only he;
Pacuvius' Life defended, speaks him plain:
 Nay spite of my Aversion, speaks him great;
 If it be so, if thou confirm'st it him,
 If 'tis *Perolla*, then indeed the Soul
 Of vain resisting *Blacius* is subdu'd,
 By his victorious Virtues bound a Slave,
 And now must kneel to him in Shame for Pardon.

[*Izadora kneels weeping.*
Alas! thou need'st not speak! thy flowing Eyes
 Too tenderly confess thy modest Joy!
 My *Izadora*! O! I cannot bear my Thoughts!
 I see thy Passion now so greatly just,
 So justly grateful to *Perolla*'s Love,
 I burn with Blushes, that I've stood so long
 Unmov'd against his cordial Obligations;
 Nay, I will flatter yet my Pride of thee,
 And fancy thy inspiring Virtues taught
 Him first to reach this Greatness of the Soul.

Iza. O! my kind Father! till he'd conquer'd you,
 I knew not that *Perolla* had so far
 Engag'd my Heart: I only thought before
 'Twas Gratitude: But now (if 'tis a Fault,
 O yet forgive it! for) I own 'tis Love.

[*Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Fly! fly, my Lords, if possible, and save your
 Lives!

The Guards of *Hannibal* surround the House,
 And he himself's this Moment upon Entrance.

Port. O Horror to our Hopes!

Iza. Distressful Woe!

Port. No Thought to save us?

Bla. None——For see our Fate approaches.

[*Enter Hannibal, Pacuvius, Provoost, and Guards.*

Han. So, Sir, you yet are in the Reach of Justice,

Bla. Changes of Fortune are to me so frequent,

Now nothing gives me Fear or Wonder.
I know my Fate, and I expect it.

Han. And thou shalt meet it with the rising Morn :
Let *Portius* too be seiz'd, whose dar'd Attempt
To hide a Traitor, by the Law condemn'd,
Shall make him now the Partner of his Fate.

Bla. My Brother's Blood ! that strikes indeed !

Han. The Maid is innocent, and therefore free ;
For these, conduct 'em to their Doom deserv'd.

Iza. O miserable Fortune ! —

[*Ex. Bla. Port. Iza. and Guards.*]

Han. My Lord *Pacuvius*, these vile Traitors Lives
Are scanty Vengeance for insulted Justice :
Our chiefest Foe i'th' open Face of our
Authority redeem'd, our Arms disgrac'd,
A Traitor on the Eve of Execution
In our Head-Quarters freed by Force from Justice,
More stirs my Rage, than all vile *Blacius'* Crimes,
And we're oblig'd with double Vengeance to resent it.

Pac. What if your Orders on the Instant shou'd
Proclaim to those, that shall discover trait
Th' audacious Hands, that set this Traitor free,
Rewards unlimited, some tempting Bribes,
That Honour, Love, nor Friendship can resist.

Han. Thou'st warm'd my Thoughts ? Be it immediate done ;
And the Reward, whatever shall be ask'd
Of *Hannibal*, within his Power to grant.
For Traitors in the strongest State conceal'd,
Like unforeseen Distempers in the Blood,
May bring the healthiest Body to the Grave :
Therefore we never can too dearly buy
The Knowledge of a secret Enemy.

[*Ex.*]

A C T V.

Blacius and Portius in Prison: Portius sleeping,

Bla. **T**HE Morning rises with its usual Ray,
Nor shews the gloomy Face of least Disorder:

No Prodigies, no Fate-foretelling Stars;
Nor Storms, nor Thunders wait on *Blacius'* Death;
In ev'ry Thing the Course of Nature still
Keeps duly on, concernless in its Road,
And will do still the same, when I'm no more:
Why shou'd I think it then a Pain to leave
These common Objects, that regard not me?
Behold! how peacefully a constant Mind

[Observing Portius;]

Receives the solemn Summons of its Fate?
And in the Body's Rest discards the Thought?
To die's no more: Our Sleep's a short-liv'd Death,
Either is but the Loss of Time unknown;
And he that sleeps, till from the Grave awak'd,
Feels not that Gap in his Eternity,
T'exceed a Moment!—Soft! he wakes!
But, Oh! to sleep again in Death for me!
O *Portius!* if thy wand'ring Soul has dreamt
Of Liberty, how mournful is this Waking?

Port. Not so, my Brother, tho' I've dreamt, 'tis true,
Nay dreamt, that our amazing Fortune had
Preserv'd us both, and tho' my Reason waking
Presents me not a distant Hope to save us,
The lively Image still so fills my Mind,
I can't yet leave it for a Thought of Sorrow.

Bla. O! that I thus cou'd form a Hope for thee!
But when I think that my Misfortunes have
Involv'd thy Fate, that my dear Brother's Blood
Must stream for his unhappy Faith to me;
'Tis more than all my Manhood can support!

O *Portius!* pity, and forgive my Fate.

Port. Art thou to blame for what thy Fate has done?

O *Blacius*! I cou'd call thee now unkind,
 To think my Death's not more a Pleasure than a Pain.
 Has not our Friendship yet from forward Youth
 To lagging Age ran through dividing Pleasures?
 And shall thy Heart not share me in Distress?
 Shall I now coldly mourn because I bleed,
 In Proof but of a friendly Faith to thee?
 Now, on my Soul, I know thy honest Heart
 With Pleasure wou'd abide its Fate for *Portius*;
 Can then a Friendship so sincerely bound,
 Suppose a happier End, than dying thus together?
[Embracing.]

Enter the Provost and Guards.

Pro. My Lord, your Pardon for unwelcome News:
 I, by Orders now from *Hannibal* receiv'd,
 Am directed to remove you hence
 To your immediate Execution: But,
 Lord *Portius*, you have found his Mercy.

Bla. What said'st thou, ha!

Pro. — Great *Hannibal* inform'd,
 On cooler Thoughts, that your unhappy Crime
 Was more an ancient Friend's Concern for *Blacius*,
 Than wilful Scorn of his insulted Power,
 Extends his Mercy to your Life's Reprieve.

Bla. Then welcome Death! and since my Brother's
 free;
 I die without a murmuring Thought to Fate.

Port. O *Blacius*! can I taste such ill-divided Mercy?

Pro. Your mournful Daughter, with successless Tears
 Implor'd his Mercy for a Father's Life,
 But all her piteous Piety cou'd gain
 Was his hard Leave before your Death to take
 A parting Blessing, and her last Farewell.

Port. See where she comes, adorn'd with Sorrow.

Enter Izadora.

Death ne'er look'd terrible till now.

Bla. These Tears my *Izadora*, wound me more
 Than all the Weapons of approaching Death:
 But that I see it strikes so hard upon

Thy tender Heart, to me the Thought were nothing.
 Why shou'dst thou thus disturb thee at a Stroke,
 Which he that's now most happy's sure to feel?
 When first we're launch'd on this uncertain World,
 Our earliest Knowledge tells us we must drown,
 Nature assures us nothing in the Voyage,
 But that she, soon or late, will call us strict
 To our Account of this intrusted Venture:
 The Time is come to make her due Demand
 On me; and 'tis but fit it were paid.

Iza. But then to enter on your Life restrain'd,
 To seize it in a bloody Execution;
 This is not Nature's Law, but Fortune's Tyranny;
 The Debt of Nature might be easier paid!
 But now to die! your Health, your Senses sound!
 Your Strength yet fresh, and capable to run
 (No Violence us'd) with Vigour to the Goal;
 Howe'er your tender Love's Concern for me
 With manly Courage may disguise the Terror,
 I know 'tis more than Nature can support!
 This weaker Frame in spite of you must start,
 And shudder at so sharp a Dissolution.

Bla. In vain I see weak Reason has prescrib'd
 Us Virtue, as the Armour of our Hearts:
 For, Oh! to part with thee, my *Izadora*!
 To lose the cordial Comforts of thy Youth,
 Th' endearing Softness of that filial Love,
 Whose cheerful Smiles so oft have sooth'd my Age,
 In spite of Resolution, wounds me through;
 To leave thee thus! to this vile World expos'd,
 An helpless Orphan, destitute of Friends,
 Amidst the Hazards of outrageous Fortune!
 O! where's that temper'd Heart of hardest Virtue,
 That can unshock'd withstand the bruising Blow?

Iza. Nay, now you double my Distress—But yet
 One parting Comfort's left to your Support,
 And let th' Assurance sooth your dying Thoughts,
 That tho' you leave me to the World forlorn,
 The same unshaken Virtue that has still
 Preserv'd me taintless in my Actions past,
 Shall, when the dear Protector of my Youth

Is dead, support me to the last like *Blacius'* Daughter.

Bla. O! let me press thee to my Heart reviv'd,
And thank thy Virtue for this Ease in Death!

Portius — my Brother — and my Friend — Fare-
well —

I see thy Heart is full — and will

Not overcharge it with thy Grievs increas'd!

— Only this Boon — my *Izadora's* Youth —

Let me bequeath to thy protecting Care —

— My *Izadora*! O! the killing Thought! —

This last Embrace — Thy dying Father's Blessing —

— One farewell Kiss — O! must we part for ever!

Pro. My Lord; the Time elapses.

Bla. But one short Word, and I have done.

And now by all our faithful Friendship past,

(Observe me well, for 'tis my last Request)

Let me conjure thee, *Portius*, when the Time

Of decent Sorrow for a Father's Death,

In mournful *Izadora's* ceasing Tears,

Shall be expir'd, to crown her Virgin Wishes,

Give her, where most her Beauties are deserv'd,

Where most her Heart inclines — to brave *Perolla*;

And as you wish the Grave shou'd yield me Rest,

Reward her Virtues with her Love possess.

[*Ex. severally.*]

The SCENE opening, discovers a Scaffold for the Execution of Blacius, and at some distance a Seat rais'd for Hannibal; Guards and People crowding; Pacuvius speaking to an Officer.

Pac. Now Captain, let the Soldiers close their Ranks,

And on this Side the Scaffold no one pass,

Till *Hannibal* himself shall take his Stand;

For he in Person is resolv'd to see

The Execution of the Law perform'd,

And by his awful Presence to prevent

Th' audacious Thought of any second Tumult,

And see, his Guards approach us!

(*Within*) Bear back, make Way there!

Enter Hannibal attended.

Han. Good Morning to the Lord *Pacuvius*! What!
Are all Things ready? Is the Prisoner come?

Pac. I sent just now your Orders to produce him.

Han. 'Tis well, and has our Edict been proclaim'd?

Pac. Already twice the public Officer
This Morn proclaim'd it in the *Forum*,
And through the City several Copies are
Dispers'd, in Hopes to make it more effectual.

Han. [*To the Crowd*] My Friends, what you have heard
proclaim'd, we here

Prepar'd stand forth in Person to confirm:
Nay more! of these unlimited Conditions,
To bind us firmer yet to the Performance,
We solemn Vow before th' attesting Powers,
By the full Glory of our conquering Arms,
And by our Father's dear departed Soul,
Without Reserve most faithfully to keep 'em.

People. Huzzah!

Han. But see, the Prisoner comes to give our Laws
their Due,

Pac. And me my last Revenge.

Enter Blacius, Provost, and Guards.

Bla. What Ceremony's next?

Pro. No more, my Lord, but to ascend the Scaffold.

Bla. Conduct me.

Han. ——— Hold!

Yet stay thee, *Blacius*, e'er the lifted Sword
Of final Justice falls upon thy Life;
If ought thou know'st, that may arrest its Arm,
Now open to the public Ear, declare it,
That Men may say, thou either ow'st thy Life
To our impartial Honour, or thy Death
To what thy guilty Silence has confest.

Bla. Since what I undertook for injur'd *Rome*
Has fail'd my Hopes, Life now were scarce a Favour.
I am prepar'd to die, and therefore shall be short.
How far my Doom is just, is bootless to inquire;
No, prosperous *Hannibal*, I'll not complain

Of Wrongs receiv'd, where thy dire Will's a Law:
 Yet if thou'dst have the World suppose my Death
 Not whole is owing to thy deaf Revenge,
 I have a late Request to ask thy Power,
 Which cannot taint thy Honour to comply with.

Han. To let thee see we deal Compassion with
 Our Justice, free demand.

Bla. Thus then.

I have an only Child, whose filial Love
 Late brought her to *Salapia*, lost, to mourn
 Her hapless Father's Chains, and sooth his Sorrows.
 Now let me beg of thy indulgent Honour,
 That since thy Mercy has been pleas'd
 To leave her yet one only Friend in *Portius*,
 That he, this Daughter, and some small Retinue,
 When I am dead, may freely be allow'd
 Your Convoy to the friendly Arms of *Rome*,
 With the Remains of his impair'd Estate,
 To end their Days in inoffensive Quiet.

Han. Our Pow'r wou'd wound itself to strike the
 Innocent;

'The eldest Law of Greatness is Compassion:
 Thy mournful Daughter free shall be releas'd,
 And not alone thy Brother *Portius*' Fortune,
 But (tho' the Law condemns the Whole) yet Half
 Thy own we grant to her Distress restor'd:
 Of which perform'd, our Honour be the Pledge.

[*Bla. bows, and wipes his Eyes.*]

Pac. How easily to honest Fools
 May wise Men paint their Greatness? [*Aside.*]

Han. Now, is there ought that thou wou'dst farther
 say?

Bla. No more, but that this Favour was
 Thy only Way to draw the Tears of *Blacius*.

Han. But that our Honour binds us to be just,
 Thou too shou'dst taste our Mercy: But the Trust
 That *Carthage* has repos'd in *Hannibal*
 Must, in despite of Nature, be discharg'd;
 'Tis that alone, and not thy Foe, destroys thee;
 By that compell'd we yield thee to the Law:
 Conduct him to his Fate. [*Bla. mounts the Scaffold.*]

Pac. O well-supported Virtue!
Now will the Rabble think this real!

[*Aside.*

*A Noise is heard among the Crowd, and at some Distance,
Portius and Izadora.*

People. Make way! make way for the Lady there!
Guards. Keep back! keep back! there's no one passes there.

Iza. O yet for pity, Soldiers, let me pass!

Han. How now! What means that rude Disorder?

Pro. My Lord, a Lady by Lord Portius brought,
Distress'd she seems, intreats with earnest Mood,
Before th' Execution's done, she may be heard;
And comes to *Hannibal*, she says, for Justice.

Han. Admit her:

To Justice never has our Way been barr'd.

[*Han. descends, Iza. runs to him, and kneels.*

Iza. O *Hannibal*! for ever fam'd in Arms,
But truly Great in thy Regards of Honour;
By Honour, I conjure thee now, be just,
And yet defer doom'd *Blacius*' Execution,
Whom by the Hopes of my eternal Peace
I've something to reveal, that will compel
Thy Honour to preserve or sink thy Fame for ever.

Han. Beware thee, Woman, of thy flatter'd Hopes;
The guilty *Blacius*' Crimes too full are prov'd
T' expect our Mercy from the highest Bribe
Thy Tears can give, or ought thou canst reveal;
Therefore to spare thy Tongue, that fruitless Pain,
Our Guards remove her ———

Iza. ——— Hold!

Yet, cruel Warriour, hear me for thy Fame!
I ask not Mercy, but thy Justice due;
But yet a Moment, and I'm dumb for ever!
If what I have to say is not of last
Importance to preserve thy Oaths, thy Honour,
If not by thy own Laws, proclaim'd my Right,
Let loose thy fiercest Rage upon my Life;
Give me the Tortures, ling'ring Pains, or worse,
The dead Denial of my Hope's Relief.

Now, by that sacred Power that fills thy Soul,

[*Breaking from the Guards.*]

By the resistless Force of conquering Honour,

I must! I will be heard, or hold you ever!

These Hands thus clinch'd, no Force shall part, unless
With cruel Swords you cut my hold away.

People. Hear her! hear her!

Han. Forbear a while the Execution!

Yet think not, Woman, that thy Tears prevail;

But Honour, thus alarm'd, descends to hear thee:

Mean while from *Hannibal* thou'rt as secure

Of Justice, as doom'd *Blacius* of his Fate;

Than which dreadful Oracles foretell,

Not more assur'd, thou may'st depend on:

Say then from whence, and what is thy Demand?

Iza. Behold me then the wretched *Blacius'* Daughter,
Whose late Offences most unfortunate,

So far it seems have stirr'd your fatal Rage,

That nothing but his vital Blood can fate it.

For when your Prison late was forc'd, and he

To your Revenge's Disappointment freed,

Your warm Repentment in its Heat proclaim'd,

That whosoever truly shou'd reveal

The first Contriver, Causer, or Accomplish,

Audaciously concern'd in his Redemption,

Shou'd strait receive whatever Gift,

Reward, or Boon, their utmost Wish cou'd ask,

Or you yourself had lawful Power to grant.

Han. Ha!

Iza. And now, pursuant to this Law proclaim'd,

(Which here I offer as the Witness of

My Right) I come with an undoubting Joy

To name this vile Offender of your Law,

And from your Honour bound to claim my just Reward.

Han. Thou hast alarm'd me now indeed.

Pac. Confusion!

Iza. Which, that you may with less Reluctance grant,
I will not only name, but instant yield

The dire Offender now into your Power,

To slake the Thirst of your inflam'd Revenge.

Han. Nay then, without a Pang, our Doubts reliev'd

Dare yet assure thee of thy full Reward,
Which by those solemn Vows the public Ear
Can witness, we have taken to confirm
Again, we swear without reserve to pay.
Now then, be thou as quick in thy Performance,
Produce th' Offender, and receive thy Wishes.

Iza. Behold then, here th' Offender stands!
Your Prison forc'd was *Izadora's* Crime:
And tho' my weaker Sex deny'd my Arm
To execute so resolute a Deed,
Yet my more daring Heart contriv'd the Means
By Prayers, and Letters to a *Roman* Youth,
I wrought his Friendship to my Hopes distress'd,
And with his generous Sword redeem'd my Father.
Not but I pride me in the glorious Guilt,
And stand prepar'd to meet my Punishment,
Which, be it all your Fury can inflict,
'The dear Reward of my Discovery
Will render light, as your Revenge on *Blacius*:
For know, the Boon demanded of thy Justice——

Han. Hold!

Beware, I charge thee, in thy rash Demand;
And tho' thou'st caught my Honour in this Snare,
Think not, when that's discharg'd, if thou insult'st
My Power, my tame Revenge shall sleep to thee:
For by the Fury of our Rage defy'd,
That Moment thou but nam'st thy Father's Life,
That wretched Father shall himself, upon
That Scaffold rais'd for him, behold thee bleed.

Pac. Well urg'd again! then yet there may be Hopes.

[*Aside.*]

Han. Now make at thy own Peril thy Demand,
I've warn'd thee well, yet stand prepar'd to grant.

Iza. Then yet——whatever Death the all-just Gods
Design for me——Give me the Life of *Blacius*!

People. Huzzah! Justice! Justice! Huzzah!

Han. Yes! yes! y' unthinking Herd! you shall have
So too will *Hannibal*; your Holiday [Justice,
Not yet is lost; You shall have Blood to stare on,
Tho' pleas'd to think your Favourite *Blacius* sav'd,

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Yet you shall see, since we forewarn'd her Fate,
 Before his Face this subtle Traitors bleed!
 —Bind! bind her Hands—yet hold—for now perhaps
 Convinc'd, that we have firm resolv'd thy Death,
 The Terror may dissuade thy rash Demand.

Iza. Weak *Hannibal*, who staggering thus thyself,
 Presum'st to measure by thy own Resolves
 The firmer Daring of a *Roman* Soul;
 Revenge be thine: Give me the Life of *Blacius*.

Han. Provoking Virtue! in a Female Soul!
 Where have I liv'd, that never yet conceiv'd the Charm?
 The Charm indeed! 'tis Witchcraft! Spells! Inchant-
 I feel my Virtue struggling in the Snare, [ment!
 And must destroy her to preserve myself!
 Away! the Sorcerers! Hence! dispatch her! haste,
 And rid me of this Hurry in my Blood!
 Quick, Slaves! while yet I have the Power to end her.

*As they lead Izadora to the Scaffold, Perolla breaks through
 the Guards to Hannibal.*

Per. Hold! hold, injurious *Hannibal*, nor let the Blood
 Of Innocence defame thy blind Revenge:
 Behold the nobler Object of thy Rage,
 That makes it Justice, and instructs thy Fury,
 To bribe thy Mercy to that tender Maid!
 Behold *Perolla*, who provokes thy Vengeance!
 Whose Arm when free has been as much thy Terror,
 As now when bound in Chains 'twill be thy Safety;
 Whose Guardian Sword in the contested Field
 So oft has cut the Hopes of thy Ambition,
 Which the *Lucalians*, *Samnites*, *Cassilinum*,
 Th' *Appulians*, and *Petilia* shall record to Ages:
 Who not alone content to gall thee, thus
 Victorious in the Field; but to thy Arms
 Disgrace, to thy Head-Quarters came disguis'd,
 Ev'n in thy Army's Centre forc'd thy Prisons,
 Destroy'd thy Guards, and in thy Power's Contempt
 Restor'd the Freedom of thy Foe condemn'd.

Han. Audacious Virtue!

Per. Nay, and who now was come, resolv'd (but that
 His pious Daughter had foredone my Purpose)

To stop, like her, the Fury of thy lost Revenge,
(Unless thou dar'st to break thy Honour's Bonds)
By my demanded Pardon for the Life of *Blasius*.

Pac. Horror!

Iza. O most untimely Virtue!

Per. But since the Blood of *Izadora* is
The Price decreed of thy extorting Mercy——

Iza. Hold!

Oh! hold, unkind *Perolla*——O! glorious *Hannibal*!
Yet e'er the Rashness of his Virtue moves
To supersede the Claim of *Izadora*,
Permit me but to offer him a started Thought,
And by the Hopes of suffering Innocence,
So far is what I ask from Means t' oppose,
That yet I swear to double your Revenge.

Han. Such daring Spirits have I never seen;
Thou hast our Leave, propose thy Thought, and ease
Me quick of this unactive Wonder.

[*Izadora seems to argue with Perolla.*]

Now! now, *Pacuvius*, help me in this Strait
Of tempted Honour, and oppos'd Revenge.

Pac. Let my Example then inflame thy Soul!
The lost *Perolla*, I perceive, as much
Abhors your Person as your Height of Glory;
In that one Thought, he is no more my Son,
No more am I his Father, but his Foe:
Let then his Blood, offensive to us both,
At once sate your Revenge and my Displeasure,
There's Glory in so just a Sacrifice.

Han. Amazement still!

Is't possible a Soul so weak with Spleen
Can be the Sire of so much healthy Virtue? [Aside.

Per. My Death to save thee were a Pleasure: But——

Iza. Can dying with me give thy Thoughts a Pain?

Per. O! that enchanting Softness in thy Looks
Prevails,——and yet——'tis hard!

Iza. For me, *Perolla*,
To make our Virtue try'd, immortal as our Love!

Per. I cannot bear the painful Onset of
Thy eyes intreating! O! I yield! 'tis done!

And thus I trust thy Virtue with my Fame?

[*Perolla and Izadora kneel to Hannibal.*

Now truly conquering *Hannibal*, behold,
 Submissive at thy Feet thy Foe subdu'd,
 Now asking Pardon of thy Power defy'd:
 For I confess 'twas Pleasure to provoke thee,
 While I propos'd my Life resign'd might save
 The Innocent: But since our harder Fate
 Destroys us both by thy divided Mercy——

Iza. Since my vain Life by great *Perolla* sav'd,
 Must leave my Father still expos'd to Death,
 And me in greater Torment from such Life accepted——

Per. Since in our strictest Search of Fate, we find
 No Hope of mutual or of parted Happiness,
 We now implore our Crimes to thee confess,
 May share the Glory and the Punishment.

Iza. Since both are wretched, tho' but one shou'd bleed:

Per. We beg in Mercy both——I cannot speak it.

Iza. —— Both may die together.

But for the joint Reward of our Discovery,
 Which we're compell'd in Duty to demand——

Per. And thou'rt in Honour as firm bound to pay.

Iza. With an united Claim——

Both. We beg the Life of *Blacius*.

Pac. Then perish both, and double your Revenge.

Han. O weak *Pacuvius*! that can't think Revenge
 Consists in timely granting their Desires.

The Smart of Body is the Vulgar's Terror,
 That have no farther Hope than sensual Life,
 No Pain like Obligations to the Brave,
 Great Souls by Greater only are subdu'd——
 Release the Prisoner, and conduct him hither.

People. Huzzah!

Pac. Vain *Hannibal*! are these a Statesman's Maxims?

Han. Shall it be said by Time's succeeding Tongues,
 That Fortune set me up a Foe, whom Fear
 Advis'd me to secure, or that pale Envy
 Took shamefully the safe Advantage of
 His chanc'd Misfortunes to destroy him? No,
 The World shall see, that *Hannibal* in spite
 Of his ador'd Ambition dares be Great;

First then to thee, *Pacuvius*, I restore
That Son thy Friendship wou'd have sacrific'd;
And to *Perolla*, as his Virtue's Due,
I give him to his Life his Liberty.
To thee most wondrous Maid——

Pac. Yet hold! while I have Cause to thank thee.

Han. What I resolve shall thank itself.

Pac. The galling Thought!

Han. To thee, bright Excellence, whose softer Charms
Might look the rugged Lion to Compassion,
From a superior Claim, than what my Honour is
Engag'd to pay thy most amazing Piety,
To thee I yield the forfeit Life of *Blacius*.

Iza. O Godlike *Hannibal*! [*Bla. Iza. and Per. kneel.*]

Han. —— No Thanks be paid,
For *Hannibal* stands more oblig'd to you,
On whose firm Virtues prov'd I raise my own:
But lest your Thanks refus'd shou'd give you Pain,
From thee *Perolla*, I shall pleas'd receive 'em:
Haste to the Field, and thank me with thy Sword;
Rally thy scatter'd Legions, and oppose
Me, bold in Arms, as thou hast dar'd for Love;
Then when I meet thee most, my glorious Foe,
I'll call thee vanquish'd, grateful to my Fame.

Per. Instructed thus, I am inspir'd to thank thee:
This grateful Sword, in thy fierce Arms oppos'd,
Shall tell the World what Dangers thou hast sought,
What Hazards in this Mercy thou hast dar'd,
To climb the Precipice of martial Glory.
Victor, or vanquish'd, I'll record thy Fame.

Pac. Now vain inglorious *Hannibal*! to think
Thou can'st conceal from the discerning World
The native Colour of this half-painted Virtue:
Wou'dst thou ascribe to Thirst of Glory, what
So gross we see proceeds from abject Love?
Not conquering *Izadora's* Virtues, but
Her Eyes victorious have subdu'd thy Honour! Gods!
Is then the Trust of *Carthage* thus discharg'd,
By granting public Mercy to her Foes?
O Shame to Arms! that Honour, Justice, Fame,

Shou'd lose their Force for a vain Smile of Woman?
A Flame, which Health of Sense will never own,
Like Madness when 'tis cur'd, it ever was possess'd with.

Han. Injurious Man! whose rash unflak'd Revenge
Wou'd stain a Soul, that soars above thy slander.
But to confirm the conscious World, and thee,
'That *Hannibal* disdains so base a Thought,
Since Love has chang'd their Hearts, and grateful *Blacius*,
As I am told, approves their mutual Fires,
My Innocence thus joins their Hands for ever.

Per. Now, on my Soul, this Virtue pains my Sense;
My swelling Heart's oppress'd with Obligations.

O *Blacius*! *Portius*! *Izadora*!

Pac. Horror on Horror still! O! Rage of Pain!
My Son insultant mingling with curs'd *Blacius*' Blood!
Have I for this abjur'd my Country's Cause?
Despis'd the honest World's long held Esteem;
Sold my dear Fame, and cheated of the Price!

Han. Let my Example teach thee Temper.

Pac. Perish thy tame Philosophy!

Low, as I am, my spiteful Stars shall see
Not all their Malice cou'd subdue *Pacuvius*!
And since my fatal Services to thee
Are now at last Barbarian-like return'd
With thy ungrateful Mercy to my Foe,
And in my Blood debas'd my fierce Revenge insulted,
That Life I only valu'd as a Plague to *Blacius*,
Seeing him blest'd, 'tis Time shou'd be no more. [Stabs

Han. O horrid Act!

himself.

Per. My Father! ———

Iza. O dire Distraction!

Pac. Since my sole Joy in Being was my Spite
To *Blacius*' Blood, 'twas then Relief to die,
When 'twas in vain to hate him. [Dies.

Han. Death only cou'd subdue so fierce a Passion,
Look up, *Perolla*, and restrain thy Tears:
Thy Honour and thy Love demand thy Care:
At once to free thee then from farther Fears,
This Fair One, *Blacius*, *Portius*, and thyself,
Shall have our Leave immediate to depart;

A Squadron strait of our *Numidian* Horſe
Shall be detach'd your Convoy to the Conſul.

People. Huzzah!

Bla. And now from this Day's ſtrange Events we ſee
By what ſmiall Accidents the Gods maintain
Againſt Man's vain Preſumption their Decrees:
But hence an Hour, and the dire Sword was drawn,
'That thou'd have pierc'd the ſtreaming Life of *Blacius*,
While fierce *Pacuvius* in too warm Purſuit
Of his Revenge advis'd the Means, that loſt it;
And he who came aſſur'd to glut his Eyes
With vengeful Pleaſure at the Tragedy,
Now lies himſelf ſole Actor in the Scene:
And laſt, to crown their unforeſeen Reſolves,
That all Things might in Courſe of Juſtice move,
Perolla's bleſt with *Izadora's* Love.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WELL, Sirs! you've seen a Prodigy To-day:
Two Lovers true! in this old-fashion'd Play;
But these were Romans: Our more modish Age
No such Examples shews, but on the Stage.
Of all the Sparks that sigh and ogle here,
(Hold! let me see——) the Chief are There and There.
[Pointing to the Side-Boxes.
Shew me but One that wou'd expose his Life,
To gain that comfortable Thing, a Wife:
But here, how many Husbands do I see [The Pit.
Wou'd gladly venture Hanging to get free!
I wish Perolla may not soon increase
The dismal melancholic List of these:
Our Hearts, when marry'd, we but ill defend,
For that's the Time to gratify a Friend;
Maids are unpractis'd, nice, and blush to try
What most they wish, and fear they know not why:
But Wives grow bold, and find when better taught,
The Danger's not so great, as once they thought.
Such Wives there may be, Sirs, but Oh! how few
Of us are false, compar'd to sinful You?
The Faults, that by our injur'd Sex are done,
Are owing to the Vices of your own:
Fond to provoke, you take the manly Way,
To swear and lye, to flatter and betray:
Such is your Humour, or your Weakness such,
You cannot bear to be below'd too much:
But roving on, new Conquests only prize,
Giving to All, what scarce would One suffice;
And such tame Fools do you our Sex believe,
Not to requite the Favours we receive.
Wou'd ye, Gallants, but fairly play your Parts,
And know the Value of our faithful Hearts;

EPILOGUE.

*Wou'd ye the Grounds of our Complaints remove,
And make Returns of Constancy and Love;
You then wou'd find us Objects fit to trust,
For we are true whenever you are just:
You then wou'd live with greater Pleasures blest,
Than e'er in Love's soft Empire were possess'd;
For every Lover in his Fair wou'd find
True English Charms with Roman Virtue join'd.*

5



T H E
CONTRE TEMPS;
O R,
RIVAL QUEANS:
A
S M A L L F A R C E.

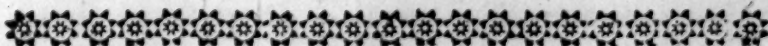
As it was lately Acted, with great Applause,
at H—d—r's private Th—re, near the
H— M—.

Et Cantare pares, & Respondere paratæ.

Virg. Bucol. 7ma.

*Both young Italians, both alike inspir'd
To Sing, or Scold; just as the Time requir'd.*

Modern Translation.



Dramatis Personæ.

F—f—na, Queen of *Bologna*.

C—z—ni, Princess of *Modena*.

H—d—r, High-Priest to the Academy of Discord.

H—d—l, Professor of Harmony to the Academy.

S—f—no, Chief of the Choir.

M—u—a, { Violino Primo to the Queen of *Bologna*, to
keep her Majesty's Body in Tune.

S—d—ni, { Basso Continuo, and Treasurer to the Prin-
cess of *Modena*.

A Chorus of P—rs and Tupees, with Cat-calls.

SCENE the Temple of Discord, near the *H—y*, *M—r*.

Time equal to the Representation.

T H E
C O N T R E T E M P S ;
O R ,
R I V A L Q U E A N S .

SCENE opens and discovers the Temple of Discord: An Altar with Crowns, Globes, Sceptres and other Ensigns of Royalty. The Queen and Princess on either Side the Altar. The High-Priest in his Pontificalibus. The great Officers in their proper Stations.

The Chorus of D--k--s, L--d--s and Tuptees rang'd on each Side the Stage, according to their Factions; Cat-calls in their Hands, and Whistles, with Bells about their Necks, officiating as Under-Priests. After a short Symphony, and some small Ceremonies, the High-Priest comes forward.

H—d—r:

DREAD Queen and Princess, hail! we thus are met,
To settle Matters of the greatest Weight:
From this propitious Hour, for Years to come,
The World expects its Peace, and we our Doom:
Here Discord reigns, but all the Muses know,
From Discord sweetest Harmony does flow;
The Omen's good! — Oh! let it here prove so:
Agree, my Queens! — or we must perish all,
With you the Sons of Harmony will fall;
All other civil Feuds, or foreign Jars,
Domestick Broils, and long projected Wars,

Are now forgot :—Here Hopes and Fears attend,
 And wait with panting Hearts the dubious End ;
 Nor *Gibraltar* we seek, nor *Port-Mahon* ;
 Possessing you, makes all the World our own :
 Who wails expiring *Spain*, or dead *Cza—na* ?
 Leave us, kind Heav'n !—*C--z--ni* and *F--f--na* !
 With bright *F--f--na*, we lose all our Beaus ;
 And *D--k--s* must die, when sweet *C--z--ni* goes :

H—d—l.

—Nor shall the *Saxon* ever more compose.

H—d—r.

On this Alliance think how much depends ;
Great-Britain pity, and embrace as Friends :
 Why shou'd Ambition now your Hearts divide ?
 In gay triumphal Chariots both shall ride ;
 From gilded Thrones the kneeling World command,
 While Globes and Sceptres grace each pretty Hand ;
 Your glitt'ring Crowns shall o'er the Stars prevail,
 And Pages sweat beneath th' embroider'd Tail ;
 Vast whisker'd Guards your Honour shall maintain,
 And tinsel Damsels swell the shining Train ;
 Address'd with Majesty at ev'ry Word,
 And off the Stage like Goddesses ador'd :
 What wou'd you more ?——

F—f—na.

——Count *H—d—r*, I grant ;
 Your Prudence justly touches all we want :
 The Case full plain and open you have laid,
 And push'd the very Point up to the Head ;
 Pride rules our Female Souls ; thus fir'd, we dare
 Like Man all Dangers scorn ; and thirst for War :

Our little Breasts will pant and heave for Fame,
 Swell'd with th' Ambition of the foremost Name.
 Shall then that Chit with me claim equal Sway?
 That mushroom Songstrefs of the other Day!
 With me contend!—ye Gods!—with me compare?
 Unskill'd in Notes, and ev'ry graceful Air!

[C--z--ni's *Faction* play their Instruments.

C—z—ni.

Vain Infotence!—how shall our Cause be try'd?
 So small your Merit, and so great your Pride:
 My Equal held!—what more can you pretend?
 Nor cou'd your Majesty that Plea defend;
 For Peace, did I not vastly condescend:
 Of Honour if I grant th' alternate Part,
 'Tis more my Goodness thought, than your Desert:
 The Title of a Queen is but a Name,
 The empty Sounding of a Blast of Fame;
 Since piqu'd, the Grandeur of th' Affair you hope;
 For Honour's sake I cannot give it up:
 My Friends are firm as yours, my Claim as strong;
 As great my Courage, and my Nails as long.

[F—f—na's *Faction* tune their Pipes.

S—f—no.

Great Ladies!—Chief—Supporters of this Stage,
 Let Faction cease, and moderate your Rage:
 Why on yourselves this threatened Ruin hurl'd?
 Your Forces join, and you'll enslave the World:
 Both Parties this Division renders weak,
 And this *Vanbrughian* Dome itself does shake;
 If no Respect you have for S—ino,
 Think of what Sums you leave of ready *Rino*.

[Both *Factions* make a terrible Noise.

S—f—no.

Afide.] How difficult's my Task betwixt these two?
 Each hopes my Aid, and nothing can I do;
 Serenely tho' I stand th' alternate Brunt;
 And pocket, for my Ease, a small Affront;
 Yet when their Factions deal their Vengeance round,
 Hisses and Cat-calls undistinguish'd wound.

F—f—na.

My *Caro Si*, Thanks for your kind Advice;
 There's nothing can be finer, but your Voice:
 This horrid Puff prefames, that I'd engage,
 To sing the second on the *British* Stage;
 What were you, Thing?—to whom did you belong,
 When I charm'd *Italy* by Force of Song?
 When greatest Princes did my Fetters wear,
 In Doves they ran my Triumphs to prepare,
 While purpl'd Cardinals brought up the Rear:
 Then crowded Theatres I cou'd controul,
 While you were sniv'ling at your *fa, mi, sol*;
 Unrival'd I in Action, Voice and Fame;
 Nor durst C—z—ni breathe, where e'er F—f—na came.

C—z—ni.

Unthinking Wretch!—to boast of what you were;
 Thus mouldy Virgins cry; we once were fair!
 Too long the Reins of Empire you did hold,
 Resign the Charge, you're past it now, and old;
 At best an impotent, and Royal Drone,
 Unfit, as unbecoming on a Throne:
 If here you arrogantly boast Applause,
 We need no Conjurers to guess the Cause:

The judging Tupees on your Action doat,
 Astonish'd at the Warble of that Throat,
 And dwell with Raptures on your shaking Note:
 While cunning you, the Want of Voice supply,
 By Dint of wanton Hand, and rolling Eye.

F—f—na.

Old! did she say?—the Malice of my Fate!
 What was old Woman ever good for yet!
 Fiend-like you strive t' anticipate my Time,
 And hurry me to Hell, while in my Prime;
 But, Monster, to thy just Confusion know,
 I'm sound within, without, from Top to Toe;
 And much the World's deceiv'd; or you're not so:
 Cou'd I to *Nestor's* Years my Life prolong,
 Still shou'd my Voice enchant, still clear as strong;
 While you in rip'ning, like a Medlar, rot,
 At best a *Gorgon's* Face, and *Siren's* Throat;
 Help your decaying Lungs, and chew *Eringo*:
 Thou little awkward Creature!—can you *Stringo*?

C—x—ni.

By juster Means my Empire I maintain,
 And scorn from such poor Arts Applause to gain;
 Kind Heav'n bestow'd my Voice to charm Mankind,
 While you the Body move—I touch the Mind:
 For do I meanly condescend to charm,
 By tickling Fingers or a twining Arm;
 To do you Justice tho';—I think—'tis known,
 That you to please, employ more Pipes than one.

F—f—na.

Nature of Ways to please gave you no Choice,
 But just equipp'd you with a trifling Voice;

A small Canary Bird !—below my Rage !
 I'll fix the pretty Chirper in its Cage :
 Thus on the Stage superior Pow'r you'll own,
 While from your Prison, I ascend my Throne ;
 Then thro' the World led after me in State,
 As *Tamerlane* serv'd vanquish'd *Bajazet*.

C—z—ni.

How fine are those majestick Words, and Stalk !
 'Tis hard !—you cannot sing, as well as talk :
 'Twere proper first at Conquest you shou'd aim,
 Nor triumph yet, till Victory you claim :
 Before those Judges let our Plea be try'd,
 Whose Ears unbiass'd can what's Just decide ;
 Such who dare own, they're pleas'd with Notes in Tune,
 And Musick's too luxuriant Branches prune :
 Such who your wild chromatick Rants despise ;
 And to my sweet pathetick yield the Prize :
 Such who distinguish nicely in each Note,
 The *Gargle* from the *Warble* of a Throat.

H—d—r.

O spare your Lungs, and close this strange Contest ;
 In equal Merits neither is the best :
 But now the bold Cascade delights our Eyes,
 Its falling Cataracts give wild Surprise ;
 Anon we chuse the solitary Grove,
 Where gentle Streams in softest Murmurs move ;
 There down the Precipice loud Torrents roll,
 Here sweet Meanders wind into the Soul.

F—f—na.

Let not one Inch of Merit pray be lost ;
 Her Pipe I think is all that she can boast ;

And poor S—nd—ni finds, when e'er 'tis try'd,
That she's all over Pipe, from Side to Side;
Her Body looks as from the Fairies stole,
Enough of Carcass to make one large Hole;
Where he in Love's wide Bay of *Biscay* tost,
Hard plys his Oar; but ne'er can touch the Coast.

S—d—ni.

Speak of your Triumphs over bleeding Hearts,
But do not thus affront our nat'ral Parts.

C—z—ni.

My Person touch'd!—your Malice I despise;
I'll spoil your Singing and tare out your Eyes;
Each Limb, each Motion mar, each graceful Air,
Those Ornaments you practise with such Care;
Thus end the wond'rous Magick of your Voice,
Which all in clever Execution lies:
Your Courage like your Voice may be a Sham,
To try, thus down your Throat your Lies I'll cram.
[Lays hold of Fau—na's Head-Cloaths.

S—d—ni. [Holding C—z—ni.

Mais Je vous prie doucement, ma petite Femme.

F—s—na.

Nay, Madam, if you like Bear-Garden Play,
On ev'ry Stage I'll match you any Way.

[Lays Hands on C—z—ni's Head-Dress.

[The Queen and Princess box.

[S—d—ni and M—ro strive to part them.

M—ro.

My Queen !—in Bounds this swelling Tide restrain ;
 She's deaf to all Advice !—I strive in vain !

S—d—ni.

Fury so obstinate who can perswade ?
 A Dozen of the Guards bring to our Aid :
 What's to be done ?—they can't out-live this Bout,

H—d—l.

I think 'tis best—to let 'em fight it out :
 Oil to the Flames you add, to stop their Rage ;
 When tir'd, of Course, their Fury will assuage.
[They stop to take Breath.

C—z—ni.

Your Majesty's convinc'd now at your Heart,
 I'm capable to play a premier Part :
 If not yet satisfied————

F—f—na.

————As I'm a Sinner
 The furious Minx has tore my *Mechlin* Pinner ;
 She shall repent it tho' the Devil's in her :
 To Arms, to Arms ;—too long we've idle stood——
 Sound Instruments of War, Revenge and Blood.

The Queen and Princess again engage : Both Factions play all their warlike Instruments ; Cat-calls, Serpents and Cuckoos make a dreadful Din. F—f—na lays flat C—z—ni's Nose with a Sceptre ;—C—z—ni breaks her Head with a gilt Leather Crown : H—l desirous to see an End of the Battle, animates them with a Kettle-Drum ; a Globe thrown at Random hits the High-Priest on the Temples, he staggers off the Stage : S—d—ni and M—ro quit their Posts and take Shelter behind the Scenes—The Queen loses her Head of Hair, and the Princess her Nose in the Skirmish : At last the Goddess Discord inspires C—z—ni with more than mortal Bravery, she plys her Antagonist so warmly, the Queen is obliged to fly—the Princess follows ; S—f—no creeps from under the Altar where he lay hid, and moralizes in the following Simile.

S—f—no.

So have I seen two surly Bull-Dogs tare
Firm Limb from Limb, and strip the Flesh of Hair ;
Mangled all o'er, each Carcass but one Wound,
They snarling, biting, bleeding, stand their Ground,
When tir'd at last, the noisy Fray is done,
The mighty Cause of War was but a Bone :
The pageant Glory of a Title thus
To Rage provokes each catterwauling Puss ;
So much the Shew of Greatness is their Care,
They'll lose the Substance for a Puff of Air.

The Curtain drops.

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